★ Dec. 9, 1944

THE NEW YORKER

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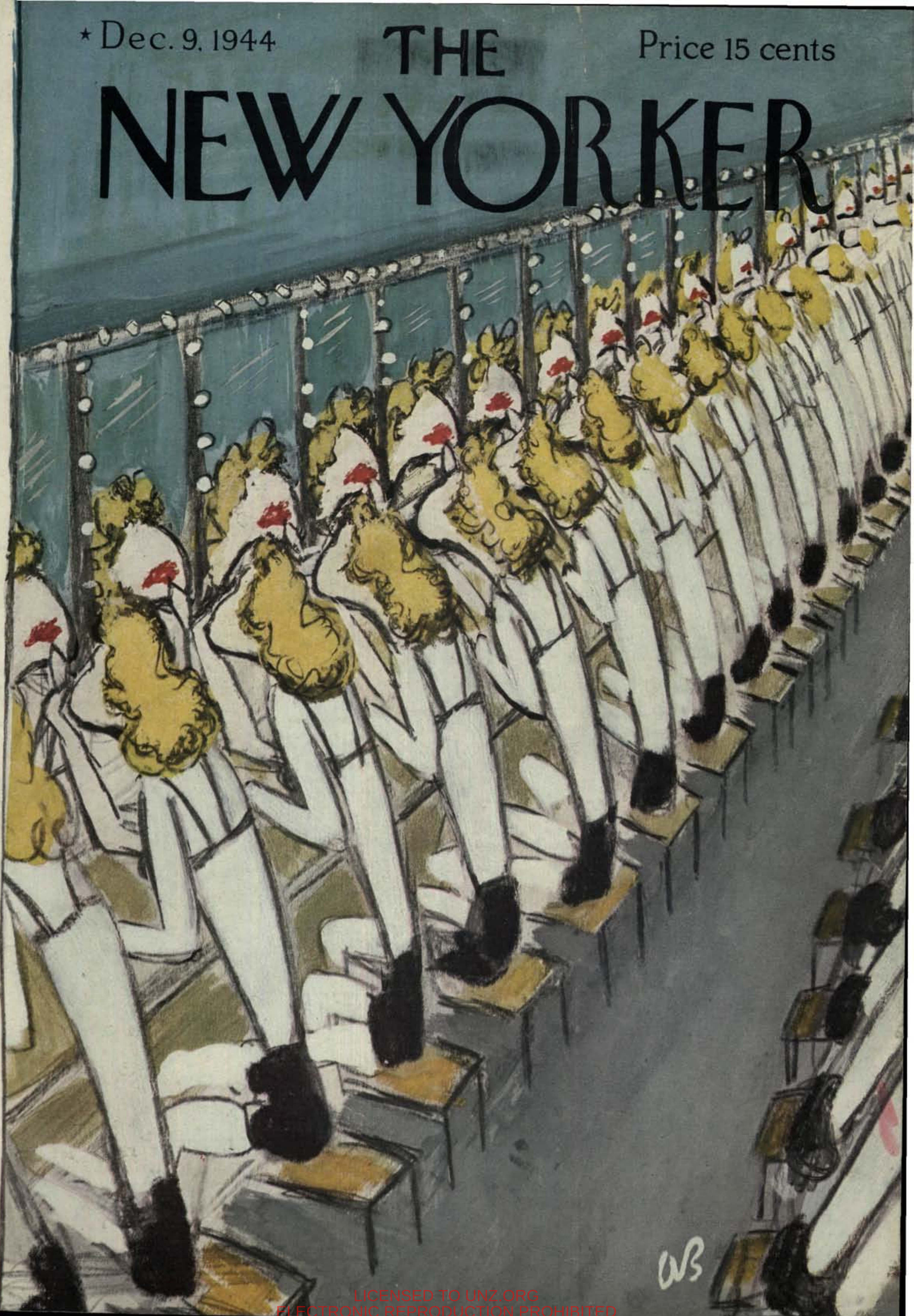

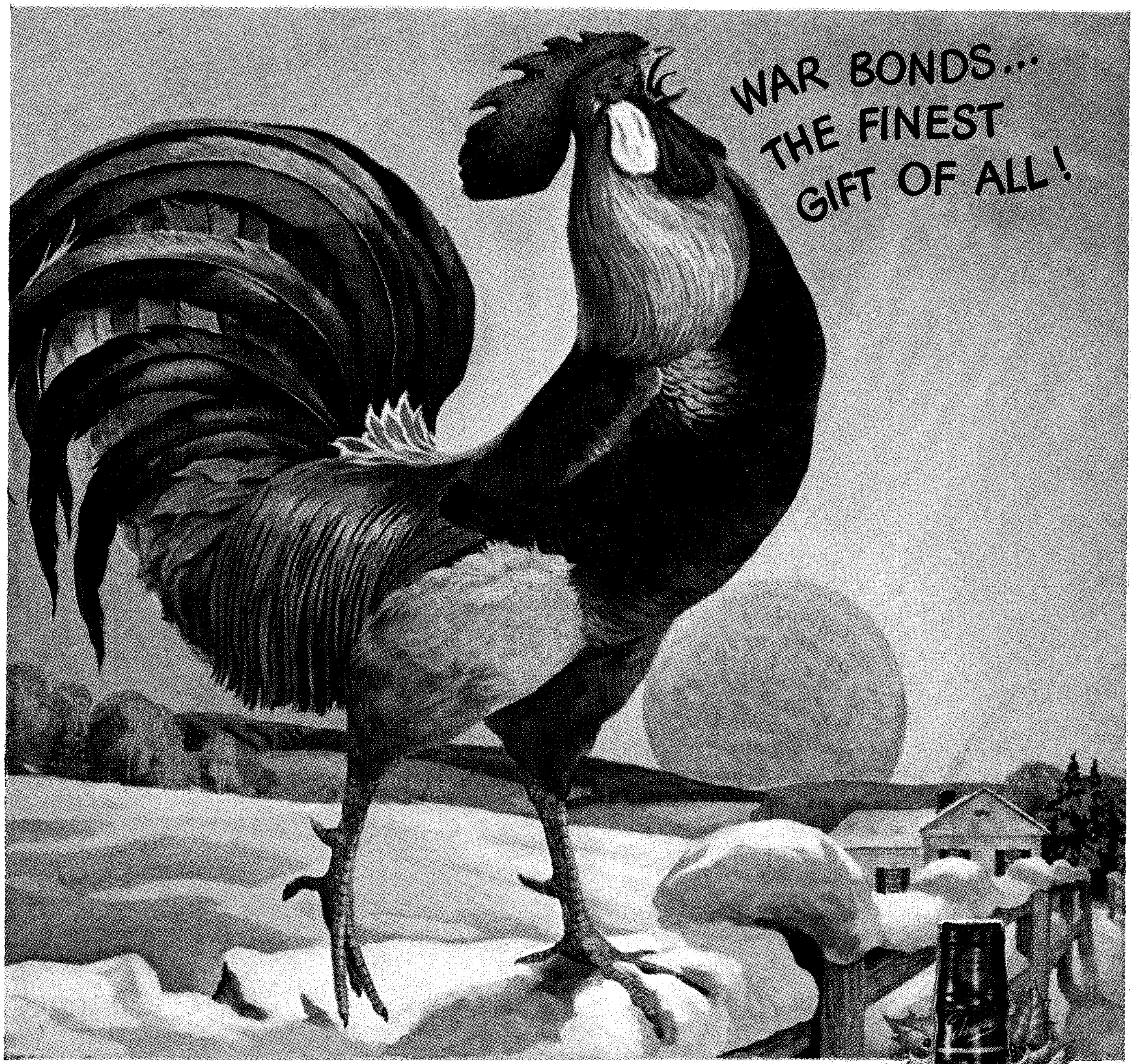
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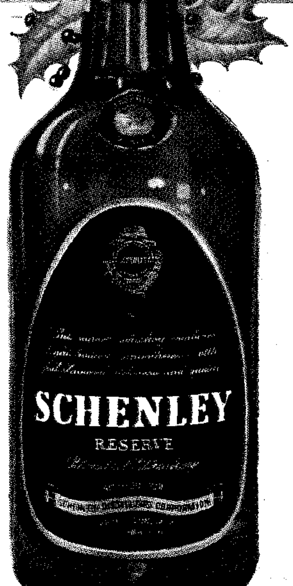

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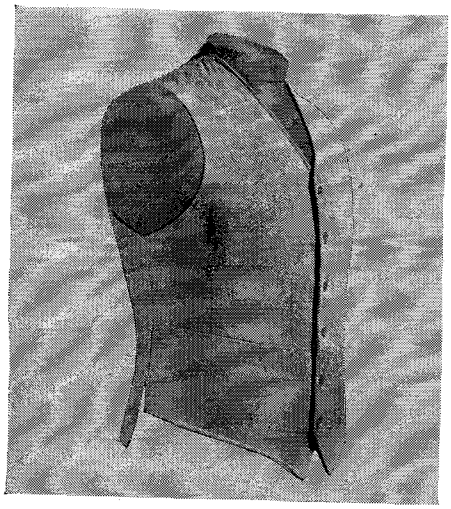

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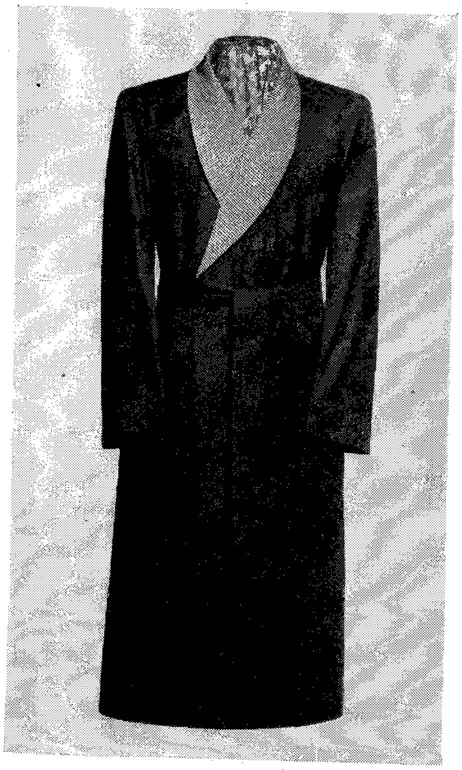

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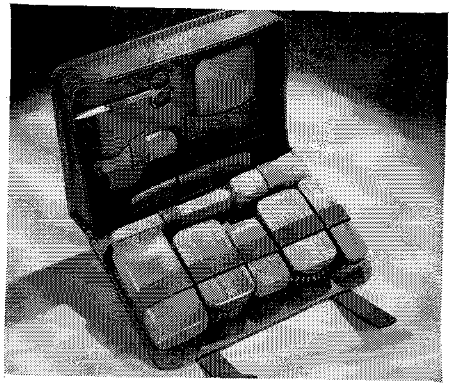

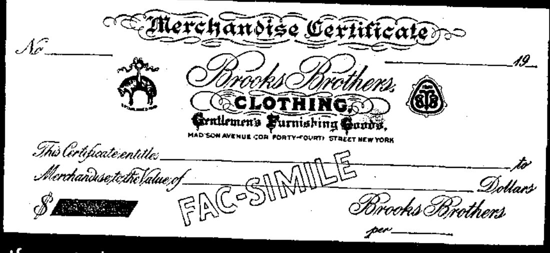

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7,
THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16.

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Angel Street—A superior melodrama, now in its fourth year, about a man who tries to drive his wife crazy. Viola Keats and Cecil Humphreys are prominent in the dirty work. (Bijou, 45, W. CO 5-8215. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Anna Lucasta—The Broadway version of an all-Negro play that made its first appearance in Harlem and is certainly something for you to see. Harry Wagstaff Gribble is the director and Hilda Simms and Canada Lee are in the cast. (Mansfield, 47, W. CI 6-9056. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40. Special performance Sun. Eve., Dec. 10, at 8:40, for the Actors' Fund.)

Catherine Was Great—Mae West as the author and star of a strange piece of nonsense about the Empress of Russia. Miss West, after pretending for a little while that she was Duse, has gone right back to being Diamond Lil. (Royale, 45, W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

Chicken Every Sunday—About a landlady in Tucson and how she copes with her dreamy husband. Rather pleasant and funny. The cast is headed by Lois Wilson and Sidney Blackmer. (Plymouth, 45, W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Embezzled Heaven—An adaptation of the Werfel novel, which comes out pretty badly in spite of Ethel Barrymore's majestic presence. The cast also includes Albert Basserman, Eduard Franz, and Sanford Meisner. Performances have been cancelled the last few weeks because of Miss Barrymore's illness, so better check. (National, 41, W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Harvey—Something about a man who takes up with a six-foot rabbit, and one of the most engaging fantasies in years. Frank Fay and Josephine Hull give brilliant performances. (48th Street, 48, E. BR 9-4566. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

I Remember Mama—John van Druten's touching and humorous adaptation of the Kathryn Forbes novel about a Norwegian family in San Francisco. Mady Christians, as Mama, and Oscar Homolka, as a sporty relative, are both magnificent. Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II are the producers. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:35.)

In Bed We Cry—Ilka Chase's vehicle for Ilka Chase has something to do with love and the cosmetic trade but practically nothing to do with the theatre. The author and star is abetted by Paul McGrath, Frederic Tozere, and Francis DeSales, among others. (Belasco, 44, E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Jacobowsky and the Colonel—Oscar Karlweis and Louis Calhern in S. N. Behrman's adaptation of a play by Franz Werfel. A really superior play up to the last act when it succumbs to an attack of the vapors. (Martin Beck, 45, W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Kiss and Tell—A frail little comedy about a girl who pretends she's going to have a baby. Largely redeemed by George Abbott's direction and a fine cast, headed by Jessie Royce Landis. (Biltmore, 47, W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Late George Apley—A very intelligent and moving treatment of John Marquand's novel about Boston. Leo G. Carroll's portrait of Apley is nearly perfect. With Janet Beecher and Percy Waram. (Lyceum, 45, E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Life with Father—This high-spirited comedy, based on the late Clarence Day's stories, is in its sixth year. Arthur Margetson and Nydia Westman play Father and Mother. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Little Women—A revival of the Marion DeForrest dramatization, with Mary Welsh, Frances Reid, and Margot Stephenson. Directed by Jessie Royce Landis and produced by Eddie Dowling. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989. Nightly, beginning Tues., Dec. 12, at 8:30. Mat. Sat., Dec. 16, at 2:30.)

The Perfect Marriage—Miriam Hopkins and Victor Jory as a couple who find matrimony gets a little wearing after the first ten years. Samson Raphaelson has written much better comedies than this. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Searching Wind—Lillian Hellman looks back over the history of Fascism and adds a few thoughts about love. The cast, assembled by Herman Shumlin, includes Dudley Digges and Cornelia Otis Skinner. (Fulton, 46, W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Snafu—A rather broad and uneven comedy about a sixteen-year-old soldier back from the Pacific. Billy Redfield, however, is fine in the principal rôle. (Hudson, 44, E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Soldier's Wife—Rose Franken up with another one, this time about a returned soldier and his literary wife. Some comic moments, but on the whole not a very stimulating evening. With Martha Scott, Myron McCormick, and Glenn Anders. (Golden, 45, W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Streets Are Guarded—Nobody, including the author, seems quite clear about the symbolism in this drama of the war in the Pacific. With Phil Brown, George Matthews, and Jeanne Cagney. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly at 8:40. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:40. Closes Sat., Dec. 9.)

Ten Little Indians—Something about a mad assassin and a lonely island. Not quite as good as the Agatha Christie mystery from which it was adapted, but it's still pleasant enough for those who like multiple murder. With Halliwell Hobbes, Estelle Winwood, and Michael Whalen. (Broadhurst, 44, W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. and Sun. at 2:40.)

The Two Mrs. Carrolls—Mainly a vehicle for Elisabeth Bergner, who knows her business. The play takes a while to get started but finally develops into something of a thriller. (Booth, 45, W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

The Voice of the Turtle—An expert comedy by John van Druten, with a small, expert cast consisting of Margaret Sullavan, Elliott Nugent, and Audrey Christie. (Morosco, 45, W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:35. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:35.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

A Bell for Adano—Fredric March and Margo in Paul Osborn's dramatization of John Hersey's novel. Directed by H. C. Potter and produced by Leland Hayward. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

Hand in Glove—A play by Charles K. Freeman and Gerald Savory based on a novel by Mr. Savory, with Isobel Elsom and Aubrey Mather. Directed by James Whale and produced by Arthur Edison. (Playhouse, 48, E. BR 9-2628. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40.)

WITH MUSIC

Bloomer Girl—A big, beautiful show somewhat handicapped by a rather routine book and not exactly memorable music. Agnes de Mille's ballets, however, are superb, and the cast, headed by Celeste Holm and Joan McCracken, is remarkably attractive. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Carmen Jones—A stunning and hilarious version of Bizet's opera, with an all-Negro cast. Oscar Hammerstein II readjusted the story and the lyrics, and Billy Rose is the fortunate producer. (Broadway, B'way at 53. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Follow the Girls—Gertrude Niesen demonstrating how to put over a song in a piece about some sailors and their girls. Guy Bolton and Eddie Davis wrote the book and the cast includes Jackie Gleason, Buster West, and Tim Herbert. (44th Street, 44, W. LA 4-4337. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Mexican Hayride—Bobby Clark is very funny in an otherwise standard musical. The cast also includes George Givot and Paul Haakon, and Cole Porter wrote the music and the lyrics. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Oklahoma!—A musical version of "Green Grow the Lilacs," by Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers, that may well be the pleasantest entertainment in town. (St. James, 44, W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:30. . . . Special Mats. for men and women in the services Tues. Afts. at 2:30, with tickets on sale at the C.D.V.O. Information Center, Park at 42.)

One Touch of Venus—Mary Martin plays a statue that turns into a beautiful girl, and John Boles and Paula Laurence are among those who admire her. Ogden Nash, S. J. Perelman, and Kurt Weill attended to the book and music, and Agnes de Mille has contributed some wonderful ballets. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Sadie Thompson—This wedding of musical comedy and pathological drama is surprisingly successful. Howard Dietz and Rouben Mamoulian have adapted the old play and Vernon Duke has taken care of the music. June Havoc and Lansing Hatfield represent rampant sex and clerical dirty work respectively. (Alvin, 52, W. CI 5-6868. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Song of Norway—A handsome operetta based on the life of Grieg, whose music has been very skillfully adapted. The book is sometimes rather painful, but the show is otherwise a nice job. With Irra Petina, Helena Bliss, and Lawrence Brooks. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Star Time—A vaudeville show with Lou Holtz, Benny Fields, the DeMarcos, and Connee Boswell. A few bright spots but on the whole pretty routine and dull. (Majestic, 44, W. CI 6-0730. Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30. Closes Sat., Dec. 9.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify the dates and curtain times.)

The Seven Lively Arts—Billy Rose's big show with

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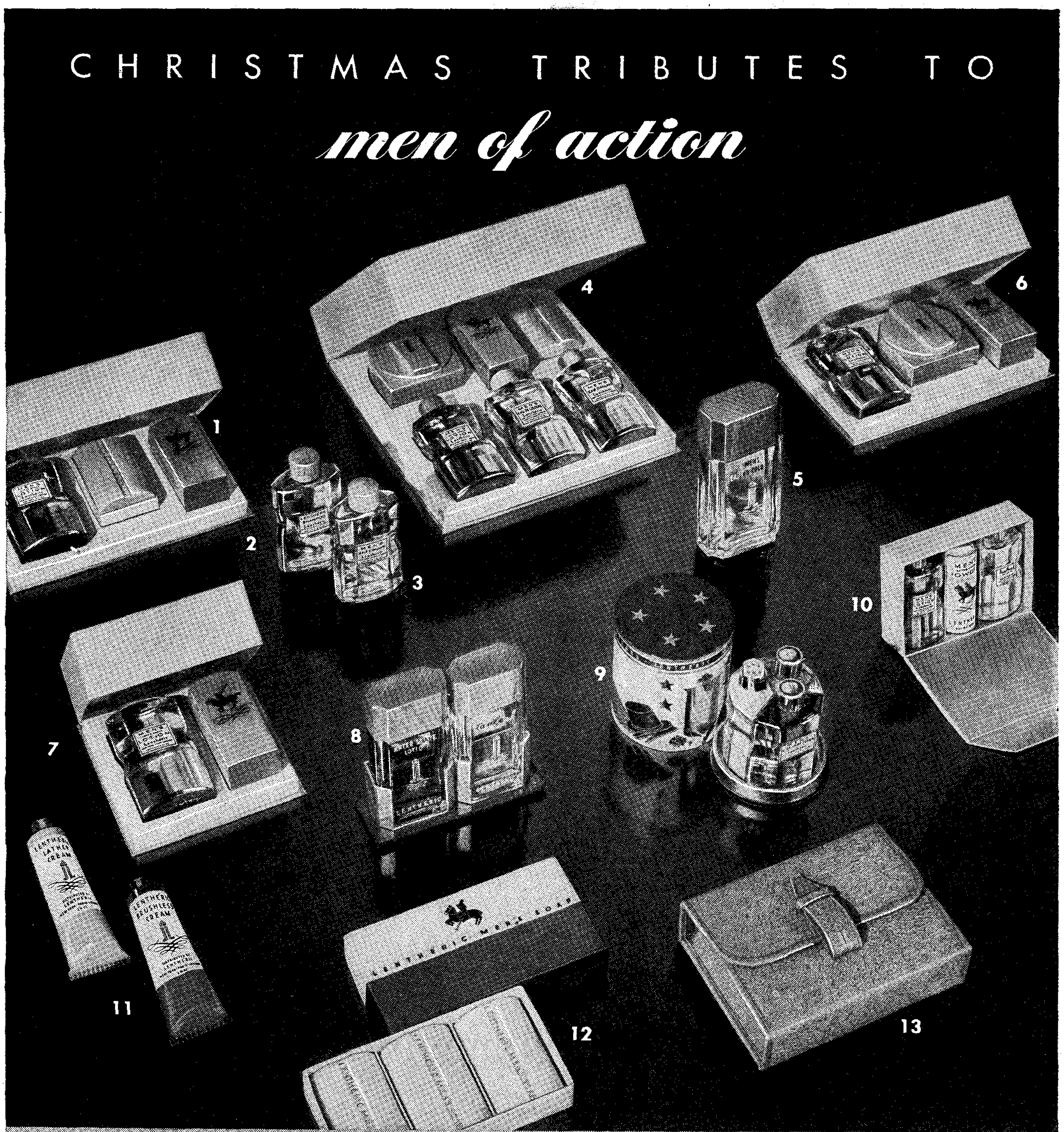

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Beatrice Lillie, Bert Lahr, Benny Goodman, Alicia Markova, Anton Dolin, and many others in it, and with such people as Igor Stravinsky, Cole Porter, Ben Hecht, Moss Hart, George S. Kaufman, and Norman Bel Geddes involved in its production. Opens Thurs., Dec. 7. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30.)

Dear Ruth—A comedy by Norman Krasna, with Virginia Gilmore, John Dall, Phyllis Povah, and Howard Smith. Directed by Moss Hart and produced by Joseph M. Hyman and Bernard Hart. Opens Wed., Dec. 13. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sun., at 8:40. Mats. Thurs., except Dec. 14, and Sat. at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Ice Show—"Hats Off to Ice," produced by Sonja Henie and Arthur M. Wirtz. (Center, 6 Ave. at 49. CO 5-5474. Sun. Eves. at 8:15; other Eves., except Mon., at 8:40. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:40 and Sun. at 3.)

Benefit Show—Many, many entertainers in a variety show for the Police Athletic League, Tues., Dec. 12, at 8:30 P.M. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6800.)

CHILDREN'S ENTERTAINMENT

(Listed below, for the convenience of parents who want to plan ahead, are some activities scheduled for children through the Christmas season.)

The Sue Hastings Marionettes—"The Gnomes' Christmas": Sat., Dec. 9 and 16, at 10 A.M. and 12:30 P.M. (48th Street Cinema, 247 W. 48. CO 5-9159.)

New York City Center—"A Children's Christmas Story," presented by school children, with music by the Collegiate Chorale and the New York City Symphony, directed by Leopold Stokowski: Thurs. and Sat., Dec. 21 and 23, at 3 P.M., and Sun., Dec. 24, at 11:15 P.M. (131 W. 55. CI 6-8989.)

St. George's School—The dramatic association presenting Dickens' "A Christmas Carol": Thurs., Dec. 21, at 2:30 P.M. (Hunter College Playhouse, 117 E. 68. For tickets, call MU 4-4000, Ext. 6.)

Clare Tree Major Children's Theatre—J. M. Barrie's "Peter Pan": Tues., Dec. 26, at 10:30 A.M. (Hunter Playhouse, 117 E. 68. For tickets, call BU 8-4869.)

Junior Dramatic Workshop—"The Travels of Danny Doubt and Tommy Trust," a fantasy based on a Tolstoi story: Tues. through Fri., Dec. 26-29, at 2:30 P.M. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 6 Ave. at 58. CI 7-7000.)

Adelphi Children's Theatre—"The Golden Cockerel," a ballet play based on the Elaine and Willy Pogany story: Thurs., Dec. 28, at 2 and 3:30 P.M. (Studio Theatre, 108 W. 16. For tickets, write to the Children's Theatre, Adelphi College, Garden City.)

Heckscher Children's Theatre—A dramatization of "Alice in Wonderland": Thurs. through Sat., Dec. 28-30, at 2:30 P.M. (Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104. LE 4-3545.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53—A holiday-season playroom (no adults admitted), with sketching facilities and games, as well as a special exhibit of modern painting, is open weekdays from 10 A.M. to 12 noon and 2 to 5 P.M., and Sun. from 2 to 5 P.M. (For reservations, call CI 5-8900.)

BALLET AND DANCE RECITALS

Ballet International—Tentative programs—"Swan Lake," "Constantia," and "Sebastian," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 7. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Sentimental Colloquy," "The Mute Wife," and "Prince Goudal's Festival," Fri. Eve., Dec. 8. . . . "Constantia," "Brahms Variations," and "Sebastian," Sat. Aft. and Eve., Dec. 9. . . . "Pictures at an Exhibition," "Prince Goudal's Festival," "The Mute Wife," and "Memories," Sun. Aft. and Eve., Dec. 10. . . . "Swan Lake," "Bolero," "Sentimental Colloquy," and "Memories," Tues. Eve., Dec. 12. . . . "Les Sylphides," "The Mute Wife," and "Brahms Variations," Wed. Eve., Dec. 13. . . . "Pictures at an Exhibition," "Sentimental Colloquy," "Constantia," and "Memories," Thurs. Eve., Dec. 14. . . . "Les Sylphides," "Mad Tristan," and "Constantia," Fri. Eve., Dec. 15. . . . "Swan Lake," "Pictures at an Exhibition," and "Sebastian," Sat. Aft. and Eve., Dec. 16. (International Theatre, at Columbus Circle. CO 5-1173. Eves. at 8:30. Mats. at 2:30.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where you will find music, other entertainment, or both. A few of them are closed or have fill-in performers on Sunday, Monday, or Tuesday, so you'd better phone ahead before starting out on those evenings.)

Ambassador, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—Jules Lande's orchestra plays soothing dance music in the serene and spacious Trianon Room.

Biltmore, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Joan Hyldoft, pink and beautiful, surrounded by a lot of competent ice show. Enoch Light's orchestra.

Café Society Uptown, 128 E. 58 (PL 5-9223)—Jimmy Savo, Hazel Scott, and Ed Hall's orchestra; i.e., why ever go home?

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THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16.

Café Society Downtown, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737)—The old, original, down-cellar stand, with solid piano playing by Mary Lou Williams and solid folk songs by Josh White. Phil Moore's orchestra is also around.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60 (PL 8-1060)—Down among the sweltering palms with Jane Froman. Enric Madriguera's orchestra will be replaced by George Olsen's on Thurs., Dec. 14—not that you could tell the difference in the tumult here. . . . The gaudy Copa Bar has the Milt Herth Trio and Choo Choo Johnson.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54 (EL 5-8769)—Peacock Alley, Vanity Fair, and Navy Day, all in one small room. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Raymon's rumba band play for the parade.

Larue, 45 E. 58 (VO 5-6374)—For a peaceful dinner and sedate romping afterward to the music of Eddie Davis's orchestra and a rumba band.

Monte Carlo, Madison at 54 (PL 5-3400)—Night life as you see it in the movies, Technicolor and all. Dick Gasparre's orchestra and a rumba band.

Pierre, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Russell Swann, the ingenious magician, and Stanley Melba's agile orchestra are in the stately Cotillion Room. . . . Another Melba orchestra plays in the Café Pierre. Tea dancing daily.

Plaza, 5 Ave. at 58 (PL 3-1740)—In the Persian Room, Hildegarde, being just darling, and the genteel but cheerful music of Bob Grant's orchestra and Mark Monte's ensemble. . . . Tea dancing daily in the Palm Court Lounge.

St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The handsome Iridium Room has Fred Miller's orchestra. . . . Downstairs, in the Maisonette, there is Tommy Dowd, that engagingly comic magician, and a couple of small orchestras for dancing.

Savoy-Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—The atmosphere of the Café Lounge, large and dressy, is sweetened by some fairly lush dance music. Tea dancing daily.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—At least it keeps the kiddies off the streets. Ernie Holst's orchestra and Noro Morales' rumba band. Stan Keller's orchestra plays for tea dancing daily.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—Paul Draper in full flight at the Wedgwood Room after the theatre. Mischa Borr's band is on hand then, too, as well as Leo Reisman's orchestra, which is around all evening. . . . Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Lounge Restaurant after 9:30 P.M.

Supper Clubs—Entertainment but no dancing—At **le ruban bleu**, 4 E. 56 (EL 5-9787): Imogene Coca dispensing her special brand of free-associational humor, with Cedric Wallace's trio and Day, Dawn, and Dusk to help out. . . . **blue angel**, 152 E. 55 (PL 3-0626): merry lampooning by George and Gene Bernard and merry (mostly) music by Maxine Sullivan, Claude Alphand, the Herman Chittison Trio, and Pearl Bailey. . . . **1-2-3 club**, 123 E. 54 (PL 3-9131): Ted Hunter providing a muted piano obbligato for the young people's table talk.

Miscellaneous—At **le coq rouge**, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887): Dick Wilson's orchestra playing jauntily for dancing after 10 P.M. in a highly decorative setting. . . . **armando's**, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): little and lighthearted; Jacques Thaler's orchestra for dancing after 11 P.M. . . . **zanzibar**, B'way at 49 (CI 7-7380): Bill Robinson, Maurice Rocco, and Louis Armstrong's band are much the best of a show you won't put in your memory book. . . . **versailles**, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310): Dwight Fiske (at the supper hour), looking quite pleased at his naughtiness, and a show full of tasty show girls; Maxmillian Bergère's orchestra and Monchito's rumba band. . . . **casino russe**, 157 W. 56 (CI 6-6116): more for the côtelette à la Kiev than for the goings on in the floor show; Cornelius Codolban's orchestra. . . . **commodore**, Lexington at 42 (MU 6-6000): Hal McIntyre's orchestra. . . . **essex house**, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Harold Stern's orchestra. . . . **new yorker hotel**, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Lee Castle's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **pennsylvania**, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Frankie Carle's orchestra, to be replaced by Les Brown's on Mon., Dec. 11. . . . **roosevelt**, Madison at 45 (MU 6-9200): Guy Lombardo's orchestra. . . . **el chico**, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): fairly Spanish, with a show and, of course, a rumba band.

●

Mostly for Music—No dancing, unless otherwise indicated—At **nick's**, 7 Ave. S. at 10 (CH 2-6683): Miff Mole, Peewee Russell, and Muggsy Spanier scorching the midnight air. . . . **onyx**, 57 W. 52 (EL 5-7835): nobby jazz by Hot Lips Page (through Wed., Dec. 13), Stuff Smith's trio, and Barney Bigard's quintet. . . . **hickory house**, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's full-blown clarinet and Adele Girard's hot harp to keep your feet warm. . . . **three deuces**, 72 W. 52 (EL 5-9861): vivid sound effects by Wingy Mannone's band and a quartet. . . . **downbeat**, 66 W. 52 (EL 5-9511): Coleman Hawkins' eminent band and a hot trio. . . . **jimmy ryan's**, 53 W. 52 (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes' trio thumping away; dancing. . . . **village vanguard**, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): one of the town's best cellars, since it has the Leonard Ware Trio; dancing.

ART

Abstract and Surrealist—Paintings by Americans: Brandt, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 30.

Revington Arthur—An artist who dramatizes his American scene: Babcock, 38 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 9.

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—European paintings of the Renaissance and nineteenth and twentieth centuries, from the permanent collection. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 1.

Alexander Calder—Mobiles and stabiles in bronze and plaster: Buchholz, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 23.

Ceramics—Work by members of the New York Society of Ceramic Arts: Bonestell, 18 E. 57. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; (also Thurs. Eve., 8 to 11); through Sat., Dec. 9.

José de Creeft—Recent sculpture: Passedoit, 121 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 28.

Drawings—Masters of the thirteenth through the nineteenth centuries: Schaeffer, 61 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 15.

Raoul Dufy—His race-track scenes, in water color and oil: Niveau, 63 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 30.

Angna Enters—Paintings and sketches by the versatile mime: Newhouse, 15 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 15.

Emlen Etting—Scenes of the liberation of Paris: Midtown, 605 Madison, at 58. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 23.

Europeans—At the **rosenberg**, 16 E. 57: paintings, mostly of the 1930's, by Braque, Picasso, and Matisse. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 9. . . . **matisse**, 41 E. 57: work by artists who exhibited at the "Salon d'Automne" in prewar Paris. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 30.

André Girard—Paintings of flowers and a series on the Fourteen Stations of the Cross: Bignou, 32 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 30.

Esther Goetz—Oils, water colors, and drawings of the city: Museum of the City of New York, 5 Ave. at 104. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Jan. 7.

Groups—At the **clay club**, 4 W. 8: new work by twenty-four sculptors, among whom are Hugo Robus, Chaim Gross, and José de Creeft. Mon. through Fri., 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Sat., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 30. . . . **new art circle**, 41 E. 57: work by Kandinsky, Klee, Mondrian, and other Europeans and Americans. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 30. . . . **a.c.a.**, 63 E. 57: a painting apiece by Philip Evergood, David Burliuk, and a dozen other artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 2 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 30. . . . **67 gallery**, 67 E. 57: paintings and sculpture by William Baziotes, Eugene Berman, Adolf Gottlieb, and other moderns. Weekdays 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 30. . . . **nierendorf**, 53 E. 57: Kandinsky, Klee, Léger, Duchamp, and others. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS
FROM THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7,
THROUGH SATURDAY, DECEMBER 16.

Dec. 30. . . . **LILIENFELD**, 21 E. 57: French and American oils, water colors, and ceramics. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 5. . . . **PERLS**, 32 E. 58: the annual show of paintings for the young collector. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 30. . . . **MORTIMER LEVITT**, 16 W. 57: work by such artists as Everett Spruce, Oronzo Gasparo, and Maxim Kopf. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Dec. 30.

DAVID HARE—Plaster, trickily used as a medium for Surrealist sculpture: Art of This Century, 30 W. 57. Daily 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 9.

HERBERT HASELTINE—Horses, poodles, and some other animals, mostly in bronze: Wildenstein, 19 E. 64. Daily 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 9.

MORRIS HIRSHFIELD—New work by the Brooklyn primitive: Julien Levy, 42 E. 57. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Fri., Dec. 8.

GERRIT HONDIUS—Warm, Expressionist paintings of New England and the circus: Marquié, 16 W. 57. Daily 10:30 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 9.

FRANK KLEINHOLZ—New paintings: Associated American Artists, 711 5 Ave., at 55. Thurs., 9 A.M. to 9 P.M.; other weekdays, 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 30.

DE HIRSH MARGULES—Landscapes, flowers, and still-lifes which have the mark of abstract training: Pinacotheca, 20 W. 58. Daily 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 9.

JOHN MARIN—New oils and water colors: An American Place, 509 Madison, at 53. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 3 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 10.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Retrospective shows of work by Lyonel Feininger and Marsden Hartley. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through Jan. 14.

MUSEUM OF NON-OBJECTIVE PAINTING, 24 E. 54—A loan show of paintings by Hilla Rebay, Harry Bertoia, Emil Bisttran, and others. Tues. through Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through March 15.

NEWARK MUSEUM, 49 Washington Pk. W., Newark—Paintings and sculpture from the Museum's collection of American art, with special emphasis on contemporary work. Tues. through Sat., 12 noon to 5:30 P.M. (also Wed. and Thurs. Eves., 7 to 9:30); Sun., 2 to 6 P.M.; through Jan. 31.

NINETEENTH-CENTURY AMERICAN—Landscapes and genre paintings by Trumbull, Bingham, Sargent, and several others: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 9.

MAURICE PRENDERGAST—Paintings and water colors of France: Kraushaar, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Daily 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 9.

KURT SELIGMANN—Recent paintings: Durlacher, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Jan. 2.

WILLIAM STEIG—Drawings of Small Fry and frustrated adults: Downtown, 43 E. 51. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Dec. 23.

MARCEL VERTÈS—Drawings, water colors, and ballet sketches, all in the usual manner: Carstairs, 11 E. 57. Weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 16.

ALBERT URBAN—Semi-abstract oils and gouaches: Weyhe, 794 Lexington, at 61. Daily 9 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.; through Sat., Dec. 9.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 10 W. 8—The annual show of contemporary American painting. Tues. through Sun., 1 to 5 P.M.; through Dec. 27.

MUSIC

(The box-office telephone number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460; for Town Hall, it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Carnegie Hall—Artur Rodzinski conducting: Thurs., Dec. 7, at 8:45 P.M.; Fri., Dec. 8, at 2:30 P.M.; Sat., Dec. 9, at 8:45 P.M.; and Sun., Dec. 10, at 3 P.M. George Szell conducting: Thurs., Dec. 14, at 8:45 P.M.; and Fri., Dec. 15, at 2:30 P.M. (Soloists: Isaac Stern, violin, Dec. 7-8; Eugene Istomin, piano, Dec. 9-10.) . . . Young People's Concert, Rudolph Ganz conducting, Sat., Dec. 16, at 11 A.M.

WAR BOND CONCERT—The Philharmonic-Symphony, conducted by Artur Rodzinski, with singers from the Metropolitan Opera as soloists. Tues., Dec. 12, at 8:30 P.M (Metropolitan Opera House. Admission by War Bonds only. For information, call CI 6-4300 Ext. 76.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy conducting; soloist, Claudio Arrau, piano. Tues., Dec. 12, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

AMERICAN YOUTH ORCHESTRA—Dean Dixon conducting; soloist, Vivian Rivkin, piano. Sat., Dec. 16, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

METROPOLITAN OPERA—"Carmen," Thurs., Dec. 7, at 8 P.M. . . . "Götterdämmerung," Fri., Dec. 8, at 7:30 P.M. . . . "Don Giovanni," Sat., Dec. 9, at 2 P.M. . . . "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci," Sat., Dec. 9, at 8:15 P.M. . . . "La Traviata," Mon., Dec. 11, at 8:30 P.M. . . . "Lucia di Lammermoor," Wed., Dec. 13, at 8:30 P.M. . . . "Die Walküre," Thurs., Dec. 14, at 8 P.M. . . . "Norma," Fri., Dec. 15, at 8 P.M. . . . "Faust," Sat., Dec. 16, at 2 P.M. . . . "Aïda," Sat., Dec. 16, at 8:15 P.M. . . . Among the singers on the Sunday-night concert, Dec. 10, at 8:30, will be Regina Resnick, soprano; Kurt Baum, tenor; and Nadine Conner, soprano. (PE 6-1210.)

NEW YORK CITY CENTER OPERA—"The Gypsy Baron." Thurs. through Sun., Dec. 7-10, at 8:30 P.M., and Sat. and Sun., Dec. 9-10, at 2:30 P.M. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989.)

COLUMBIA THEATRE ASSOCIATES—A new English version of Pergolesi's "The Jealous Husband." Wed. through Sat., Dec. 13-16, at 8:40 P.M., and Sat., Dec. 16, at 2:40 P.M. (Brander Matthews Theatre, 420 W. 117. For tickets, call UN 4-3200, Ext. 502.)

FRENCH CHAMBER MUSIC—Martial Singher, baritone; René Le Roy, flute; Marcel Grandjany, harp; Augustin Duques, clarinet; and the Guilet String Quartet. Thurs., Dec. 7, at 9 P.M. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. For tickets, call PL 3-4571.)

JORGE BOLET—Piano. Fri., Dec. 8, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

MARCEL HUBERT—Cello. Fri., Dec. 8, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

ROSE DIRMAN AND VLADIMIR DUKELSKY—Soprano and piano; a program of unfamiliar music. Sun., Dec. 10, at 3 P.M. (Times Hall, 240 W. 44. LA 4-1000, Ext. 362.)

NEW FRIENDS OF MUSIC—The Gordon String Quartet and Jennie Tourel, mezzo-soprano. Sun., Dec. 10, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

HERTA GLAZ—Contralto. Sun., Dec. 10, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

ARTUR RUBINSTEIN—Piano. Sun., Dec. 10, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

JOSÉ ITURBI—Piano. Mon., Dec. 11, at 8:30 P.M. (New York City Center, 131 W. 55. CI 6-8989.)

NADIA REISENBERG—Piano. Mon., Dec. 11, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

JOSEPH SZIGETI—Violin. Mon., Dec. 11, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

RICHARD MANNING—Tenor. Tues., Dec. 12, at 8:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

RUDOLF FIRKUSNY—Piano. Wed., Dec. 13, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

SASCHA GORODNITZKI—Piano. Fri., Dec. 15, at 8:30 P.M. (Carnegie Hall.)

TRAPP FAMILY SINGERS—Choral group. Sat., Dec. 16, at 5:30 P.M. (Town Hall.)

BRONISLAW HUBERMAN—Violin. Sat., Dec. 16, at 8:30 P.M. (McMillin Theatre, B'way at 116. UN 4-3200, Ext. 773.)

SPORTS

BASKETBALL—Madison Square Garden—Brooklyn vs. West Michigan, and L.I.U. vs. Valparaiso, Sat., Dec. 9; St. John's vs. Utah, and N.Y.U. vs. Oklahoma A. & M., Wed., Dec. 13; City College vs. Arkansas, and St. Francis vs. Muhlenberg, Sat., Dec. 16; at 8:15 P.M.

BILLIARD TOURNAMENT—Willie Hoppe and others in the world championship three-cushion tournament: Hotel Capitol, Thurs. through Tues., Dec. 7-12, at 2 and 8 P.M.

BOXING—Madison Square Garden—Tami Mauriello vs. Lee Oma, heavyweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Dec. 8; Johnny Greco vs. Bobby Ruffin, welterweights, 10 rounds, Fri., Dec. 15. (Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts at 10 P.M.)

FOOTBALL—Randolph Field Ramblers of Texas vs. Second Air Force Superbombers of Denver: Polo Grounds, Sat. Aft., Dec. 16, time to be announced. (Admission by War Bonds only; for information, call CI 6-4300, Ext. 63.)

HOCKEY—Madison Square Garden—Professional games: Rangers vs. Detroit, Thurs., Dec. 7; Rangers vs. Chicago, Sun., Dec. 10; at 8:30 P.M. . . . Amateur series games: Sun., Dec. 10, at 1:30 and 3:30 P.M., and Thurs., Dec. 14, at 8:30 P.M. . . . Benefit game: St. Paul's School vs. Kent, for the St. Paul's Boys' Camp, Thurs., Dec. 14, at 3:15 P.M.

SOCCER—Eight amateur and professional teams in an exhibition tournament: Seventy-first Regiment Armory, Park at 34, Thurs., Dec. 14, at 8 P.M. (Admission by War Bonds only; for information, call CI 6-4300, Ext. 63.)

OTHER EVENTS

WARTIME EXHIBITIONS—At the **CHRYSLER BLDG.**, 405 Lexington, at 42: a collection of United States Army combat vehicles, artillery, bombs, rockets, and small arms, as well as equipment captured from the enemy; also, weekdays from 12 noon to 5:45 P.M., continuous showings of recent War Department films. Weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **MUSEUM OF SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY**, R. C. A. Bldg., 1250 6 Ave., at 49: a large collection of naval aviation training equipment, including the Norden bombsight and the "Gunairstructor," a device in which the conditions and problems of air combat are simulated. Daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through Feb. 15.

DRESS—A fancy analysis of clothing, past and present, and its relation to the human form: Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53. Weekdays 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 7 P.M.; through March 4.

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 W. 57—Furniture, silver, and decorative objects from the Americana collection of the late Mrs. J. Amory Haskell: Thurs. through Sat., Dec. 7-9, at 2 P.M. . . . Etchings and engravings by old and modern masters, owned by William P. Chapman, Jr.: Thurs., Dec. 7, at 8:15 P.M. . . . Books from the library of Frederick S. Peck: Tues. and Wed., Dec. 12-13, at 8:15 P.M.

ON THE AIR

MUSIC—Philharmonic-Symphony, Artur Rodzinski conducting, Sun., Dec. 10, at 3 P.M., WABC. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting, Sat., Dec. 9 and 16, at 5 P.M., WABC. . . . Boston Symphony, Serge Koussevitzky conducting, Sat., Dec. 9 and 16, at 8:30 P.M., WJZ. . . . N.B.C. Symphony, Arturo Toscanini conducting, Sun., Dec. 10, at 5 P.M., WEAF. . . . National Orchestral Association, Leon Barzin conducting, Sun., Dec. 10, at 9:05 P.M., WQXR. . . . Metropolitan Opera: "Don Giovanni," Sat., Dec. 9, at 2 P.M.; "Aïda," Fri., Dec. 15, at 1:30 P.M.; "Faust," Sat., Dec. 16, at 2 P.M.; WJZ. . . . William Kapell, piano, Sun., Dec. 10, at 3 P.M., WNYC. . . . New Friends of Music, Sun., Dec. 10, at 5:30 P.M., WQXR. . . . Marian Anderson, Mon., Dec. 11, at 9 P.M., WEAF.

SPORTS—Boxing: Tami Mauriello vs. Lee Oma, Fri., Dec. 8; Johnny Greco vs. Bobby Ruffin, Fri., Dec. 15; at 10 P.M., WOR.

MOTION PICTURES

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE—Some of the original Broadway players, plus Cary Grant, Priscilla Lane, and Raymond Massey, make a good thing of this adaptation of the lighthearted Brooklyn poison classic. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; through Fri., Dec. 8. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Sat. through Tues., Dec. 9-12.)

CASANOVA BROWN—About as funny as a picture can be which involves the kidnapping of a new-born baby. In short, not altogether funny, but well played by Gary Cooper, Teresa Wright, and Frank Morgan. (Loew's 86th Street, 3 Ave. at 86; through Fri., Dec. 8. . . . Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; Sun. and Mon., Dec. 10-11. . . . Art, 36 E. 8; and 77th Street, B'way at 77; through Wed., Dec. 13.)

DANGEROUS JOURNEY—Travel picture from Africa and Asia, somewhat better done than usual. Strictly prewar. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Fri. through Mon., Dec. 8-11.)

DARK WATERS—Merle Oberon, Franchot Tone, and Thomas Mitchell in a story which is aimed to chill your blood but doesn't do so consistently. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

DOUBLE INDEMNITY—A lady heel and a man heel kill a husband, with considerable ingenuity. The cast is headed by Fred MacMurray, Barbara Stanwyck, and Edward G. Robinson. (Loew's 42nd Street, Lexington at 42; through Sat., Dec. 9. . . . Orpheum, 3 Ave. at 86; and Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; through Mon., Dec. 11.)

DRAGON SEED—Hollywood does nobly if unevenly by Pearl Buck's account of the Chinese war effort. With Walter Huston, Aline MacMahon, Katharine Hepburn, and others. (Carlton, B'way at 100; through Mon., Dec. 11. . . . Normandie, Park at 53; Mon. through Wed., Dec. 11-13. . . . Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Tues. through Thurs., Dec. 12-14.)

48 HOURS—One of those deft British jobs in which every character is a character. This one is about a village under attack by German paratroops. Leslie Banks and others. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 12-13.)

HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO—A Preston Sturges picture of Marines and small-town daffiness, interpreted with skill and humor by William Demarest, Eddie Bracken, Freddie Steele, and other Sturges troupers. (Schuyler, Columbus Ave. at 84; Sat. through Mon., Dec. 9-11.)

THE IMPATIENT YEARS—The skillful operations of Jean Arthur, Lee Bowman, and Charles Coburn are a great help to this comedy of the perils of marrying service men in a hurry. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Sat. through Mon., Dec. 9-11.)

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS—An adaptation of Sally Benson's stories of her childhood that could hardly be better. Judy Garland is very grown-up and decorative in the principal part, and the songs are nice, too. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART—Ethel Barrymore, Cary Grant, and Barry Fitzgerald grope with good effect through a film of London slum life that calls for considerable groping. (Palace, B'way at 47; through Tues., Dec. 12.)

THE RAINBOW—Russian film dealing quietly and pow-

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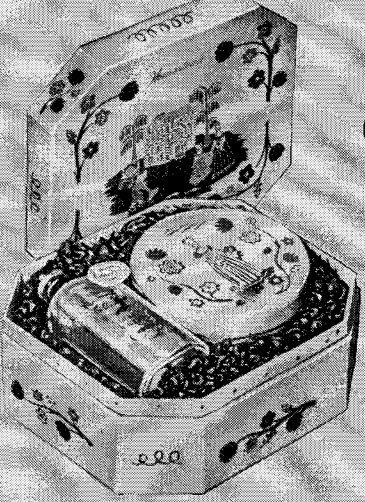

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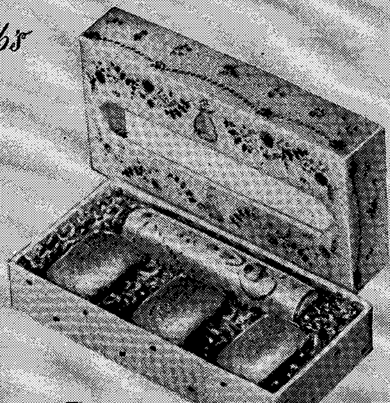

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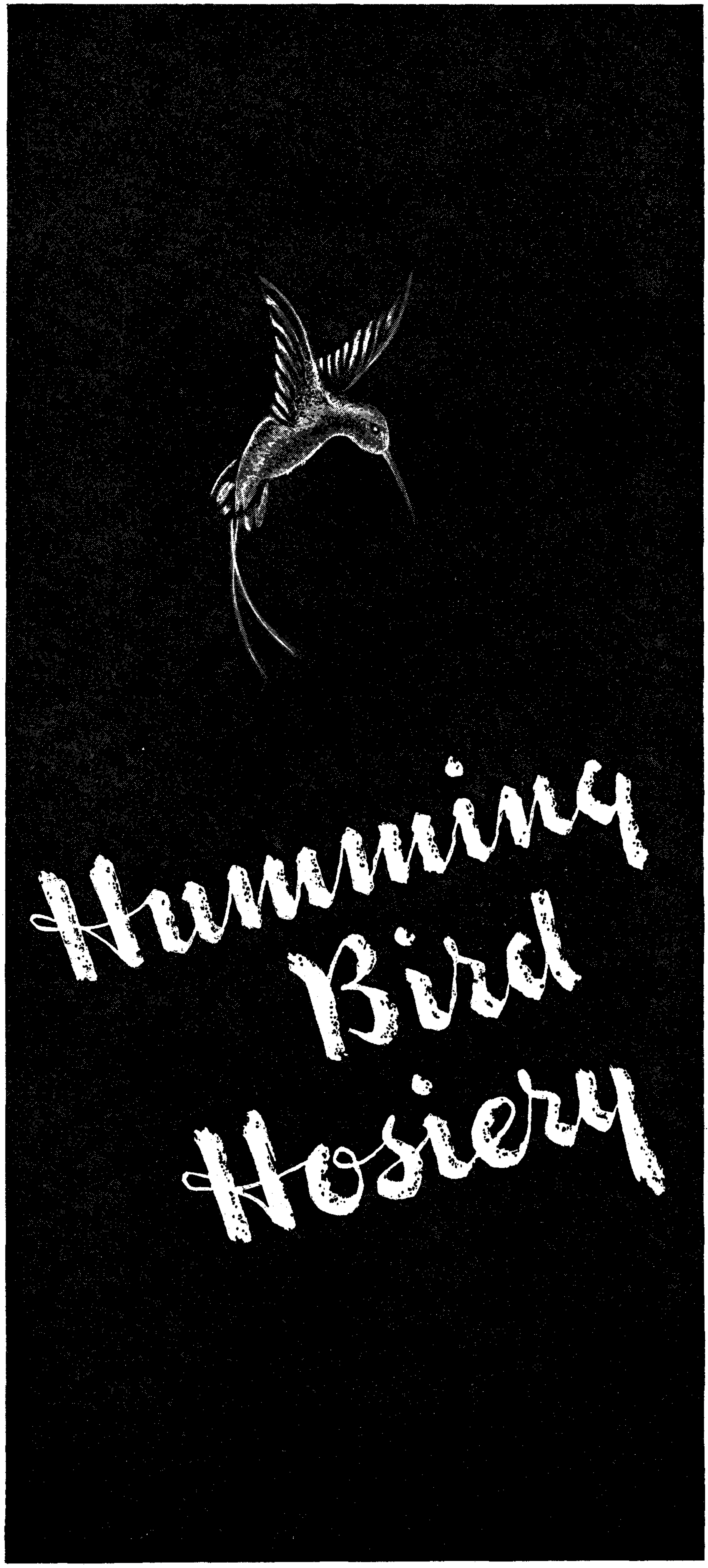


erfully with German oppression in the Ukraine. English subtitles. (Stanley, 7 Ave. at 41.)

The Seventh Cross—Swift and well-acted melodrama about a fugitive from a prewar German concentration camp. From the novel of the same name, with Spencer Tracy, Signe Hasso, and Hume Cronyn. (Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., Dec. 11. . . . Lexington, Lexington at 51; and Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., Dec. 13.)

Since You Went Away—Nigh on to three hours of home-front heartache and familiar comedy. The players, an all-star team coached by Selznick, give it all they have. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; and Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; through Mon., Dec. 11. . . . Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; Sun. through Wed., Dec. 10-13.)

The Story of Dr. Wassell—Fictionized account of the Navy doctor's heroism on Java, handicapped by too much fiction but exciting at times. Gary Cooper, Laraine Day, and Dennis O'Keefe. (8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; through Fri., Dec. 8. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sun. through Tues., Dec. 10-12. . . . Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sun. through Wed., Dec. 10-13.)

Thirty Seconds over Tokyo—Some fine technical work has gone into this account of the famous lone raid of 1942, but also a bit too much Hollywood stuffing. Spencer Tracy as Doolittle, with Van Johnson and Robert Walker. (Capitol, B'way at 51.)

To Have and Have Not—Not much like the Hemingway novel, but a good war melodrama, with Humphrey Bogart, Walter Brennan, and Lauren Bacall. (Hollywood, B'way at 51.)

Wilson—Darryl Zanuck's life of Woodrow Wilson, running more to length than depth but cataloguing the phrases and characters of the time with neat showmanship. Alexander Knox is the President. In Technicolor. (Victoria, B'way at 46. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., Dec. 8-11.)

Note—"V-1, the Robot Bomb," a short, workmanlike documentary film put out by the British, is being shown at the following theatres—Normandie, Park at 53; through Fri., Dec. 8. . . . 8th Street Playhouse, 52 W. 8; Fri. through Sun., Dec. 8-10. . . . Alden, B'way at 67; Sun. and Mon., Dec. 10-11.

REVIVALS

Desire (1936)—Stolen pearls, Spain, Marlene Dietrich, and Gary Cooper. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57; through Fri., Dec. 15.)

Holiday Inn (1942)—An Irving Berlin score sung by Bing Crosby and danced to by Fred Astaire. (Carlton, B'way at 100; Tues. through Thurs., Dec. 12-14.)

Jane Eyre (1944)—Joan Fontaine as Jane and Orson Welles as Rochester. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Sat., Dec. 9.)

Kitty Foyle (1941)—Ginger Rogers is Christopher Morley's white-collar girl. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Thurs., Dec. 7.)

Love Affair (1939)—Romance starts at sea. Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Dec. 12-14.)

Love from a Stranger (1937)—An Agatha Christie story. Ann Harding and Basil Rathbone. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; Thurs., Dec. 7.)

Nothing Sacred (1937)—Ben Hecht's drollery of Manhattan life. Carole Lombard and Fredric March. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Dec. 12-14.)

The Ox-Bow Incident (1943)—A lynching in the West, with Henry Fonda and Dana Andrews. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; Fri. and Sat., Dec. 8-9.)

Primrose Path (1940)—Victoria Lincoln's "February Hill." Ginger Rogers, Marjorie Rambeau, and Joel McCrea. (Thalia, B'way at 95; Tues. through Thurs., Dec. 12-14.)

Roberta (1935)—The old musical comedy, with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, and Irene Dunne. (Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; through Fri., Dec. 8. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; starting Wed., Dec. 13.)

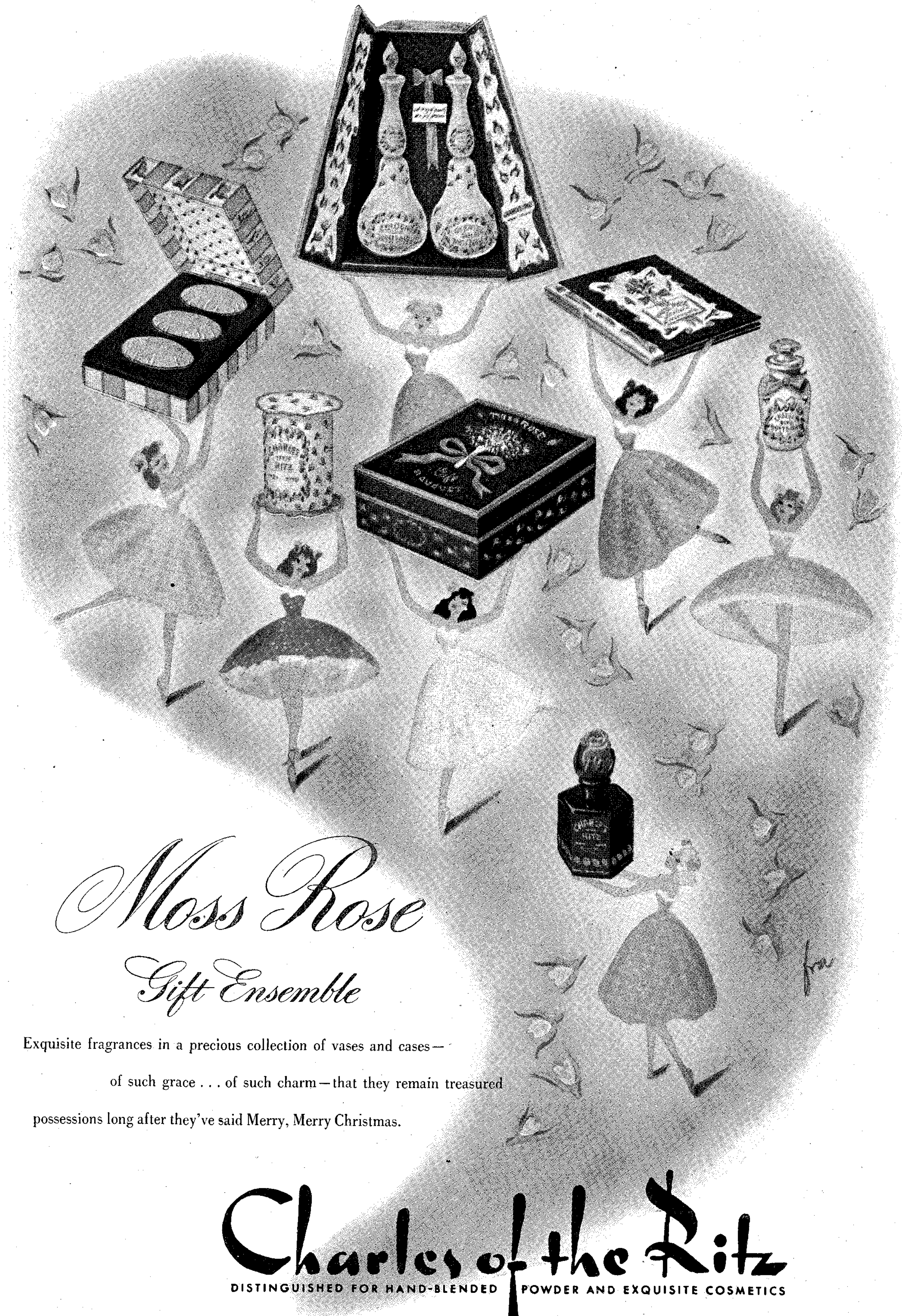
The Song of Bernadette (1944)—The story of Lourdes, with Jennifer Jones and Vincent Price. (World, 153 W. 49; Thurs., Dec. 7.)

Topper (1937)—Thorne Smith's novel. Constance Bennett, Cary Grant, Billie Burke, and Roland Young. (Waverly, 6 Ave. at 3; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 12-13.)

True Confession (1937)—Farcical murder trial. Carole Lombard, John Barrymore, and Fred MacMurray. (Beverly, 3 Ave. at 50; Sat. through Mon., Dec. 9-11.)

Union Pacific (1939)—A huge panoramic Western, with Barbara Stanwyck and Joel McCrea. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., Dec. 12-13.)

Note—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is



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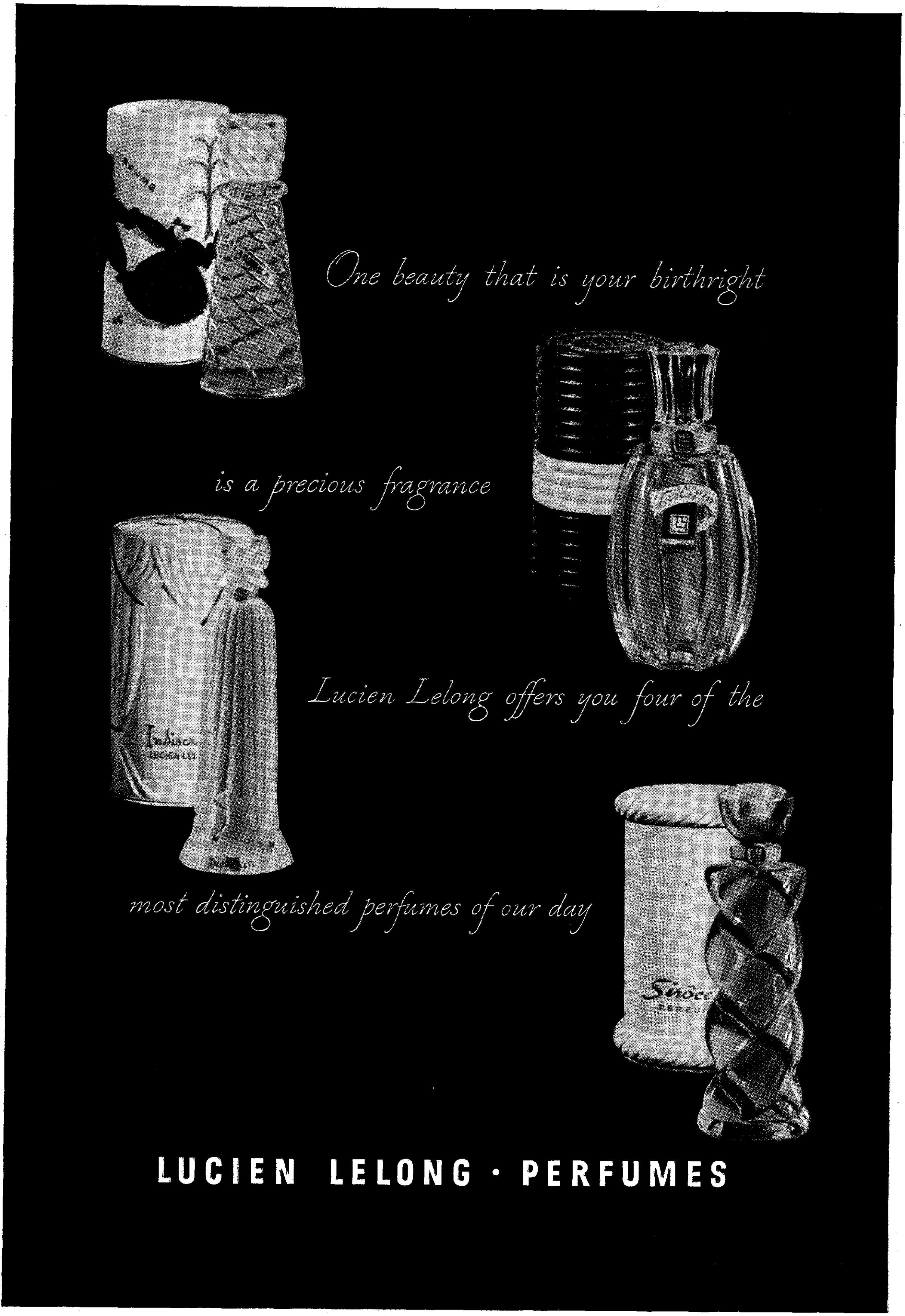
One beauty that is your birthright
is a precious fragrance
Lucien Lelong offers you four of the
most distinguished perfumes of our day
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

showing films weekdays at 3 and 5:30 P.M. and Sun. at 1:30, 3:30 and 5:30 P.M., on the following schedule—THROUGH SUN., DEC. 10: "Destry Rides Again" (1939), with Marlene Dietrich and James Stewart. . . . FROM MON., DEC. 11: "Sergeant York" (1941), with Gary Cooper.

CIVILIAN WAR ACTIVITIES

VOLUNTEER WORK—Hundreds of men and women are still needed to fill emergency wartime jobs. Five organizations equipped to direct residents of the city into various kinds of work are listed below, along with a few of the most pressing needs of the moment. At the CIVILIAN DEFENSE VOLUNTEER OFFICE, 707 5 Ave., at 55 (PL 5-7300): women to work nine hours a week in Department of Health clinics, assisting in vision tests, etc.; men and women who, after taking a short training course, can work five hours a week for the Office of Price Administration, checking prices in neighborhood stores. . . . RED CROSS, 315 Lexington, at 38 (MU 4-4455): women to take a short course and then work at least two half days a week in the Red Cross Canteen Service; women to take an eighty-hour course and then work at least two full days each week as nurses' aides in hospital wards, clinics, etc. (For nurses' aide work, apply at 401 5 Ave., at 37). . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S VOLUNTARY SERVICES, 11 E. 58 (PL 3-6487): women to spend several hours a week, during the day, in A.W.V.S. workshops making layettes and children's clothes for Army, Navy, and foreign relief; women to work daytimes or evenings as recreation group leaders or craft teachers in settlement houses. . . . UNITED HOSPITAL FUND, 370 Lexington, at 41 (CA 5-7150): women to work in hospitals at least three daytime hours, twice a week, as aides in clinics, wards, offices, and libraries; men to work in hospitals one or two evenings a week at various necessary jobs. . . . AMERICAN WOMEN'S HOSPITALS RESERVE CORPS, 640 Madison, at 59 (PL 5-1545): women to work several hours a week, preferably during the day, as ambulance drivers for social-service clinic patients; women to work several daytime hours each week in service men's canteens.

SIXTH WAR LOAN DRIVE—The War Bond campaign will continue through Sat., Dec. 16, and the C.D.V.O., 707 5 Ave., at 55 (PL 5-7300); and the A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58 (PL 3-6487, Ext. 17) are recruiting volunteers who can work daytimes or evenings, once or twice a week, canvassing, working in Bond booths, or doing clerical work in connection with the drive.

SALVAGE—Wastepaper (still very important) and tin cans of all kinds should be kept separate from other refuse and given to your building superintendent, who will see that they both reach the proper authorities. Although cans in any condition are acceptable, it will facilitate handling if you flatten them after cutting out both ends. Wastepaper should be tied in easily handled bundles. . . . The government urges that householders continue to save kitchen fat, used in the manufacture of explosives and sulfa ointments. Your butcher will give you two ration tokens for every pound you turn in to him. . . . Rags are urgently needed for use on ships, in war plants, and by mechanized forces. They can be turned over to any charity organization or junk dealer.

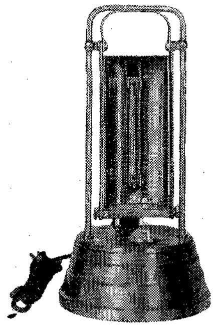
SUBURBS AND COUNTRY—The setups for volunteer work and salvage collections are by no means uniform outside the city, but most communities have some sort of committee in charge of these activities. If your local police can't direct you to a convenient one, write for instructions to the War Council at your county seat.

GIFTS, LOANS, ETC.—The need for blood plasma to send overseas is acute. Donors who wish to contribute should call the Red Cross, MU 5-6400, for an appointment. . . . The Navy needs photographs and maps of the Japanese mainland and other enemy-controlled territory in the Orient. Anyone in the New York area who wishes to give or lend such material should communicate with the District Intelligence Officer, 90 Church (RE 2-9100, Ext. 8430-1-8). . . . Recreational equipment of all kinds is needed for service camps both here and abroad; at the moment there is a particular demand for small games, radios, records, and foreign-language and travel books. Three organizations which will call for and distribute contributions are the Citizens Committee for the Army and Navy, 36 E. 36 (MU 3-5366); Bundles for America, 2 Park, at 33 (MU 5-1976); and the A.W.V.S., 11 E. 58 (PL 3-6487, Ext. 33). . . . Musical instruments, especially brasses and accordions, are needed for Army and Navy hospitals, transport ships, and recreation centers. Contributions can be made to the Metropolitan Opera Guild, 654 Madison, at 60 (RE 4-2410). . . . The Greek War Relief Association (CI 5-9100), is collecting practical clothing, in good condition, to send to Greece. Contributions should be sent to the organization's warehouse, at 420 E. 54.

THE GREATEST SPORTING GOODS STORE IN THE WORLD

Christmas choice!

Selecting suitable gifts for families and friends has an easy solution if they find enjoyment in outdoor life and sport. Come to "the greatest sporting goods store in the world" where you have the choice from a lavish variety of articles all of special appeal to sportsmen and sportswomen of all ages.



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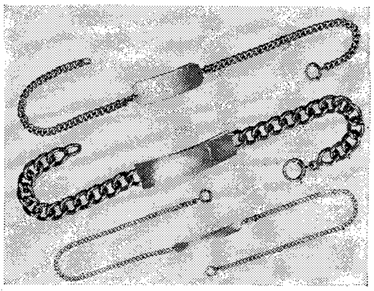
Portable hand lamp with adjustable extension arm. Automatic timer. AC or DC. Doctor's certificate necessary.



14-KT. GOLD IDENTIFICATION BRACELETS
Women's Model. Medium weight, $15.00*
Men's Model. Heavy nameplate and chain $50.00*
14-KT. GOLD ANKLET $9.00*
Engraving, per letter . . . . . $ .10
**Plus 20% Federal Excise Tax*

COLD WEATHER OVERBOOTS
Smart looking brown elk leather lined with warm sheepskin. Rubber sole.
Women's model with fur cuffs . $13.50
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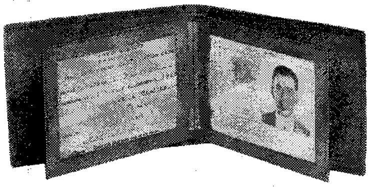

PASS CASE WALLET $7.50*
Exclusive A & F design in tan leather or black morocco. Window flaps, pockets and full length bill fold.
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CHICAGO STORE: **VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE** 9 NORTH WABASH

To business men who are thinking about

A PLANT IN THE WEST, TEXAS OR LOUISIANA

after the war...

Perhaps we can be helpful to you.

Although your company may be fully occupied with war work now, no doubt you, like ourselves, are making plans for post-war manufacturing and selling.

You are familiar with the great population increases in certain states West of the Mississippi. And you may be thinking about a branch plant or additional distribution facilities in this area—not only to serve your customers out here, but also with an eye to the vast undeveloped markets of Asia, and Central and South America.

If you are thinking along these lines, we respectfully ask you to write us. We think we can be helpful to you.

Southern Pacific is the largest western railroad, and has more miles of line than any other United States railroad. We serve Louisiana, Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, California, Oregon, Nevada, Utah, and the West Coast of Mexico. We know this territory intimately, for we are the West's pioneer railroad.

The eight Southern Pacific states gained more than a million people since 1940, according to the U. S. Census Bureau.

In the West alone, Southern Pacific serves more than twice as many communities as any other railroad, many of them exclusively. So if your plant is located on Southern Pacific, the chances are two-to-one that your western customers are served by our rails, too.

We have an experienced industrial department, and traffic men in every sizeable city and town along our lines. These men live "on the ground" and are important citizens in their communities. They will be glad to develop any specific information you wish.

You may be sure that any advice we give you will be sound and unbiased, for if the plant location we recommend should prove unsuited to you, our railroad would suffer, too.

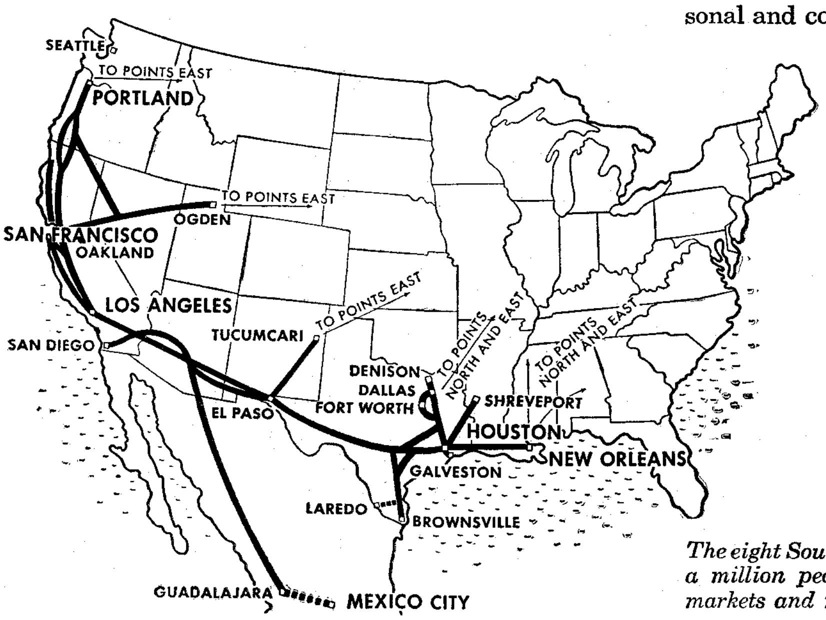
We have been handling matters like this for many years, and those who have dealt with us know that we can be trusted with their most confidential plans.

If you have any interest at all in industrial sites or distribution facilities in our territory, please write me. I assure you that your inquiry will receive prompt, personal and confidential attention.

W. W. HALE, *Vice-President,*
System Freight Traffic, Southern Pacific Company,
65 Market St., San Francisco 5, California

S·P

The friendly Southern Pacific


SEATTLE
TO POINTS EAST
PORTLAND
TO POINTS EAST
OGDEN
SAN FRANCISCO
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FORT WORTH
TO POINTS NORTH AND EAST
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SHREVEPORT
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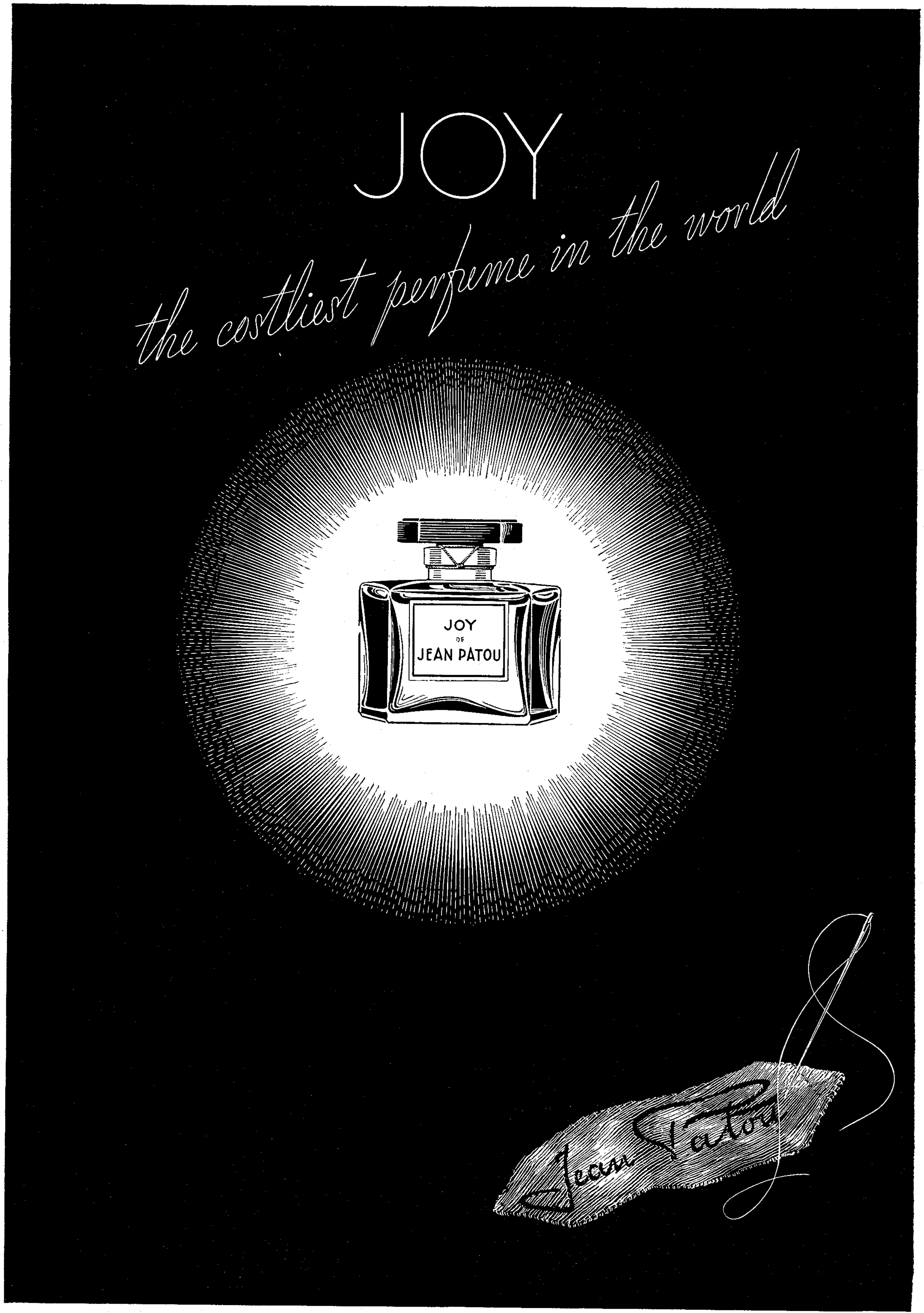
The eight Southern Pacific states gained more than a million people since 1940. Population means markets and manpower for your industry.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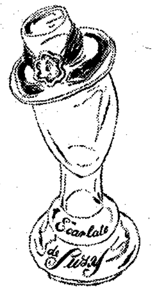
. . . Suzy's bright barb of sophistication. Scintillating wine bouquet, at once sparkling and sultry. A scent of many facets for a woman of great distinction.



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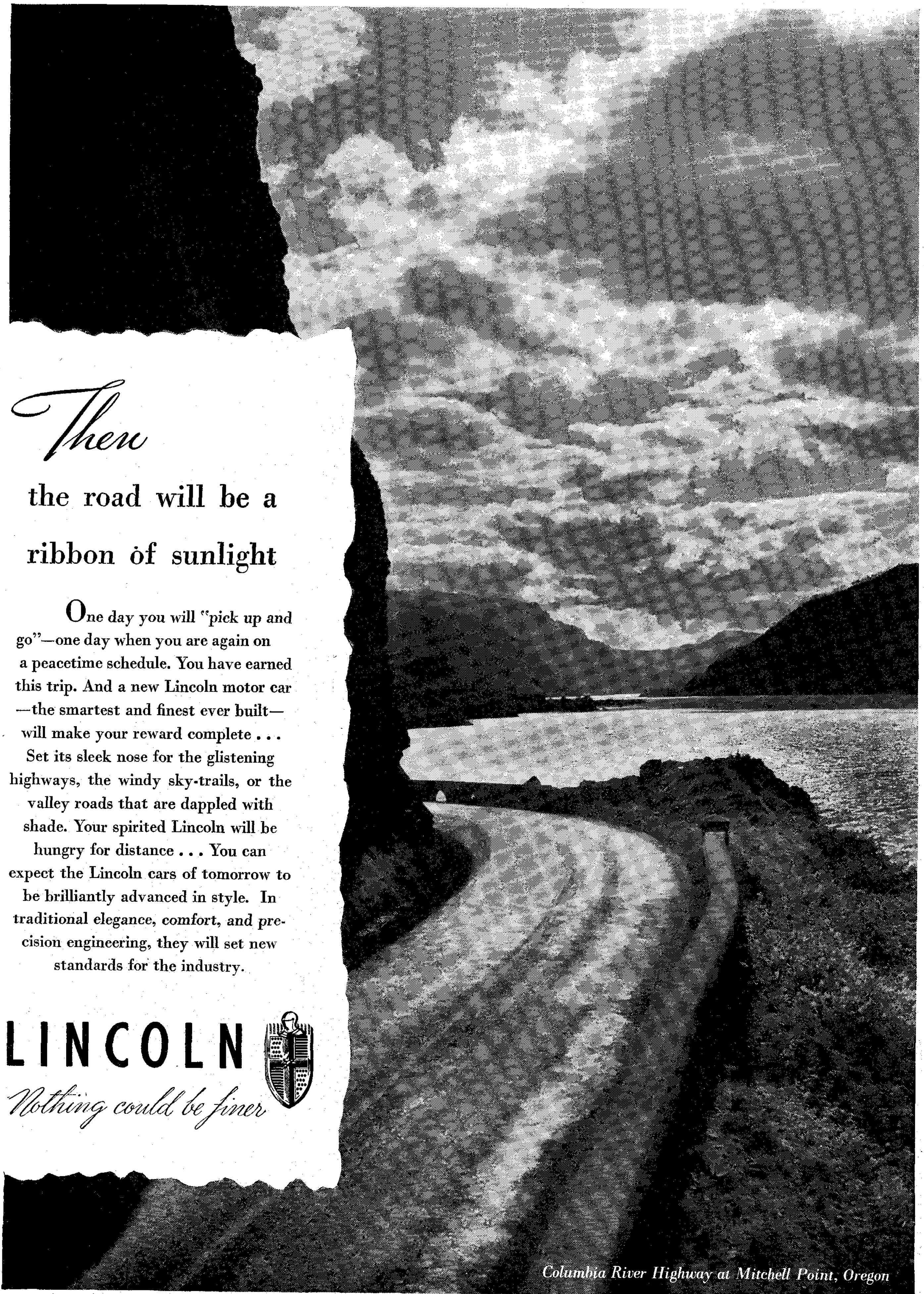
Perfume, $3.25 to $50. **Other Suzy Perfumes:**
Eau de Parfum, $4.50 **Suzy's Golden Laughter, Suzy's Bandbox**



Then the road will be a ribbon of sunlight

One day you will "pick up and go"—one day when you are again on a peacetime schedule. You have earned this trip. And a new Lincoln motor car—the smartest and finest ever built—will make your reward complete . . . Set its sleek nose for the glistening highways, the windy sky-trails, or the valley roads that are dappled with shade. Your spirited Lincoln will be hungry for distance . . . You can expect the Lincoln cars of tomorrow to be brilliantly advanced in style. In traditional elegance, comfort, and precision engineering, they will set new standards for the industry.

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. . . *A PRODUCT OF FORD MOTOR COMPANY* . . .

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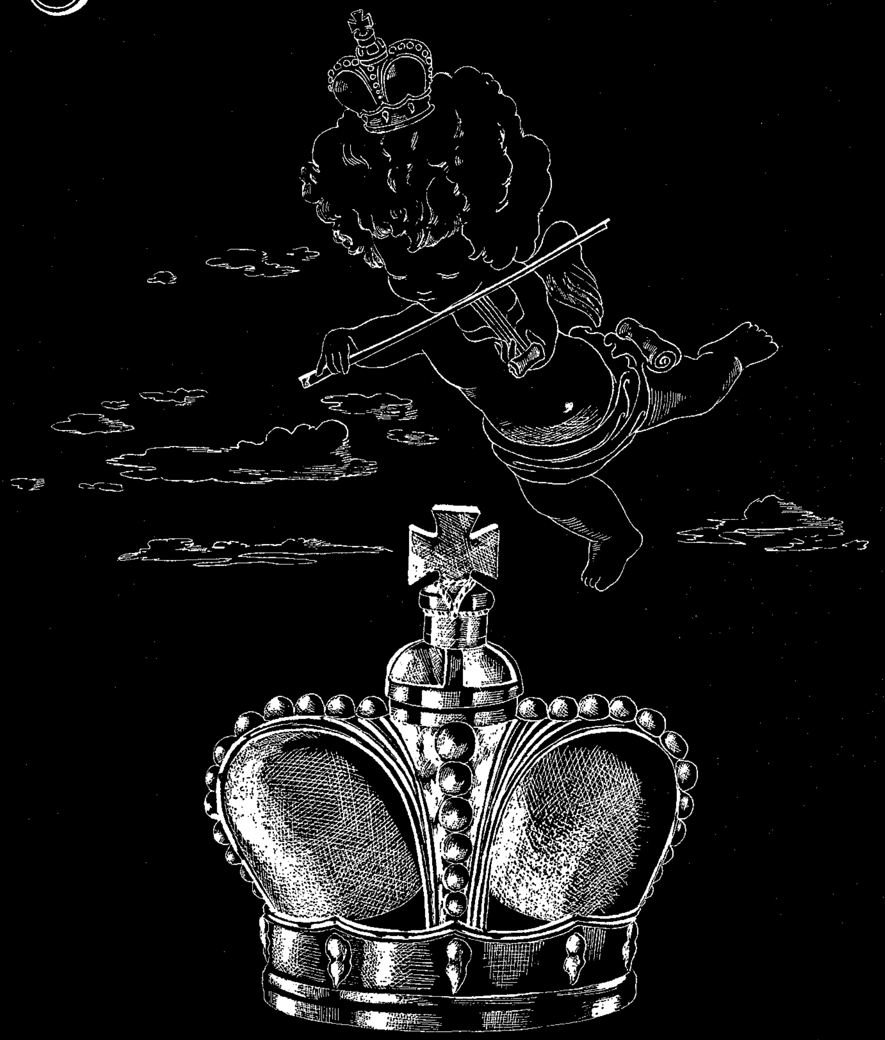

Immortal melody of love from the golden voice of a violin, captured in a glorious perfume—to play on the strings of a lady's heart. **Stradivari,** moving, mellow fragrance for romantic moments—forever engraved in timeless memory.

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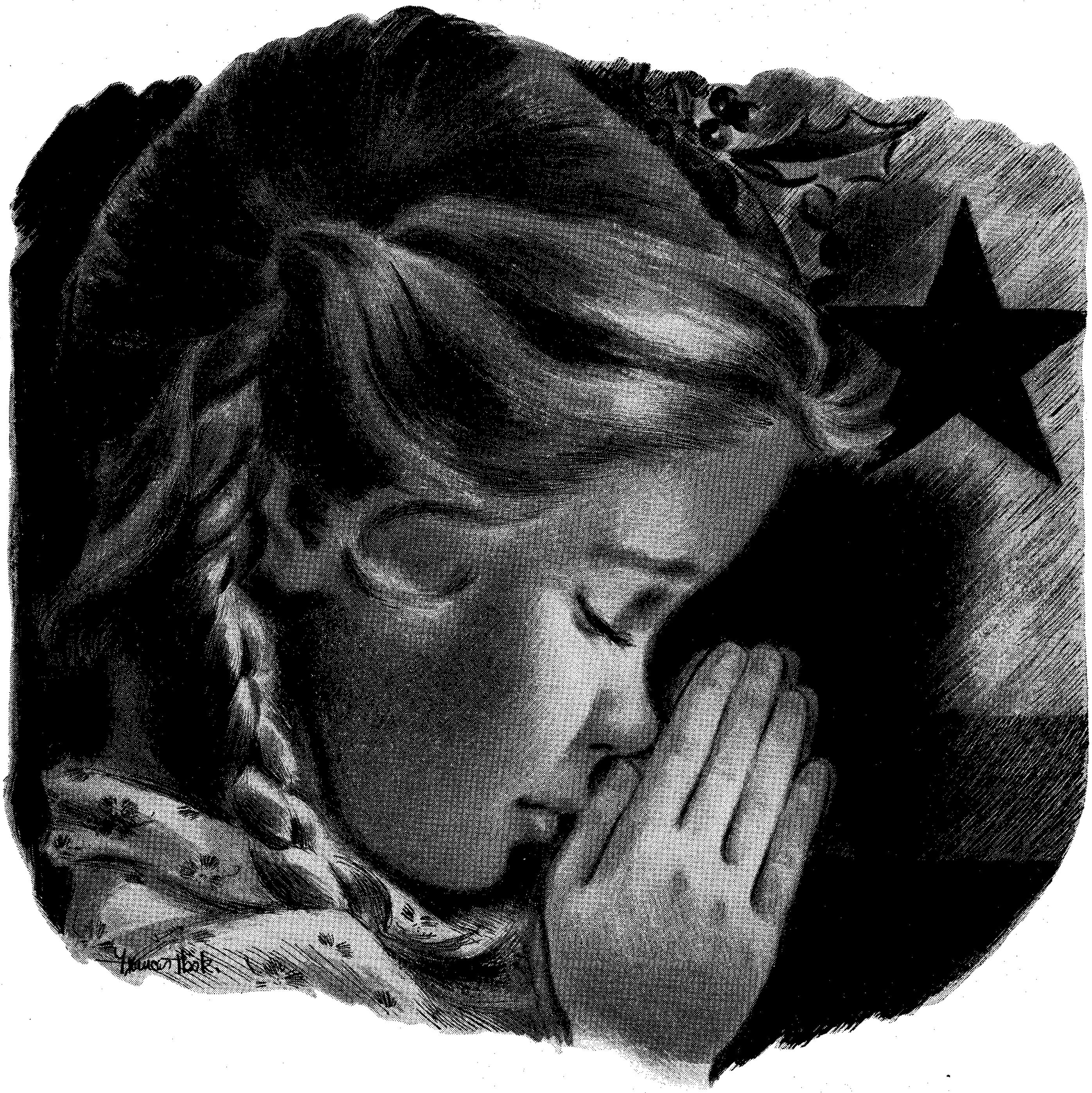
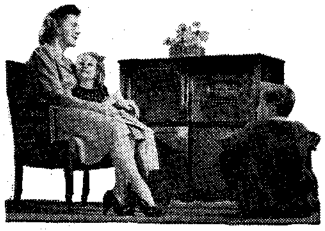
..."GOD BLESS DADDY."...



GOD BLESS THEM ALL!...

STROMBERG-CARLSON



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Mrs. Kelvin Vanderlip

. . . prefers the easy informality of buffet suppers at "Villa Palos Verdes," on the oldest Spanish rancho in California. Very much a modern, Candace Vanderlip sets her 16th-century table with ultra-20th-century crystal—the streamlined, square-footed Knickerbocker pattern, you see here. This is just one of many matchless glass services, made by Libbey master-craftsmen. Let us send you an illustrated Libbey booklet.

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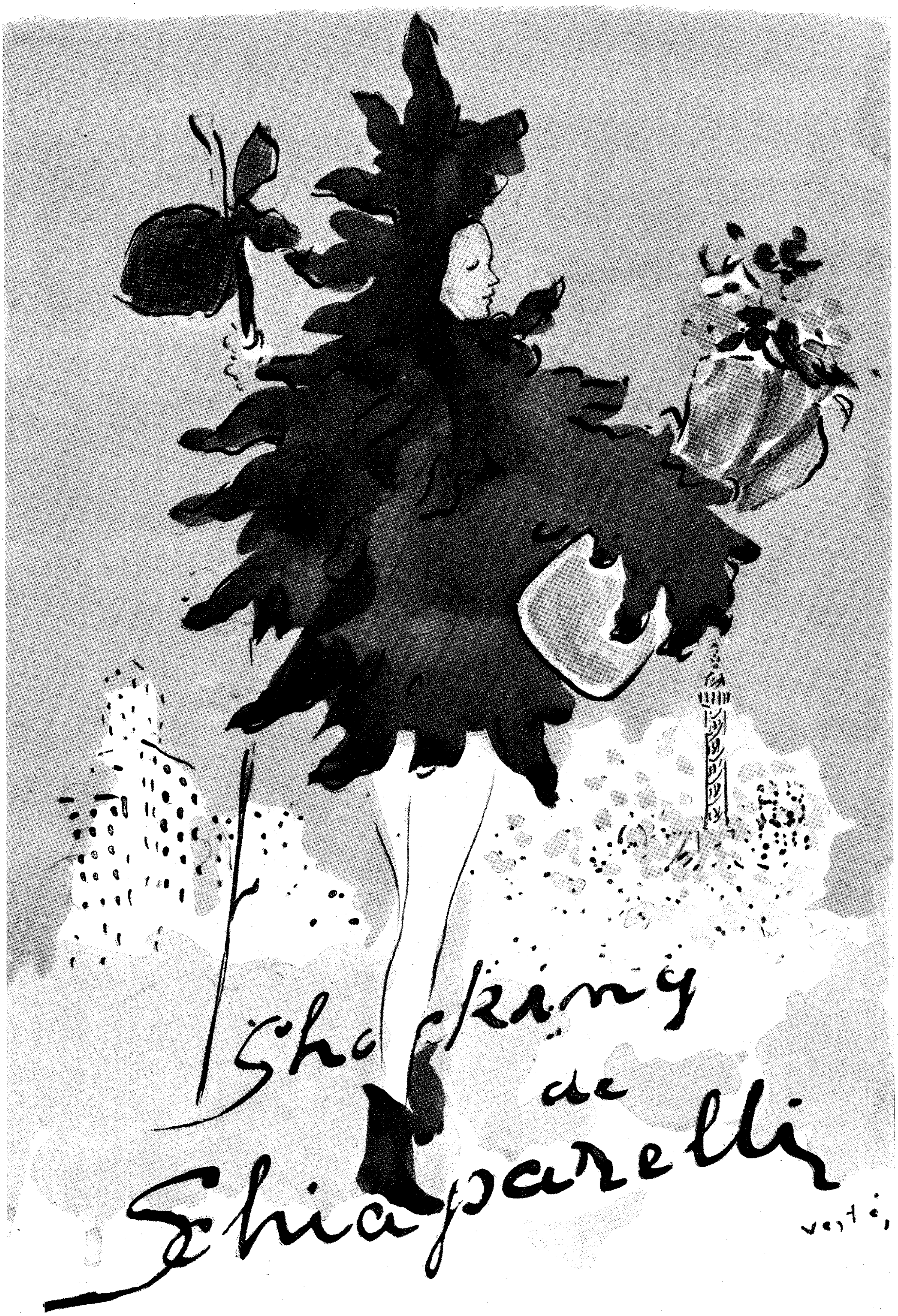
DIVISION OF OWENS-ILLINOIS GLASS COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO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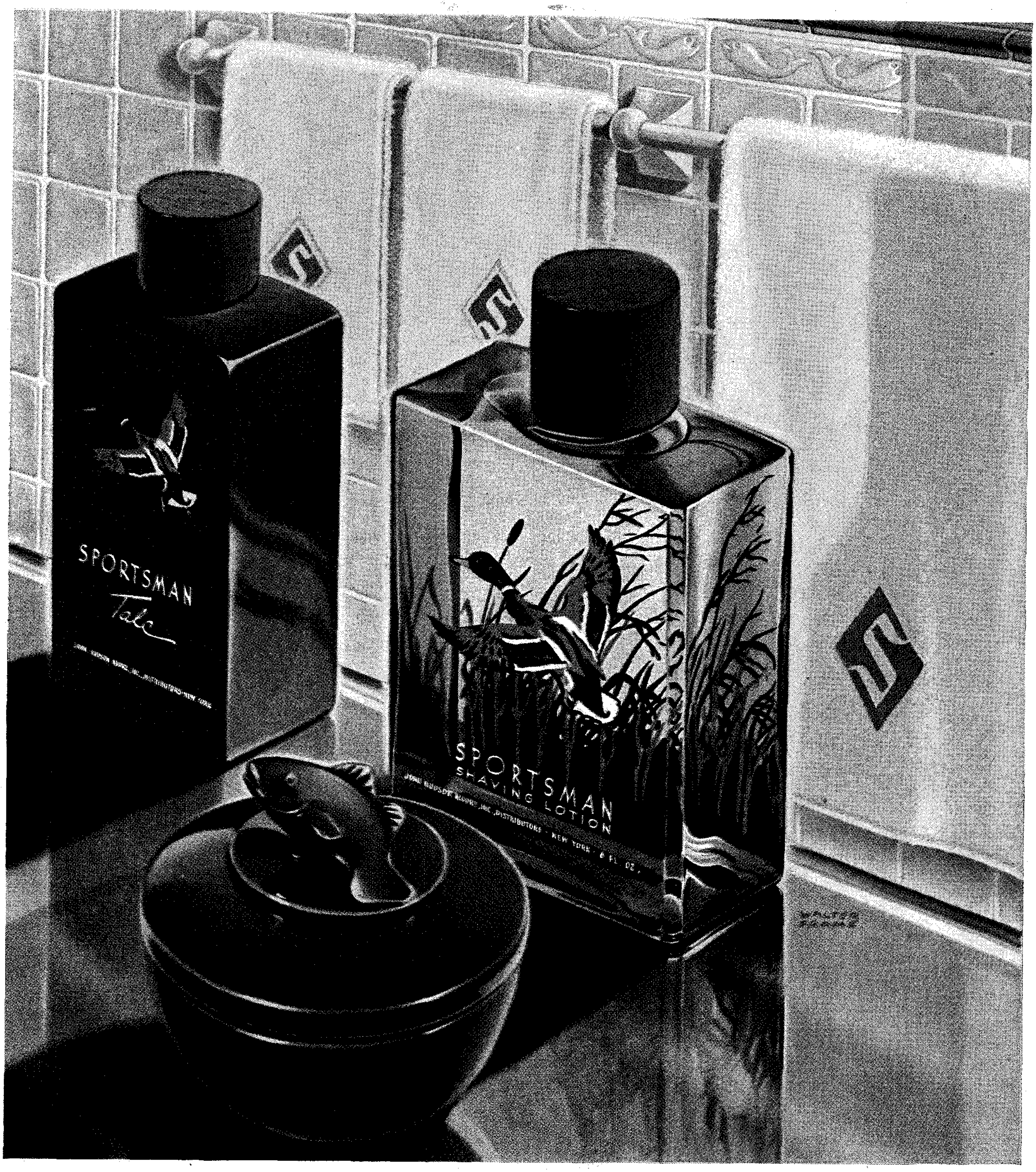
Sportsman Shaving Lotion derives its name from its nature . . . Brings outdoors indoors . . . Glows and tingles with the weatherbeaten welcome of the open spaces . . . Cooling, comforting and, above all, unimpeachably masculine . . . At better stores.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In handsome wood-capped bottles with full-color reproductions of sports paintings by famous American artists. Shaving Lotion, Cologne, Hair Dressing, 4 oz., $1.50; 8 oz., $2.50 • Sportsman Talc 75¢, $1.00 • Shaving Bowls $1.50 and $2.50 • Sportsman Gift Packages $1.50 to $10.00

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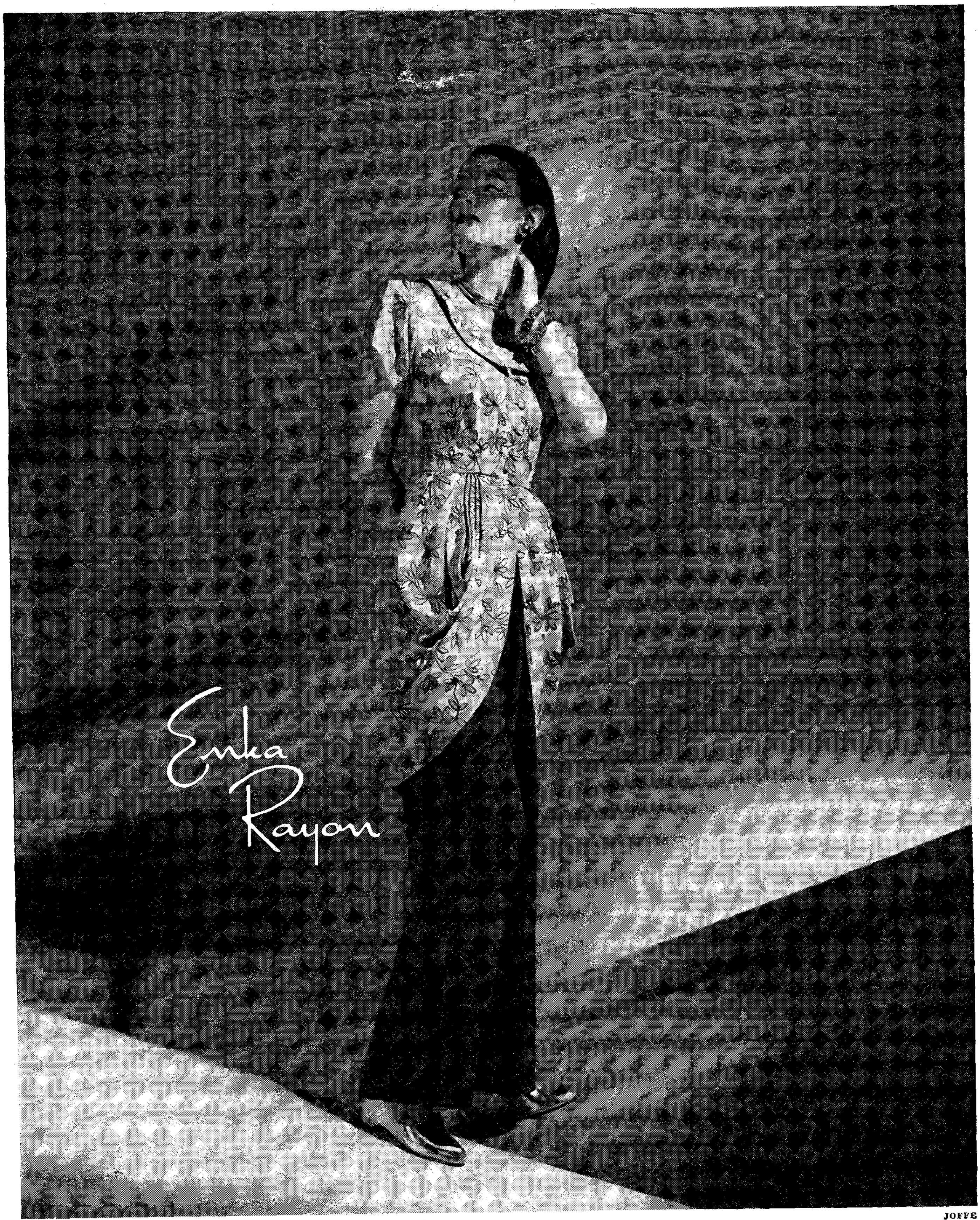

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Aladdin-like dinner slacks with lavishly embroidered draped tunic in Wm. Rose's Crepe Nineveh woven with Enka Rayon. Wonderful idea for a very special Christmas gift and for holiday entertaining at home.

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ENKA RAYON • 206 Madison Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

Ballerina Pajamas

your Christmas gift to her. Bewitching black rayon sheer flared tunic over black rayon satin built-up trousers. Also in blue with blue rayon crepe trousers. Sizes 12 to 16.

tunic 35.00, trousers 25.00, complete 60.00

Altman negligees, second floor

FIFTH AVENUE **B. ALTMAN & CO.** NEW YORK

is a truck, driven by a lieutenant of field artillery in Germany, named Go Climb a Tree Department. Good luck, Lieutenant, and for tree read linden.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: Serving the small minds of Washington is a nursery school called the Congressional and Tiny Tots School.

One of the coatroom attendants at the Harvard Club is reading "The Divine Comedy."

At Fort Benning, a temporary building bears a stark little sign that says, "This building will burn in fifteen minutes."

The Unfashionable Body

IF you follow our advice, you'll find time to visit the current exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art. It is entitled "Are Clothes Modern?" and the answer, as you would probably have guessed, is No. The whole affair was designed, staged, and is being brooded on and patted into shape by Mr. Bernard Rudofsky, a slight, intense Viennese architect who has spent a large part of the past fourteen years, a period during which he must have had plenty of other things to worry about, worrying about clothes. Mr. Rudofsky thinks the clothes people, male and female, wear are uneconomical, irrational, unaesthetic, and, not to put too fine a point on it, bad. In the exhibition he doesn't attempt to preach much in the way of reform, because, as he told us the day it opened, he's idealistic enough to believe that once people realize how unhealthy their clothing is a change is bound to come. "Even women will wear cheap, sensible clothes, sensibly draped," Mr. Rudofsky said, which goes to show how far idealism will carry a man.

We spent a pleasant hour wandering about the exhibition, which is divided into ten general sections—The Unfashionable Human Body, Excess and Superfluity, Trousers Versus Skirts, The Desire to Conform, Posture Causes and Effects, The Abuse of Materials, Wisdom in Period and Folk Dress, American Pioneers, The Revival of the Rational, and The Domestic Background of Clothing. That list may give you some idea of the thoroughness of Mr. Rudofsky's work, which runs from a comparison of a cave-dweller's drawing of the female body with a sketch in *Harper's Bazaar*—you can't tell them apart, and they both look terrible—through whalebone corsets and bustles up to and including a G.I. blouse, of which Mr. Rudofsky approves. He points out, among other things, that modesty is conditioned by age, habit, custom, law, epoch, time of day, country, surroundings, and climate, and doesn't amount to a damned thing; in this country dancers cover their breasts and pelvises, in Asia they cover their arms and legs.

Four plaster figures, designed by Mr. Rudofsky and executed by Costantino Nivola, are intended to show a woman's body as it would have had to be shaped in order to fit the dresses of four fashion periods. The figures represent the concave, boyish form of the Scott Fitzgerald era, the Grecian Urn form of *circa* 1910, the dowager form of the nineties onward—distinguished by a sloping plane surface known to Mr. Rudofsky as the mono-bosom—and a shape which, being of the bustle period, proved to possess too large a posterior to be successfully cantilevered and is consequently modelled as a centaur. Bloomers are complimented as a step in the right direction, and much is made of the late Dr. Jäger's five-toed socks and stockings. The final section of the exhibition is devoted to Mr. Rudofsky's ideas of how a properly designed house can affect clothing. He thinks, for example, that, like some of the Oriental peoples, we should take off our shoes at the front door and pad cozily about the house on our bare feet; if floors were made of heated, resilient, plastic panels, we would presumably feel as light and airy as if we had had a couple of double Martinis.

Mr. Rudofsky told us that he started out as a philologist and ended up as an architect merely because friends talked him into signing up for some courses they were taking at the Technische Hochschule in Vienna. He has practiced architecture in Vienna, Berlin, Naples, the Balkans, and South America, and a house he designed a few years ago in Brazil has been described by customarily reserved critics as "the most beautiful house in the Western Hemisphere." He and his wife came to New York in 1941, and they recently applied for their first citizenship papers. When we spoke to him at the Museum, he was wearing an ordinary double-breasted brown suit and store shirt and shoes, but by preference, and at home, he goes about naked, and so does Mrs. Rudofsky. While living in Italy, he and his wife hired a Swiss maid, who was at first deeply shocked to see her employers wandering naked around the house and yard. As the months went by, however, she began to strip, and by the end of a year she was waiting on table as bare as the day she was born and not giving it a second thought.

SILENT NIGHT

Our Own Baedeke

PREWAR Tokio impr
Coward as "a sad scrap he a
city," but you know Noel Coward s

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

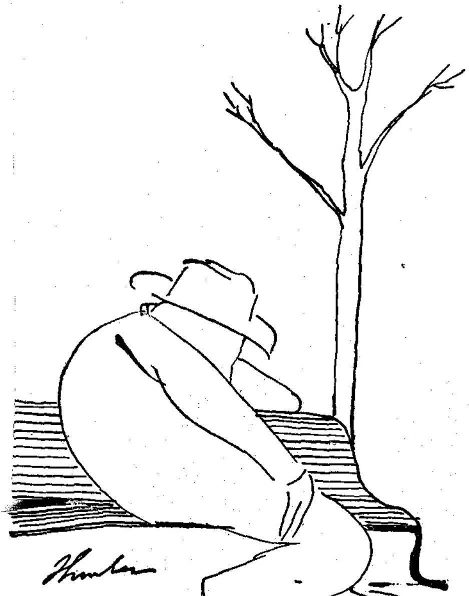
WOOD CHOPPERS' NOTE: B. Altman & Co. have lately been advertising an "ermine lumberjacket."

TimBAH!

A PRESS

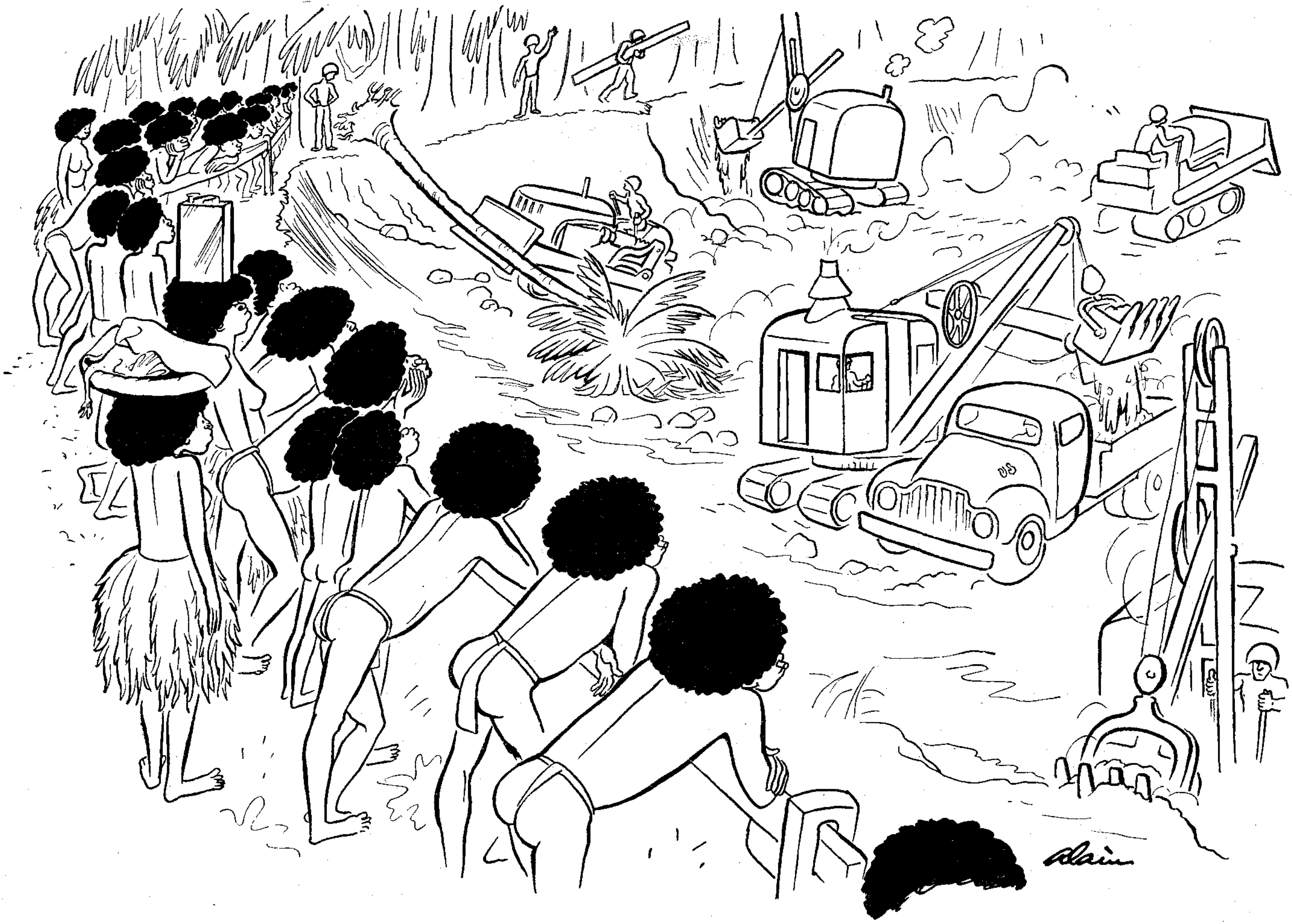
apable of it, whether
attempt it—these are ques-
still unanswered by the democratic
nations. Our private hope is that the an-
swer will be Yes, but until the people make up their minds they ought to keep the record clean and not kid themselves about jurisdiction and crime. You can't have your anarchical society and eat it too.

ONE of the so-called crimes the Germans committed eleven years ago was the burning of the books in public—a universal gesture of contempt for the free circulation of human ideas. Such an act was incipient aggression and was on the level we've been talking about. Query: Does the world want a law prohibiting an individual from burning books in public? Query: Does it want a law prohibiting a fanatical German or a fanatical Anybody from murdering innocent villagers? Query: Does it want a law, applicable to all people, which says, "Thou shalt not spit in thy neighbor's eye"? You can answer those questions any way you like, but you can't pretend that that sort of justice is here yet. The road leading to it is a long, tough one, and we haven't even started up it. The league structure proposed at Dumbarton Oaks does not seem to us to lead toward the goal (except in spirit), since a league is a mere caricature of government, with nations attempting to judge nations and the individual left out of the picture. Our belief is that the way lies through a federation of democratic countries, which differs from a league in that it has a legislature that can legislate, a judiciary that can judge, and an executive that can execute. It does not have to operate through diplomacy, and it has a No Fooling sign on the door.



OF course, there are all sorts of approaches to the peace. Some work it out in theory, some do it with mirrors, one man is doing it with mice. Professor J. P. Scott of Wabash College has found that by treating two male mice kindly and stroking them every day, he can train them to live together peaceably and in amity. So far so good. Next he introduces each peaceable mouse to a belligerent mouse, and his peaceable mice are soon exchanging blow for blow with the bullies. Then he *re*introduces his two peaceable mice and they spring at each other's throat, and one mouse soon becomes victor and sets up as dictator. The conclusion, as Professor Scott expresses it, is that "the theory of determination of social organization by social behavior is correct in so far as social dominance based on fighting of male mice is concerned." The conclusion, expressed in less technical language, is: You can feed a couple of Führer mice to the cats, but that doesn't solve the mouse problem.

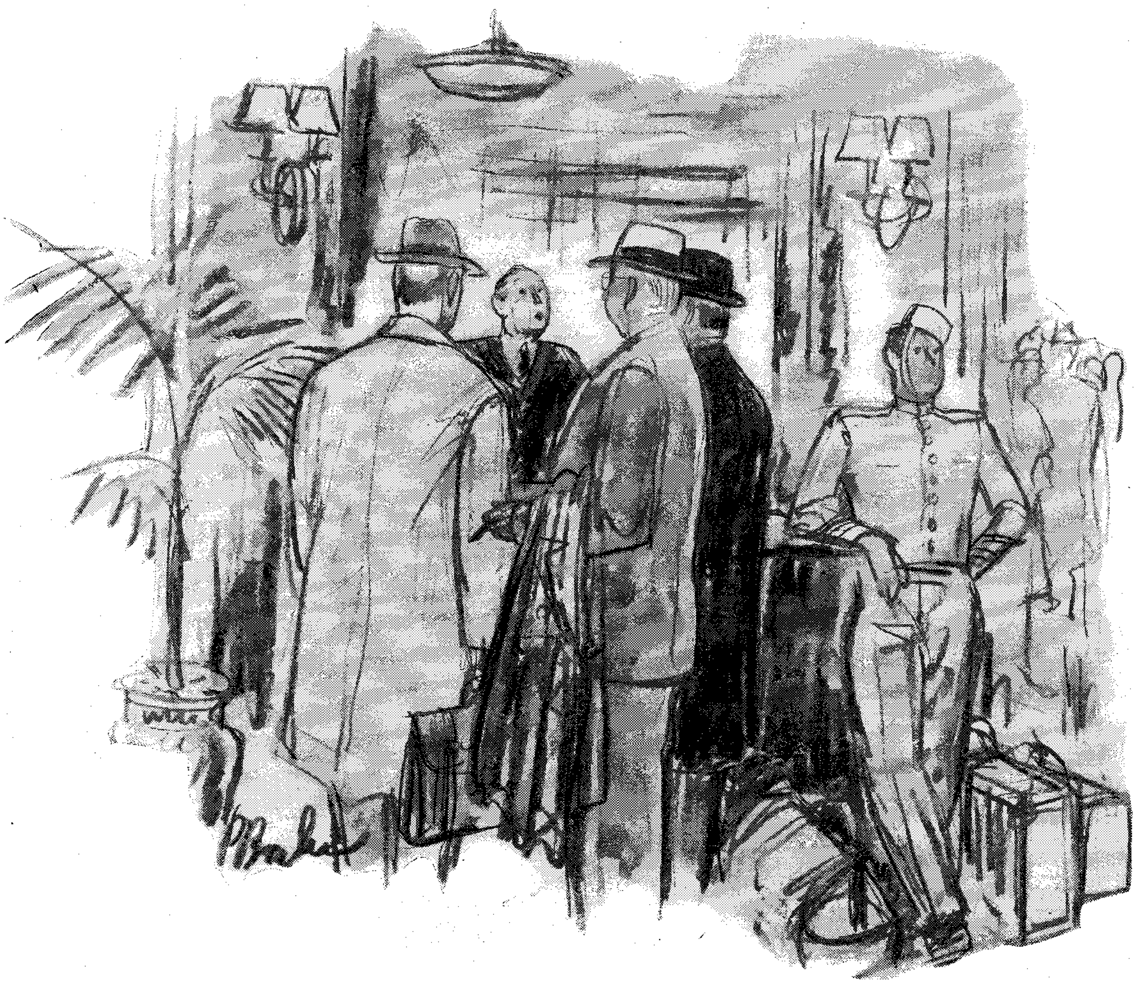
IT seems we were wrong when we complained that nothing military had been named after us—no jeeps or planes or anything. Letters came in, and it turns out there's a lot of stuff named after us. Our favorite vehicle



of 1939, Tokio had the third largest population in the world, crammed into a city which was the world's eighth in area. It has been the capital of Japan for only seventy-five years. Tokio lies in about the same latitude as Norfolk and has mean temperatures about like those of New York City, but the climate is much worse because of the high humidity. Summer is divided into early and late periods called *tsuyu* and *doyo*—"damp days" and "dog days." The suicide rate is highest during *tsuyu*. The Japanese earthquake center is in the sea near Tokio, and on an average the city has four slight tremors a day. Tokio has comparatively few telephones (about as many as Pittsburgh) but only one Tokio family in four lacks a radio. The last time anybody counted, there were two hundred and thirty-eight daily newspapers in Tokio and thirty thousand teachers of flower arrangement.

Most houses in Tokio are unnumbered. If they are numbered, the number is based on when the place was built—the oldest house on the street is No. 1, and so on. As most of the little streets in the city aren't named, one Jap trying to find the home of another Jap in a strange neighborhood has a hell of a time. He generally does the best he can using trolley stops and local landmarks as guideposts, and then winds up by asking at the nearest police station. The streetcar conductors are girls, and they make a point of thanking each passenger as he gets off. Yoshiwara, the neighborhood of prostitutes, is rather unromantic; for instance, all the houses have barkers out in front. Incidentally, it is not uncommon for a prostitute to set up shop at a neighborhood street fair, right next to a shooting gallery or Bingo game. The Imperial Hotel, designed by Frank Lloyd Wright, was somewhat run down when last heard from but was still the best Tokio had to offer. It was run on the Occidental rather than the Japanese plan, and consequently didn't supply its guests with kimonos, slippers, and toothbrushes, as was the general custom. The department stores in Tokio are really something. For years, going shopping has been the biggest adventure the city has had to offer the average female Japanese, and the stores, at last accounts, were shooting the works, with roof gardens, monkey cages, and other comeons. About the nicest thing a mother could do for her little boy before the war was buy him an Eton suit. The biggest department store is run by the Mitsui family, who control thirty-two per cent of Japan's retail trade. The store is supposed to be modelled on the original John Wanamaker's, but that Philadelphia atmosphere proved pretty hard to recapture.

Up to Pearl Harbor, the Tokio cosmopolites used to patronize milk bars, as well as cafés that served a very up-to-date American drink—room-temperature coffee with condensed milk in it. Exhibitions of fireworks are a popular diversion in Tokio; often as not, they're given before sundown, the Japanese being willing to forego the visual entertainment. You can, or could, buy in Tokio a Camembert cheese made by a colony of Trappist monks. Popeye used to be a great favorite of Tokio movie audiences. Another popular line of entertainment was all-girl musical shows featuring American songs with Japanese lyrics. Most upper-class Tokio houses have one room furnished in American Grand Rapids style. That's all we know about Tokio, except that horse racing there is controlled by the Ministry of Agriculture and Forestry and that there is a ginger market where all the ginger



"Why, yes, I suppose you could call it a double bed—if you mean lengthwise."

• •

merchants are, or pretend to be, one-eyed.

Criterion

A YOUNG lady who is a copy girl on one of the local newspapers was trotting along lower Fifth Avenue one evening when she heard the report of a tire blowing out. It was a cab, and the passenger was Mrs. Roosevelt. Our heroine watched while the driver, with many apologies, transferred the First Lady to another cab. Next morning, the girl mentioned the incident to her editor and asked if it might make a little item. "I'm afraid not," he said patiently. "Not if she didn't stay and help him change the tire."

Army Laureate

FRANK LOESSER, who wrote "Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition," "What Do You Do in the Infantry?," "First Class Private Mary Brown," "They're Either Too Young or Too Old," and, in the Tin Pan Alley phrase, many other hits, is rapidly becoming known as the Irving Berlin of this war. (So is Irving Berlin, but that's beside the point at the moment.) Loesser, who usually writes both words and music but occasionally just one or the other, looks exactly like what he is—a Hollywood songwriter in the uniform of a pfc. He has been in the Army two years, and since last January has been stationed in New York and assigned to writing songs. Pfc. Loesser is head of a three-man detail which helps turn out numbers for the Hit Kits issued every month by Special Services—sets of sheet music, printed in batches of more than two million, which include standard popular songs and specially applicable sets of lyrics written by Loesser and his merry men to the music of current civilian song hits. Loesser also writes pep songs for such recherché branches of the services as port battalions, which have the unglamorous job of loading transports. The idea is that having their own special song builds up their morale.

"Every week or so I get a request from some general for a good marching song," Loesser told us. " 'My men want a rousing march,' he says, but I bet you twenty-five cents they don't. When a fellow's been marching all day, he wants to come in and sing a marching song? When he's been digging latrines all day, he wants John Philip Sousa? Mostly he just wants to gripe at his officers. 'The major won the Croix de Guerre, The son of a bitch was never there'—greatest lines ever written." Loesser has composed marches, orders being orders, but has had more success with such lighter numbers as "What Do You Do in the Infantry?" and "In My Arms" ("Ain't I never goin' to get a girl in my arms?"), which is a gripe at the U.S.O. for giving soldiers everything but what they want. He feels that what the average soldier wants to sing, or to have sung to him, are gripes and love songs; the latter, however, must be strictly non-passionate. "Give them any more passion than 'My Gal Sal' and they get embarrassed," Loesser says. He speaks with authority, since he spends a lot of time anonymously drawing out other G.I.s on the subject. "First I talk about the cigarette shortage, then about Jane Russell, and finally I work them around to what kinds of songs they don't like." This procedure has inevitably led to some nasty shocks for Loesser. One moody sergeant said the kind of war songs *he* didn't like were the ones written by this jerk Frank Loesser.

Loesser's prewar history is brief and happy. He was an upper West Side kid and at an extremely immature age became a student at Townsend Harris High School, which used to take in only exceptionally gifted boys and girls. This led to matriculation at C.C.N.Y. when he was only fifteen. He was not asked to come back after his freshman year, however; some regrettable business of polishing the noses of all the bronze statues in the main hall. Almost immediately after that he broke, or slid, into the songwriting game. He went to

Hollywood when he was twenty-six and had been there six years when he enlisted. The songs he writes on the Army's time are put out by the regular music publishers and the profits go to Army Relief. This arrangement is informal, because the Army has never got around to issuing a directive covering the situation. Since Loesser started his present job, he has written about a hundred songs and several times that number of parodies. We asked him whether he found it difficult to turn out songs on specified subjects under pressure, and he asked us what we thought he had been doing all the years he was in Hollywood.

American Gothic

AN apple-cheeked Wave with a hearty Midwestern accent bought a knitted bed jacket in Saks last Saturday and asked to have it wrapped as a gift and sent to her mother. It was to go to Braddyville, Iowa, R.F.D. #1. "O.K.," said the saleslady. "Apartment or private house?"

Swick's Moment

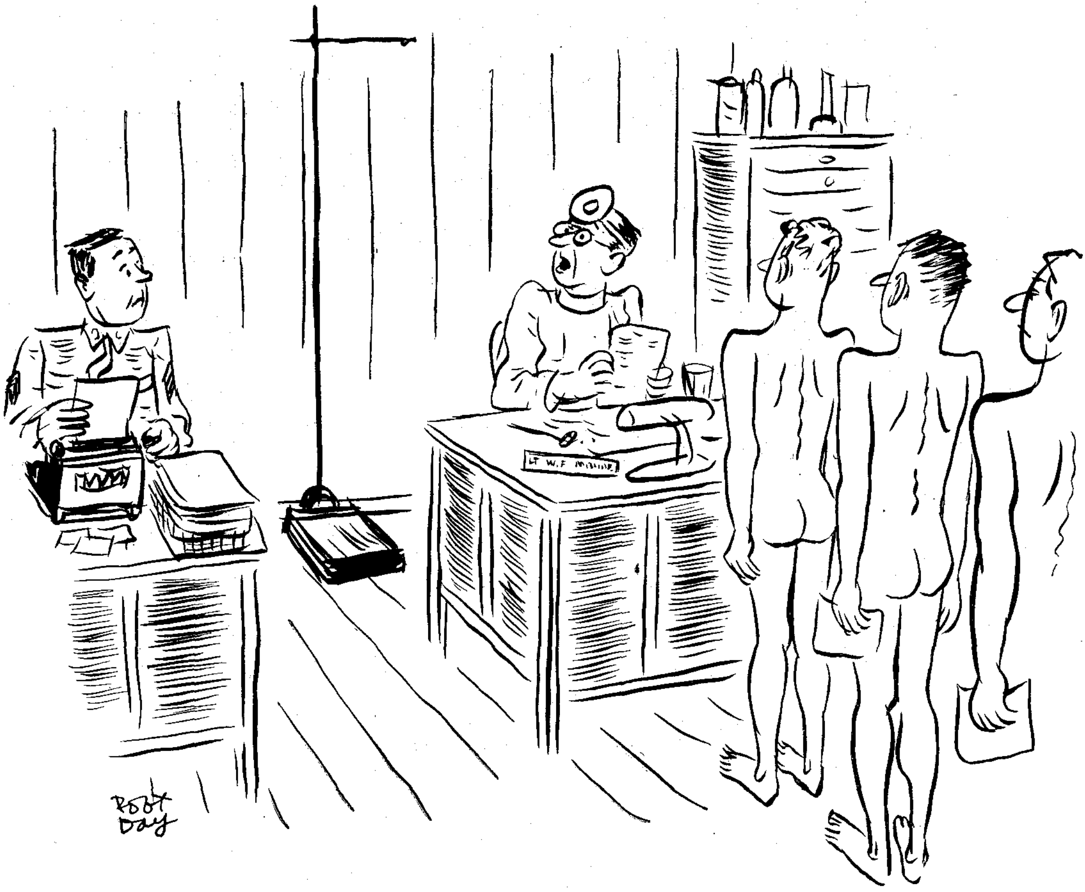
SANO cigarettes, which many local smokers have changed over to of late, willy-nilly, are manufactured down on West Fourteenth Street by three partners who do business as the Sheffield Tobacco Works. We had a chat last Friday with one of them, a Mr. Swick, and he happily informed us that business is terrific. "We are making all we possibly can right now," he said, passing us a pack of Sanos ("All That Joyous Aroma but Less Nicotine"). "Couldn't make any more even if they'd let us." Not being a damn fool, Mr. Swick is perfectly aware of the reason for this upsurge and knows that it won't last forever. Still, he figures that out of a hundred smokers who are driven to Sanos by sheer desperation, four or five may like them and keep on smoking them. "Right now we're having a free-for-all sampling orgy, and a lot of people are going to be switching brands," he said.

Sano is definitely not a cigarette put out overnight to tease people who can't get their favorite brands. It *is* the favorite brand of quite a few people and has been for seventeen years. When Sanos came on the market, Mr. Swick told us, the medical profession was inclined to sneer at the claims made for them; i.e., that they contained less nicotine than other cigarettes and were consequently less harmful. Unkind remarks appeared in medical journals. "One day someone up at Harvard smoked one or examined it or something, and said that everything we claimed for it was true," Mr. Swick said. "Next thing, the medical-journal people came out and said they were sorry." Then he added, with a contented and reminiscent sigh, "It was like getting a plug in the Bible."

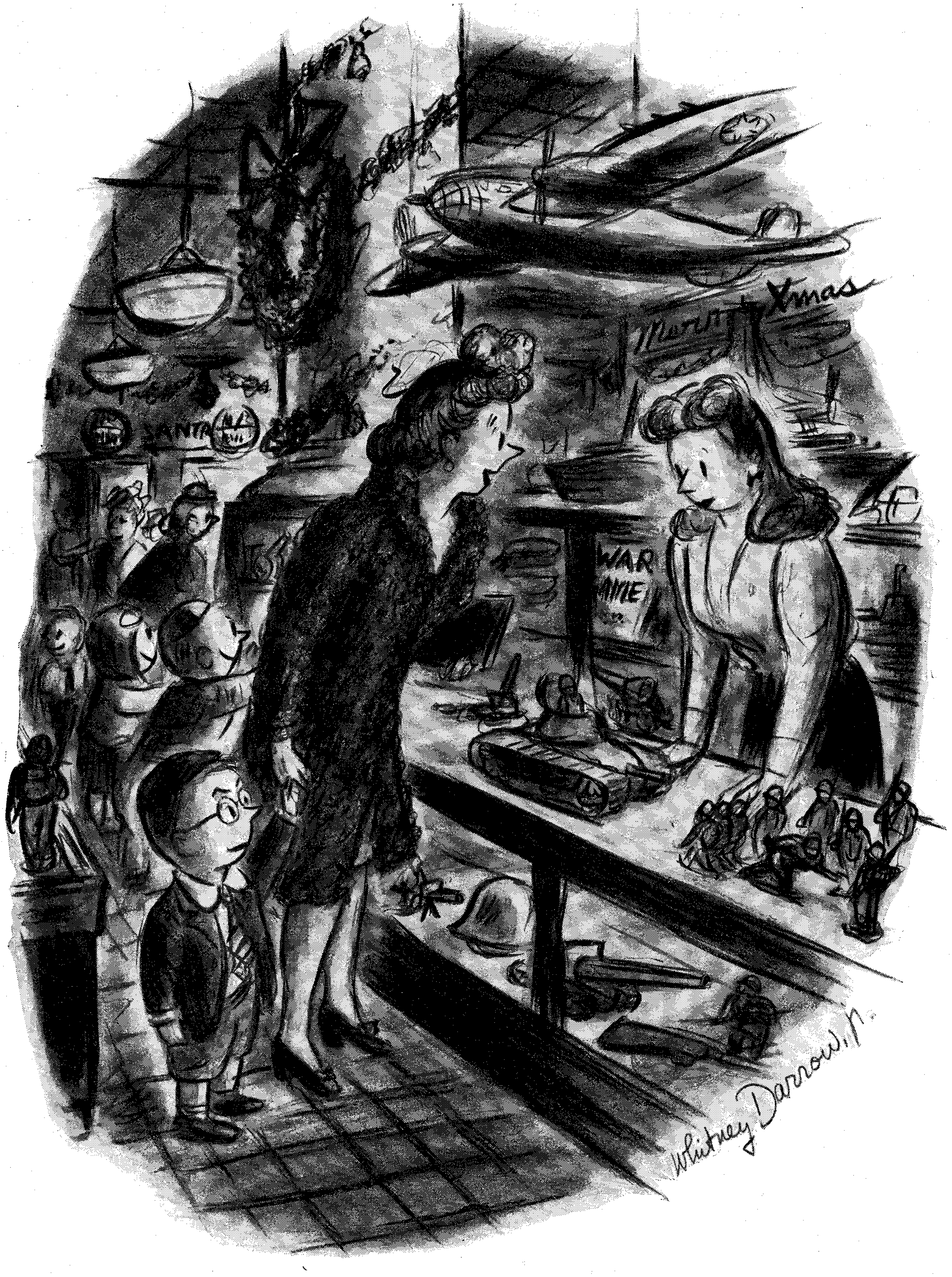
Mr. Swick is rather proud of the fact that Sano sales have built up over the years without widespread advertising. About all that has been done in the way of advertising is a series of notices in such conservative publications as *Dental Survey* and the *Review of Gastroenterology*. Free samples have always been offered to any doctor who writes in, and the offer still holds good. A good many people who smoke Sanos, it seems, have been steered to them by doctors. "Some people can take just so much nicotine and then they start coming apart at the seams," Mr. Swick remarked. "They're the folks we make Sano for. A very healthful cigarette—a great benefit to humanity." So far as business is concerned, there is only one thing that disquiets Mr. Swick, and that's the salesmen. "They breeze in here at ten or eleven o'clock," he told us, "and we have to say 'Good morning' to them instead of 'Where the hell you been?' or something realistic." If the shortage continues, the public may be driven to sampling some of the firm's other products, which include cigarettes with gold or Russian tips and denicotinized cigars. "It gives us a wonderful feeling," Mr. Swick concluded, "to know that out of all this chaos there'll be a few people with healthier constitutions, whether they like it or not."

In Vino

A FELLOW dozing over a late Sunday breakfast in one of the Rockefeller Center restaurants overheard two waitresses discussing, apparently, one of their colleagues. "You can tell she comes from a good family," one of them said thoughtfully. "She says 'Excuse me' and 'Thank you' and all like that whenever she gets drunk."



"Is this room chilly, or is it just me?"


Xmas
SANTA
WAR GAME
Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Haven't you anything non-military? Herbert is more interested in the postwar world."

THE SHELL

AFTER the message came, she spent most of the time on the beach picking up sea shells. Sometimes she made piles of all kinds. Sometimes she passed by the common shells and picked up only the rare ones. She waited for three days, as though the mere passage of time would make the message clear. Then she remembered that Bill had told her to get on the beach bus and go to the Red Cross in the city if she was in trouble. The message seemed to be trouble, so she walked from the cottage on the dune to the coastal highway and stood there with her hands folded over her purse, and a bus stopped for her, as Bill had said it would do. She was so young and so pretty that people on the bus smiled at her, and she smiled back, like a shy but amiable child. She got off the bus at the terminal. She stood still. The driver passed her on his way to the office and turned back.

He asked, "Where did you want to go?"

"I want to go to the Red Cross."

"It's right across the street. There."

Inside the office she stood in front of a desk while many people came and went and talked with a plain, capable woman. After a long time the woman said, without looking up, "Can I do something for you?"

"Please, can you tell me what it means when it says he is missing?"

The woman looked up in amazement. She hardened before the gentle face with china-blue eyes, loose blond hair, and an infuriating innocence.

She said, "Really now, just what do you think it means?"

"I think it means they don't know where he is. Not right now."

"Not right now?"

"No, not the same as lost. I thought maybe you'd know how long it will take them to find him, if it isn't the same as lost."

"Really! I can assure you it is the same as lost. It means he may possibly be found but that probably he won't."

"Probably he won't?"

"Almost certainly not. Is it someone close to you?"

"Oh, no. He's a long way away. He said it would be a long way."

"Is there anything we can do for you?"

"I don't know."

She returned to the bus station and stood until the same driver asked her if she wanted to go back to the beach. When she opened her purse to pay her fare, she saw Bill's picture and took it out. It was not the same as when she looked at him, himself, but it was tangible, and she held it in her lap as a child holds a doll. She remembered with pleasure that Bill had her picture, too, and had written her—she had had to ask the colored girl to explain only a few of the words—that he had showed it to the men on his ship and they had said she was very pretty. He knew that it pleased her to be told she was pretty, though she was without vanity, and she kept her silky hair brushed and her dainty body neat and clean as instinctively as a kitten washes its fur. She understood Bill's showing the picture, but she would not have understood what followed.

Even in the picture, the exquisite wistful face was entirely vacuous. One man had said maliciously, "Smart, too?"

Bill had eyed the questioner. "My wife," he had said gravely, "is a moron. She's a moron the way a wild rose is a moron."

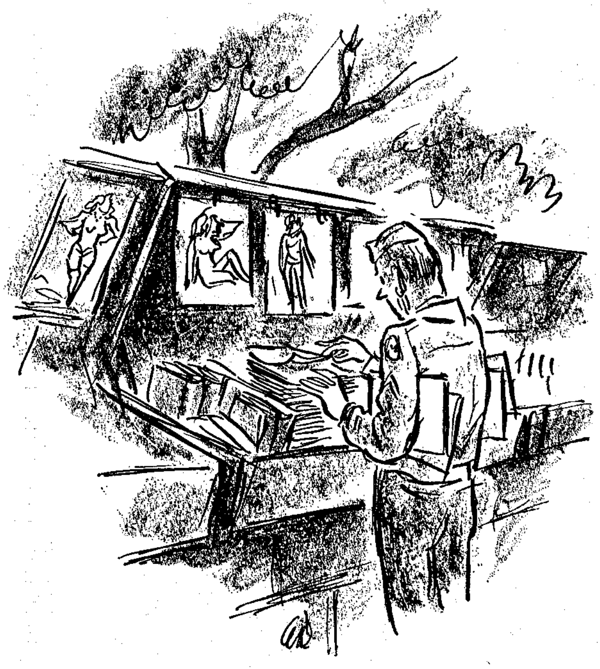
The man, shocked, had said gruffly, "She got anybody to look out for her while you're over?"

"A colored girl I've had several years. She understands. She'll take care of her until I get back. We don't either of us have any family."

ON the bus, forgetting to watch for her stop, she thought about the colored girl. The girl had left a week before the message came. She had cooked a great many things and filled the icebox and said, "I hates to fail you. I hates to fail him, when I promised. But I cain't live this lonesome life no more. It was all right, summers, when we had gas to go and he took me backards and fowards. Nobody cain't come to see me, I cain't git no place, excusin' goin' on the bus oncet a week marketin'. My boy friend he said he couldn't fool with me no more, didn't I git to town. He hadn't ought to of left you in this lonesome place."

He had left her in the cottage on the dune because she was happy at the seashore in the summer. The shells kept her occupied for hours at a time. And too, he would be on the ocean most of the time, he told her, and she might look at it and know that somewhere he was there. The rent on the cottage was paid, and the rent on the small apartment in the city for the winter, and the colored girl understood that they were to move to the city when the fall storms began.

She did not notice her stop, but the bus driver remembered, and when he stopped the bus and looked back at her she got off and walked up to the cottage. She felt hungry and went to the icebox. There did not seem to be very much left in it, and it occurred to her that she should have bought something while she was in the city. She had used most of her money, but there were two government checks in her purse. The colored girl had cashed the previous ones for her, since she found the bank confusing, although everyone was always kind and helpful. She ate some crackers and peanut butter and walked automatically down to the beach.



The tide was low and the sea calm. She wished she had put on her bathing suit, even though she understood that she was not to go out in the water any deeper than her knees. A fisherman had told the colored girl that the sharks were bad. They were seldom seen so far north on the coast, but the colored girl explained to her that the sinking of ships had disposed dead bodies of sailors through the water and the sharks had followed. One day she had found a pair of blue dungarees on the beach, the cuffs tied with string. She stared at them a long time, since she thought there was probably a dead sailor in them. On approaching closer she saw that they were empty.

Now she gathered a few shells idly and sat down on the sand and arranged them in a circular pattern. She tried to think. Bill had often urged her, "Try to think, honey. Try real hard." She asked herself what she should think about, and the answer came easily, "About Bill." She could remember a great deal, although it was spread in a diffused fog, with only the memory of his smile and his always being there standing clear. There had been perhaps a few years when she had not known him, but they were lost in the haze that veiled the same years when her mother and father were alive. She had been six years old when she went to live with her older sister. Long after she and Bill were married and the sister had moved somewhere across the country, she had heard Bill say, "I don't know whether she was born like that, or whether her sister did it to her. Her sister hated her because she was so pretty, and because she didn't want her, and she beat her as I wouldn't beat a dog. It seems to me you can hurt a child's mind that way. But I don't know."

She had known Bill was talking about her, but she had felt no special interest. The beatings had faded into the fog, too. But she remembered Bill in the first grade at school. She remembered standing in the center of a ring of children who were jostling her as animals jostle the unnatural or injured before they attack, and then Bill came into the ring and the animal-children melted away. After that, down the years, there was only Bill. He walked with her to and from school, carrying her books and her lunch basket. The lunch basket usually had cruelly little in it, and he shared his with her, sitting in the play yard beside her. When he found that she did not understand the lessons, and turned in blank copybooks for her homework, he wrote out her lessons. He was unable to protect her in the classroom, where she only smiled and shook her head when called on. He managed the homework cleverly, and in a different handwriting, so that only one of the teachers guessed the strange condition, the strange protection, the strange love, and her he bearded, telling her that what she took for stupidity was a great shyness, because of the beatings at home. The disparity between the homework and the class lessons puzzled the teachers, but they passed her from grade to grade until the eighth grade was done and she could read and write a little, and Bill could carry her no further. He went on to high school alone, working in the afternoons and late at night, saving his money. Although he was offered a scholarship, he would not go to college but took a job and married her, and all the years had been as sweet as a south wind blowing over wild roses.

THERE were not many shells on the beach, for the last high tide had been a gentle one and there was no debris, either from the sea or the lands beyond the sea. She walked a way and gathered a few angel's wings and a mossy conch. Then she saw the little shell, a shell for a doll house, minute, white, turned in lovely spirals. She picked it up and spoke to it, and saw that it was broken and imperfect. It was too small and fragile, now that it was empty, to have survived the buffeting of great forces. There were tiny holes along its infinitesimal length, where the roaring seas had pounded it against the implacable sands. She nestled it against her face and when it pricked her looked closely again and saw that the tip was sharp and pointed. It was a fine pencil to write with, and she sat down and in the sand began to draw loops and circles with delight. A memory touched her and she drew a heart, as Bill had taught her, and she put inside the heart their initials, as he had also showed her.

She laughed. She looked up with surprise when a ripple of water washed over the curve of the heart. The tide was coming in. The wind was from the east and against the sky the ocean heaved and formed breakers that rolled in from a long way away. That was where Bill was, she thought, a long way away, beyond the breakers. A paw of water slapped in and wiped out half the heart on the sand. Bill was lost, he was missing, and this was what it meant. He would almost certainly not come

VILLAGE REVISITED

(A CHEERFUL LAMENT IN WHICH TRUTH, PAIN, AND BEAUTY ARE PROMINENTLY MENTIONED, AND IN THAT ORDER)

In the days of my youth, in the days of my youth,
I lay in West Twelfth Street, writhing with Truth.
I died in Jones Street, dallying with Pain,
And flashed up Sixth Avenue, risen again.

In the terrible beautiful age of my prime,
I lacked for sweet linen but never for time.
The tree in the alley was potted in gold,
The girls on the buses would never grow old.

Last night with my love I returned to these haunts
To visit Pain's diggings and try for Truth's glance;
I was eager and ardent and waited as always
The answering click to my ring in the hallways,
But Truth hardly knew me, and Pain wasn't in
(It scarcely seemed possible Pain wasn't in).

Beauty recalled me. We bowed in the Square,
In the wonderful westerly Waverly air.
She had a new do, I observed, to her hair.

—E. B. W.

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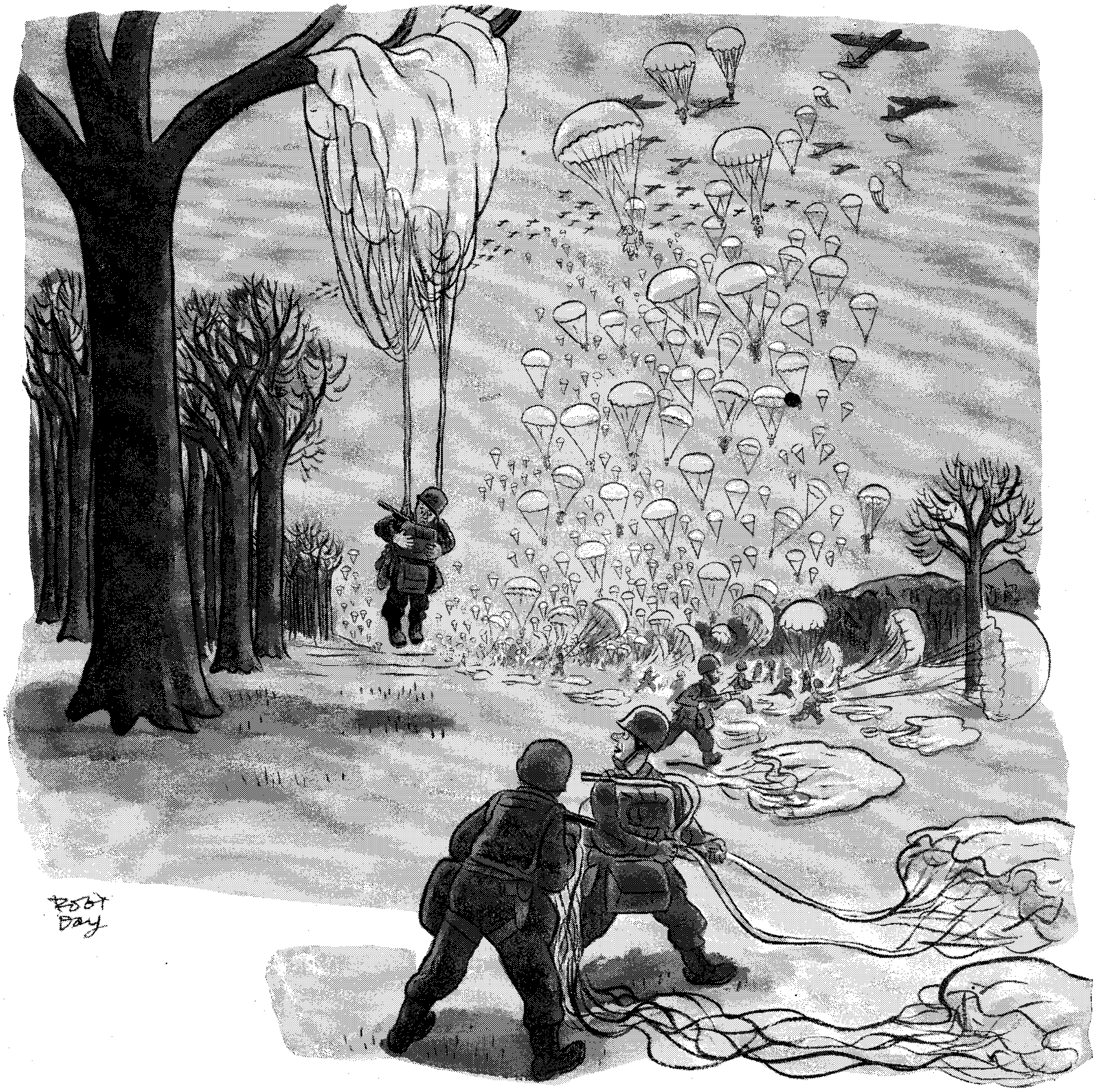

"Poor Al! He had his heart set on being the first American soldier to set foot on this soil."

• •

back, for the lady had said so. But certainly he could not be altogether lost; he was only out there against the horizon. He had told her to watch the sea, for he would be there. If no one was looking for him to find him, she might look for him. "Try to think, honey. Try real hard." Oh, she would try, and she would find him, for he had never been far away.

She stood up, clutching the shell, and waded into the cool water. He could not possibly be so far away that she could not find him. The tide surged about her waist and above her small breasts. A wave washed over her face. The undertow lifted her feet and there was under her no more the earth but a fluid force of great power, swaying her like seaweed. A smooth body brushed past her, nudging her with a hard nose, and then another. She opened her hand and the little empty shell dropped from it and spiralled down through the water, to reach the sand and be thrown by the tide on the beach again, still further to be broken. The shell was worthless, and had been even when there was life within it. But it was a pretty little thing and it was a pity that it should be quite destroyed.

—Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings

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Couple (white), experienced man as straight chauffeur; wife as cook, waitress is kept; also experienced (white) chauffeur, handy man sleep out.—*Adv. in the Newark Evening News.*

Let's get this straight—who sleeps *where?*

LAST WALTZ

THE Azay-le-Rideau was one of four Messageries Maritimes liners making the Indo-China run—thirty-five dreary, hot days—from Marseille to Haiphong by way of Suez, Djibouti, Colombo, Pondichéry, Madras, Singapore, and Saïgon. The photographs in the company's folders were not completely revealing about the Azay-le-Rideau. There was one which, by means of ingenious perspective, made the ship's really lamentable lines look actually rakish. Another, a closeup, showed a corner of the dining saloon—three tables, full of crystal, china, silver, and flowers—and the caption read, "Delicious meals, cooked by the *Compagnie's* famous chefs, served in an atmosphere of simple dignity." There was also a picture of the promenade deck which featured two shapely blondes in shorts. But there was no intimation in the folders that the Azay-le-Rideau was the company's combination prison and lunatic asylum.

Our little orchestra came aboard her one day in 1930. I was violinist and *chef d'orchestre*. My companions were Artie, an undernourished-looking pianist from Yonkers, and Pedro, a lethargic cello player from Barcelona, who was forever complaining of the ship's *bêtes noires*. Every ship has its bugs, but the old, filthy Azay-le-Rideau had them in extraordinary variety. There were common cockroaches behind the washbasins, grayish ones near the portholes, and a domesticated, Wagnerian species which hid in the piano and came out only during the "Lohengrin" or "Tannhäuser" fantasies.

The liner's *commandant* was a heavy-set, gray-haired, frequently unshaved misanthrope of the Ivan the Terrible type, who had once run one of the company's luxury liners aground near Port Said. The *second capitaine* was known around Singapore as a junior-grade amuck-runner. The ship's doctor had had to give up a flourishing practice in Marseille when the local police checked up on him. Our immediate superior, the *commissaire*, was a chronic alcoholic who considered musicians an especially nauseating, noisy species of beetle.

The Azay-le-Rideau had been a Hapag ship before she was handed over to the French as a measly payment on reparations. It was no doubt a beautiful day for the Hapag people when they got rid of the ship. There was always trouble. On this voyage nothing much, except daily fights among the crew, happened in the Mediterranean, but two days out of Suez the engines broke down. The Azay-le-Rideau stopped, listed to port, and for two days we lay motionless in the middle of the Red Sea. The heat was unbearable. The only piano aboard stood on the stern of the promenade deck, under a roof formed by the overhang of the sun deck above. There were some basketwork chairs and tables and two decrepit palm trees in pots there, and a bar.

MENU
Chon Day

"No, but you're getting warmer."

Playing music in this hothouse was plain hell. I had to use four metal strings and the hairs of my bow wouldn't hold the resin. Our instruments were always covered with moisture and the keyboard of the piano was slippery. Frequently we had to play by heart, because the sweat ran down into our eyes and made it impossible for us to read the music. The passengers would lie in their chairs, sipping iced drinks and wishing they were dead or in Alaska. Nobody wanted to listen to music, anyway, so Artie and Pedro and I would have long intermissions between pieces. On the second evening of the breakdown, we were standing near the railing during one of the intermissions. Far across the sea we saw Mount Sinai, its craggy silhouette outlined in the pale moonlight. Pedro made the fitting observation that the Azay-le-Rideau should be chartered by the management of hell for the transportation of lost souls. The ensuing gloomy silence was interrupted by the barking voice of the *commandant*, who had sneaked up on us out of the darkness. He wanted to know why we weren't performing our musical duties. Artie pointed out that music was the last thing the passengers wanted.

"What do you think they want?" the *commandant* asked sharply.

"Free drinks with plenty of ice," Artie said.

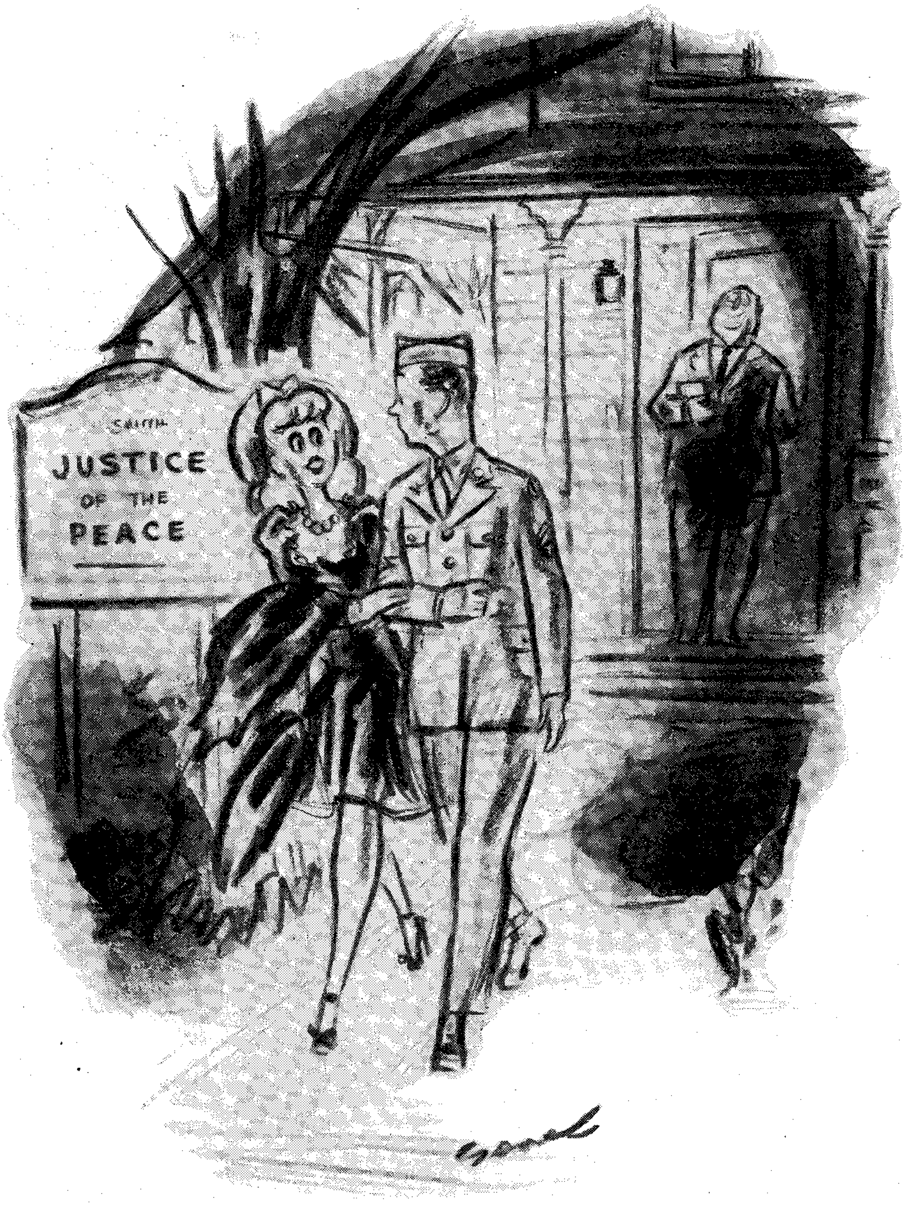
"Ces Américains," the *commandant* said with contempt. "All they think of is drinks and more drinks." At that, Artie hotly defended the honor of his country. In no time the two men were engrossed in a bitter argument which ended, arbitrarily, with the *commandant's* shouting at Artie to shut up and go back to work. From that night on there was war between the *commandant* and the orchestra.

AT Colombo the Five Ferraris came aboard. They were a dynasty of Italian circus acrobats, prominent mainly on the Bombay circuit, where the customers were not as blasé as at the Cirque Médrano in Paris. The Five Ferraris consisted of Father Ferrari, his three sons, Giuseppe, Gino, Giacomo, and his daughter, Lucia. Father Ferrari was six feet three inches tall. His sons were smaller. They always walked abreast, descending in height from left to right, like organ pipes, which was funny and no doubt partly accounted for the Ferraris' popularity with the Orientals. Mamma Ferrari, who was not a member of the show, combined a gross weight of three hundred pounds with the dignity of the late Dowager Empress of China. She did crochet work and watched over Lucia, who was seventeen, blond, and beautiful.

The Five Ferraris soon turned the tourist-class deck into a circus arena. They practiced every morning, wearing black *tricots*, and executed magnificent *caprioles*, leaps, and somersaults. The finale of their act was a living pyramid, with Father Ferrari as base and Lucia as top. By the time the Ferraris got to this, most of the male passengers and many of the officers and crew members would have arrived to have a look at Lucia, who was quite a sight in her close-fitting black costume. On the third morning out of Colombo, Lieutenant Lavallère, a mild-mannered, shy, handsome officer who was in charge of the ship's wireless, came down from the radio room. He saw Lucia and fell in love with her at first sight. The fact would never have become known, Lavallère not being the loquacious type, if it hadn't been for Artie, who was a radio fan and spent much of his time in the wireless room. Artie brought the news that Lavallère had been severely reprimanded by the *commandant* for signing three messages "Lucia." "He's transfigured," Artie said. "Sits there and his fingers unconsciously tap out 'L-u-c-i-a.' I think we ought to help that guy. He's too shy to talk to her."

Every night Lavallère came down to the dance. He would sit all by himself in a remote corner and watch Lucia as she danced with various male passengers. Lavallère never asked her for a dance. He knew none of the modern dances, only *la valse*, he explained to Artie. Lucia had been quoted by several persons as being a *valse* hater.

"It breaks my heart looking at that guy," Artie said. "He's growing thinner by the hour. And I'm sure Lucia likes him. The other night she smiled at him as she danced by."



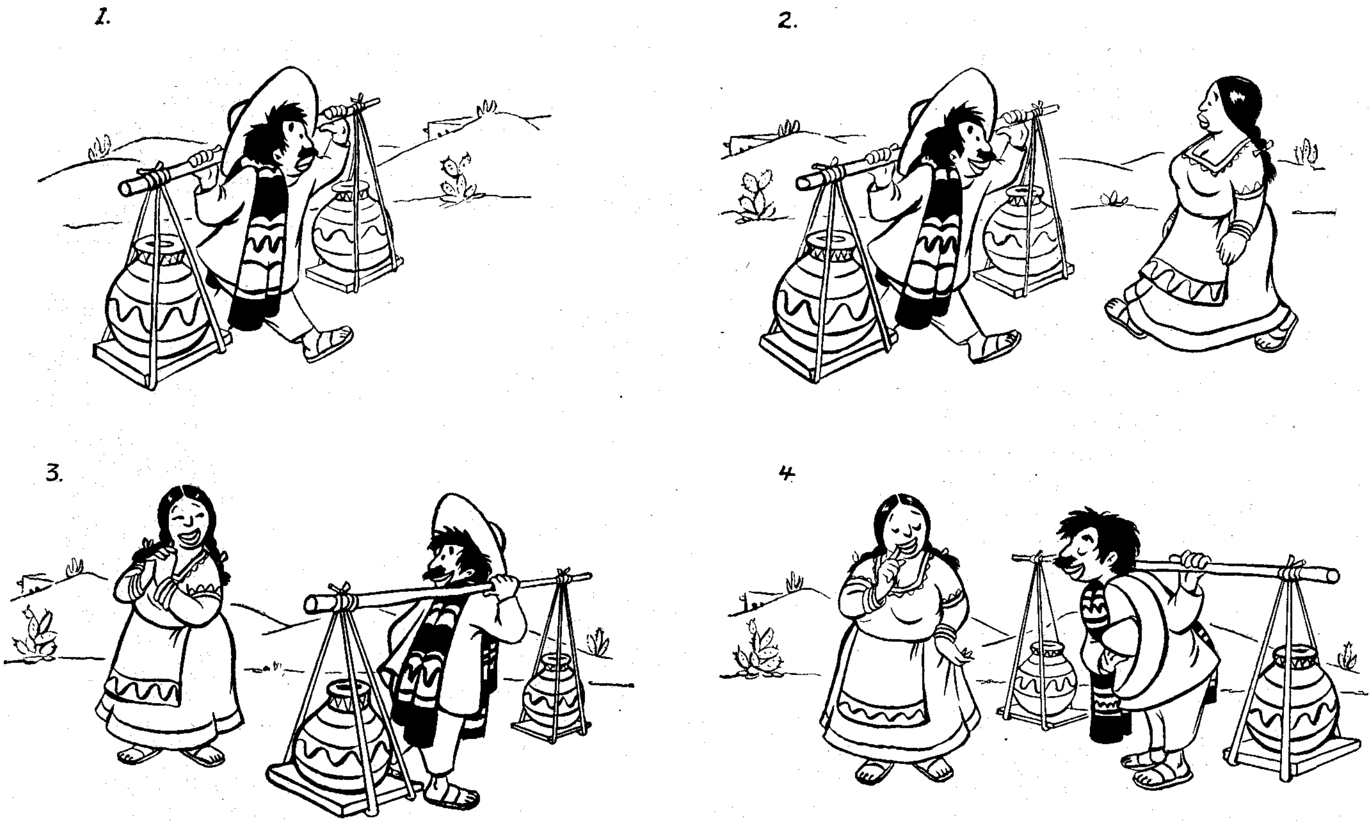
"Now where do we go for the allotment?"

ON the evening before we arrived at Saïgon, where most of the passengers were going to debark, there was a concert, after which Lucia, as the most popular girl aboard, made *la quête*, the customary collection for the musicians. We saw her make the round of the passengers and cram a heap of bills into her handbag. After the *quête* we played dance music. Lavallère was at a table in the background, alone as usual. Suddenly Artie got up. "*Messieurs-dames*," he announced, "we are going to play 'Tales from the Vienna Woods.' This is especially for Mademoiselle Ferrari and Monsieur Lavallère."

The people applauded and Artie and I began to play the waltz. Lavallère looked flustered. Pedro stepped onto the dance floor, took Lucia's arm, and gently led her across the floor to Lavallère's table. I thought the Lieutenant would drop dead with happiness. He took her into his arms cautiously, as though she were made of soap bubbles. He danced very well. They looked into each other's eyes and smiled. Artie had a Santa Claus look in his eyes and, at his signals, we played the refrain over and over again. Of a sudden the deck steward walked across the dance floor, tapped Lavallère on the shoulder, and whispered in his ear. The young officer blushed deeply. He led Lucia back to her table, gently kissed her hand, and left. We finished the waltz. Then I stepped down from the platform and walked over to the rail. Some distance away on the dimly lit deck I saw the *commandant* talking to Lavallère. After a few moments the young man saluted and went upstairs.

During the intermission after the next dance, Artie went up to the wireless room. He came back in great indignation. "Lavallère's been ordered to his quarters," he told us. "The *commandant* says that junior officers are not permitted to dance with the passengers. What's this ship anyway—a galley?"

After the dance, Artie and Pedro and



I went up to the wireless room, on the sun deck. Lavallère was sitting outside, staring at the Southern Cross and sighing deeply. He said he had made a date with Lucia. He was to have met her beside the funnel. Now he was restricted to his quarters.

We stared across the sun deck. Near the funnel a shadow seemed to be moving. The deep silence was broken by Lavallère, sighing again. Artie couldn't stand the heartbreak. "You go over there," he said to the officer. "We'll wait here. If somebody comes, I'll say you went down for a minute or got the scarlet fever or something. Come on. Hurry up."

Lavallère hesitated. There are certain things a junior officer of *la marine marchande* doesn't do, even when he is desperately in love, he said. By way of reply, Artie pointed across the deck. The shadow was still there, near the funnel. Lavallère shrugged and left, giving us a last, desperate glance. Artie walked into Lavallère's room and saw the Lieutenant's cap. He put it on, gave it a rakish tilt, and looked at himself in the mirror with obvious satisfaction. "Not bad," he said. "Someday I ought to get myself a job with this outfit."

"*What* outfit?" a horrifying voice shouted. We turned around and almost fainted. The *commandant* was standing in the doorway and he looked wild. "Where is Lieutenant Lavallère?" he asked grimly. There was a mad sparkle in his eyes. We were silent. This was no time for fast repartee. There is no telling what a madman may do when he gets into a rage. We were sure the *commandant* had a razor on him. Perhaps one in each pocket.

"I'll put you in irons! All of you!" he shouted. He now was a perfect facsimile of Ivan the Terrible. "No shore leave in Saïgon! From now on you'll work ten hours a day instead of five! Get out of here and go to your quarters!"

WE started for our quarters. On the main deck we ran into Mr. Hartford, an asthmatic, partly deaf retired tycoon from Delaware. He adjusted his hearing aid, embraced Artie, and boomed that we were just in time to celebrate. This was, he said, the seventeenth anniversary of his divorce, a happy day that called for champagne. We all went to the bar and had a bottle of champagne and then another. After that we forgot all about the *commandant* and being restricted to our quarters. Artie told Mr. Hartford about our war against the Azay-le-Rideau's captain.

The ex-tycoon solemnly put his hand on Artie's shoulder. "There's only one thing to do," he said. "Strike. Don't play any more."

I pointed out that you don't strike aboard ship.

"All right, then," Mr. Hartford said. "Why don't you throw your violin overboard? You can't play without a violin, can you?"

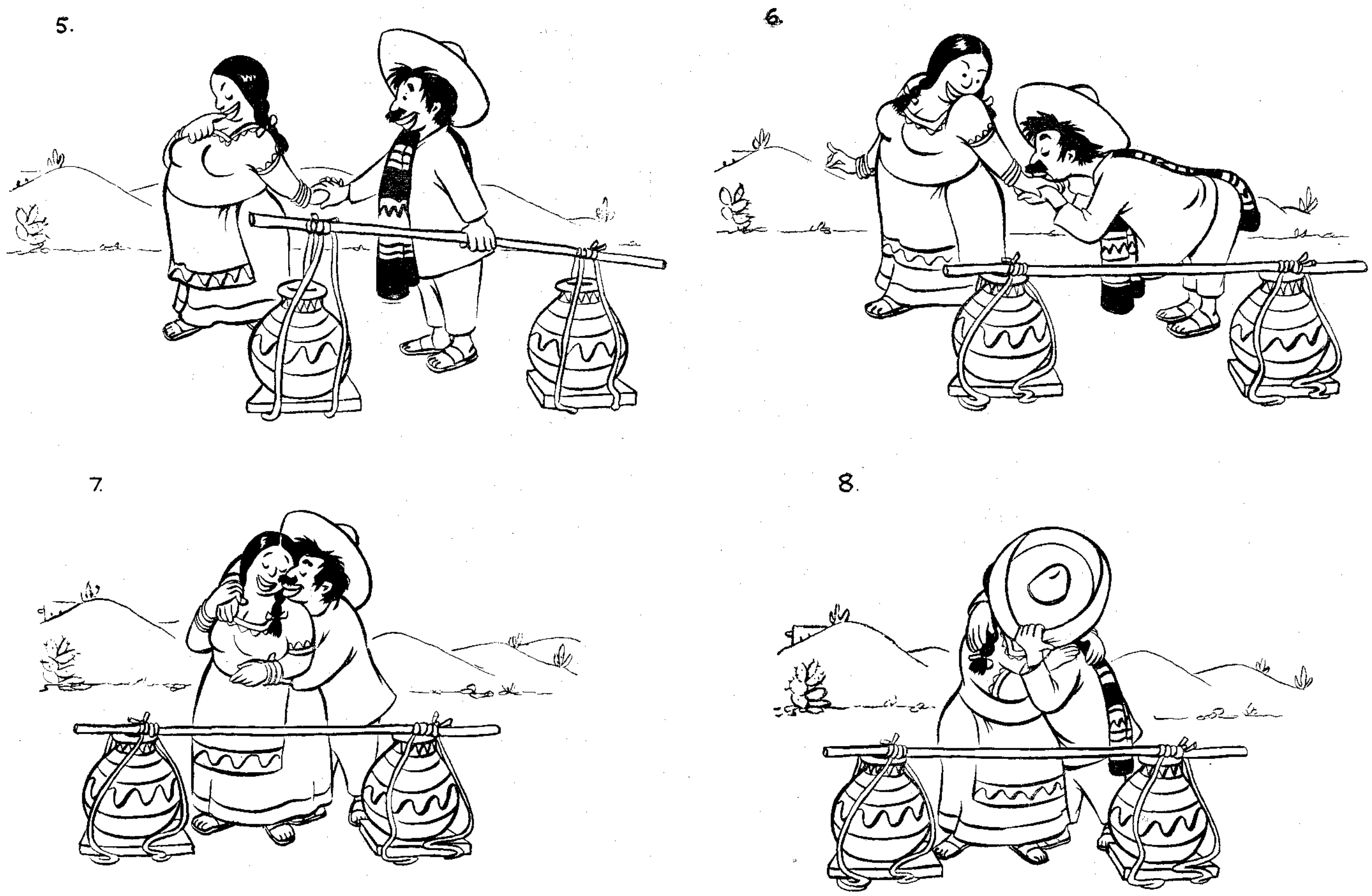
Artie said, "It's no use. Two seamen have violins and the damned pharmacist carries a cello along and—" He stopped in the middle of his sentence and jumped up from his chair. "There is only one piano aboard," he said in a soft, alien-sounding voice. "Without this piano there couldn't be ten hours of music, as the madman said. In fact, there couldn't be any music at all."

A solemn silence followed these words. The suggestion was overwhelming. It was a hot night. Mr. Hartford waved to the barman and we were served a third bottle of champagne.

"If we throw the piano overboard, we'll be fired in Saïgon," I said. "What are we going to do there?"

Artie shrugged. "We can open an opium den. Everybody smokes opium in Saïgon. And if we fold up, we can always join the Foreign Legion in Tonkin."

Mr. Hartford fussed with his hearing aid and said would somebody *please* speak up and tell him what it was all about. When we explained our project, he nodded gravely. He got up and picked up one of the chairs, carried it to the rail, and threw it overboard. We all got very excited. Pedro threw a table and another chair after Mr. Hartford's chair, "for a mermaid who wants to furnish her room," and I came in with all the glasses, match hold-



ers, ashtrays, and bottles within reach.

Mr. Hartford started to tug at the piano. At this critical point, we musicians had some misgivings and expressed them. In fact, I think we would have given up the whole idea right then, but Mr. Hartford said the cost of such a bad, old piano didn't amount to anything in American money and that he would gladly pay for it if necessary. We had another glass of champagne. Then we pushed the piano toward the rail. The barman and the deck steward looked on, in a paralysis of consternation. Mr. Hartford breathed hard and almost lost his hearing aid. Artie suggested that we should cover the instrument with a flag, a piano being worth as much as any human being and considerably more than some of them, but no one seconded the motion. We lifted the piano. It was only an upright Pleyel, but after all the drinks it seemed as heavy as a big Steinway. A final effort and the instrument toppled over the rail. There was a big splash and the strings gave what sounded like an almost human cry. Pedro, a devout Catholic, took off his Basque beret and moved his lips. No doubt he said a prayer. We musicians went to our rooms and lay down.

WHEN the Azay-le-Rideau arrived at Saïgon the following day, we were called into the *commandant's* office. The skipper said we had one hour, and no longer, to get twelve hundred and fifty francs for the drowned piano. We went down and looked for Mr. Hartford, but he had already gone ashore. He had, his cabin steward told us, been met by friends who had arranged a houseparty in his honor. Artie smiled confidently. "Let's find Lucia," he said. "There must be enough money in the *quête.* Lucia collected lots of money last night."

We found Lucia and Lavallère on the foremost part of the main deck, high above the bow. Lavallère had his arm around her waist. They were looking down into the water, far below, and didn't see or hear us as we came up behind them.

"*Chérie,*" Lavallère was saying, "don't worry about me. I'll get transferred to another vessel. I'll be back in eight weeks. I'll be with you."

"Darling," Lucia whispered.

Artie cleared his throat. The couple turned around and smiled. Lucia touched Artie's cheek. "Artie, you were wonderful last night," she said. She opened her handbag and thrust an envelope filled with coins into Artie's hand. "Here are the coins—about two hundred francs. Did you find the paper money? I counted almost eleven hundred francs. I put it down inside the piano so nobody would steal it overnight."

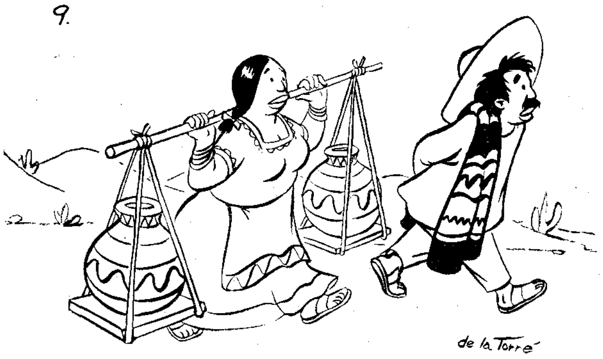
I felt suddenly cold. Artie's mouth sagged open and I guess mine did, too. Pedro looked pale and stricken.

"*Chérie,*" Lavallère said, and sighed.

"Darling," Lucia said. They looked into each other's eyes, oblivious of the big, bad world.

Artie and Pedro and I tiptoed away.

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG



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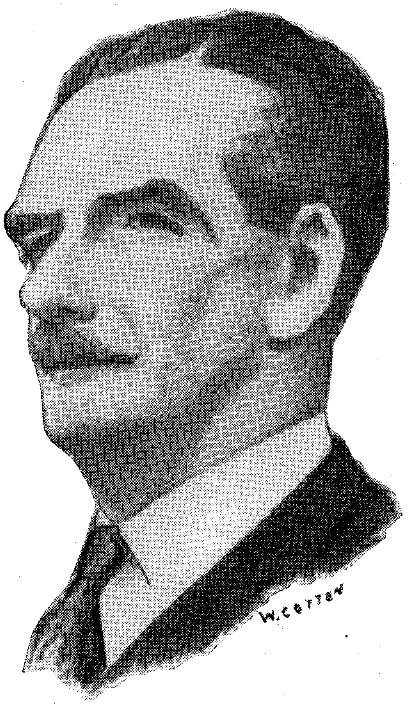
FORT WORTH—(AP)—The civil aeronautics board has applications on file for extension of airline service to 723 cuties, many of them in Texas.—*McAllen (Tex.) Valley Evening Monitor.*

Great state, Texas.

PROFILES

FOREIGN SECRETARY—II



Robert Anthony Eden

MANY people in England think that the Right Honorable Robert Anthony Eden, now Winston Churchill's Foreign Secretary, will be the next Prime Minister. As tranquilly as they accept the idea that someday they will be musically calling upon God to save their gracious Queen, they appear to take for granted the probability that when Churchill hands over, it will be to Eden. The Prime Minister has much personal affection for him. When Churchill has finished making an important statement in the House of Commons and sits down beside the Foreign Secretary (who is alertly upright in his red leather chair on such occasions but on less momentous ones slides into a practically horizontal position, his feet cocked up on the Table of the House), back-benchers frequently hear the Prime Minister's grunted query, "Well, how was it?" More often than not, it was good, and Churchill seems pleased when Eden tells him so.

Eden is a statesman who looks like a soldier, a born-and-bred Tory with ideas which are too liberal for many other Tories, an Englishman who gets on untypically well with foreigners, a man who has spontaneously charming manners but who can really fly off the handle when he wants to, the possessor of an athletic figure who apparently keeps in trim with no more than an occasional vigorous walk around the ducks on the lake in St. James's Park, and, as second man to Churchill in the British Government, a surprise to those who didn't predict any such heights for him when he was a schoolboy. When, early in 1938, he resigned in spectacular fashion from the Foreign Secretary's office, which he has held twice, many of his supporters expected him to cash in on his enormous prestige and head an anti-Government rebellion, but it soon became evident that he had no intention of doing anything like that. Someone who knows Eden well once described him as "a born wooer," and a born wooer does not kick the door down; he stands outside, talking logically, persuasively, and persistently until it is opened to him. Besides, it was obvious that the times were by then much too far out of joint for him or anyone else to set them right.

Later that year, Eden, freed from official duties, sailed with his wife for the United States to speak at a banquet of the National Association of Manufacturers. They had been delayed by a shipping strike in Great Britain and as a consequence of this and a stormy crossing, they arrived in New York harbor so late on the day of the banquet that Eden was taken off the ship in a Coast Guard cutter and rushed ashore. Looking slightly pale around the gills, Eden faced an unnerving battery of flashlights and movie and still cameras at the banquet, which had begun without the guest of honor. For a man just queasily off the Atlantic, all this posing was an ordeal. Eden began gamely enough to speak, but presently he shied back from the photographers and asked, amid loud applause, if they couldn't be taken away. They were, and he got on with his speech, which turned out to be less spirited than his audience had hoped. Even his warmest admirers have never claimed that oratory is one of his chief assets. Though he has been doing it for over twenty years, speaking in public still bothers him; it's a jumpy day for all concerned when he has a statement to make in the House. His voice is not a full-bodied organ like Winston Churchill's; it's a clear, light baritone, occasionally with a strangled Oxonian stop pulled out. He is at his best as an after-dinner speaker, if the occasion is fairly intimate, and in conversation with people he really knows, talking about something that really interests him. In a gathering of a dozen or so friends, he sometimes talks brilliantly.

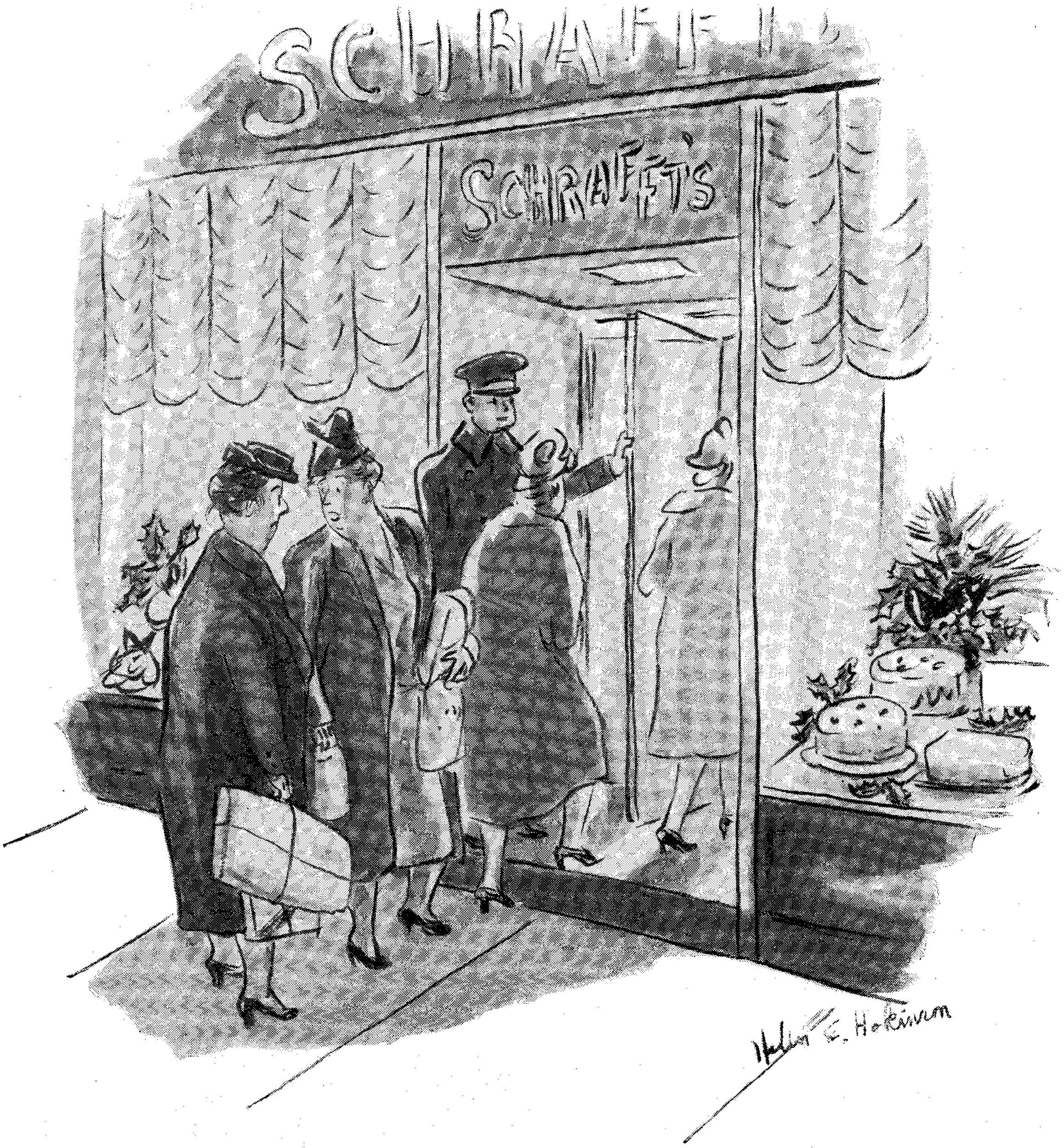
During their visit to the United States, which lasted two weeks, the Edens managed to have a little of the private fun for which he had had no time, and possibly no heart, during the difficult years in office. His privacy, however, wasn't the object of the admirers who had watched, from this side of the Atlantic, his fight against appeasement. At "Hellzapoppin," Eden again had to ask the news photographers to lay off, because the flashlights were also a-poppin to such an extent that he and his wife could hardly see what was happening on the stage.

After his return to England, Eden put in the next few months indefatigably attacking the Munich policy, in a lineup which included Churchill and Alfred Duff Cooper. Their opponents were Neville Chamberlain and his unofficial advisers. Eden also rejoined his old regiment, the King's Royal Rifle Corps, in whose reserve he had been since the end of the first World War. He went back to the Army, was gazetted a major, and was in camp during the fateful summer of 1939. He has always loved the Army, and especially his own regiment; he thinks and talks of the fighting men with unaffected humility. He recently had one of his characteristic flareups of temper at a small dinner party given by a lady he knew with the good-natured idea of introducing to Eden a young man who hoped that the Foreign Secretary would help him get a job. Possibly to build up his confidence, the young man had a few drinks before Eden arrived, and by the time the Foreign Secretary joined the party the young man felt sufficiently set up to launch a few bellicose criticisms of the slowness of the British progress at Caen. Eden, who had just been informed of the big push at Caen as he left his office and knew that it was going grimly ahead while the amateur strategist was waving his cocktail glass, lost his temper and told him loudly what he thought of him. The young man, seemingly a difficult type to abash, later in the evening made some trenchant remarks about politicians, which Eden, who is never bothered by attacks on himself, took calmly.

Because of his deep affection for the Army, Eden found great satisfaction in the seven months he served, in 1940, as War Minister, in an office he took not long after leaving the Army to become Secretary for the Dominions at the outbreak of the war. Those months Eden spent at the War Office were appallingly anxious ones for everybody, but for Eden they were also stimulating. Britain had lost the equipment of ten divisions at Dunkerque and forty per cent of the R. A. F.'s first-line bomber strength had been lost in the forty-two days of the Battle of France. Eden, who knew that there were, in all England, only fifty tanks and a couple of hundred field guns, some of them of museum vintage, to hold off a German try from across the Channel, had to make the decision to send men and matériel around the Cape to the Middle East, a decision which was much criticized at the time by those who felt that every gun produced should be lined up on the shingle pointing toward France. The Edens were living in a country house in Kent, overlooking the Channel, and the family had a fine view of the Battle of Britain from their front lawn. They were still in Kent in the summer of 1941, six months after Eden had once again become Foreign Secretary, succeeding Lord Halifax. One July morning, when Eden was taking a day off at home, an agitated colleague called him on the direct wire which had been set up between Whitehall and the house in Kent and suggested that the family should leave right away, as information had just been received that the German invasion would come off that day. Eden told the man to hang on while he went out and took a look at the sea. Then he came back and said, "The Germans will be very sick." Later that day, as he was peacefully pottering in the garden, London called again and admitted to a little confusion. There was going to be an invasion all right, but it was the Japanese invasion of Indo-China.

IN the last few years, Eden's ability to get along with the Russians has done a lot to build him up with the mass of English people as the man they would like to see Prime Minister one day, a desire not entirely shared by the less progressive members of his own party, who were said to be getting together for lugubrious smoking-room conferences when Churchill was ill and it looked as though the question of a new Prime Minister might come up. Eden has been to Moscow three times—the first time in 1935, to discuss the possibility of closer Anglo-Soviet coöperation in working for European peace; the second in 1941, to lay the groundwork for the twenty-year Russian-British Mutual Assistance Agreement; the third in 1943, in company with Cordell Hull and W. Averell Harriman, to sign the Moscow three-power agreement.

When Eden visited Moscow in 1941, the Germans were only thirty-five miles from the capital and air raids were frequent, but the Russians, who don't stint on their ceremonies, boldly switched on batteries of welcoming arc-lights in the blacked-out station as the Foreign Secretary stepped off his train wearing a fur cap of non-Foreign Office vintage. His visit was kept secret until he was safely back in London, which imposed a strain upon the correspondents, who referred to him testily among themselves as "the invisible man" or "you know who." Because the embassies had moved east to Kuibyshev when the situation began to look threatening, Eden and his party stayed at the National Hotel, conveniently close to the Kremlin, to which they were transported in cars for a conference every afternoon at three o'clock. (The Russians don't conduct state business in the mornings.) Nor did the nearness of the Nazis stop Stalin from giving one of the famous Kremlin banquets for Eden, a protracted affair which be-



"One nice thing about Schrafft's is, everybody else will look tired too."

gan at 10 P.M. and finished at 5 A.M., with speeches and vodka both apparently inexhaustible. Eden, who loves wine but isn't a big drinker of spirits, must have found the going a bit hard, but he bore up gallantly and made numerous warmly applauded speeches in English during the evening, which were relayed through an interpreter to Stalin and the others who didn't understand the language. Though Eden doesn't speak Russian with anything like facility, he has a small repertoire of conventional phrases such as "Goodbye. Very glad to have met you."

MUSEUM

And now you see the artificial sun come up, everywhere suffusing a marvellously painted sky;
It is dawn, revealing leagues of earth, and a taxidermist's frozen version of the actual life—

There is the Executive in his office; he is serious, but pleasant; a man of great importance in and to his day
(See the telephone? And the ashtray and the desk pad, to the very life);
Here is the smiling Junior Clerk; the Typist;
And that one is the Salesman, laughing as he seems about to light a fresh cigar—

HABITAT: N. AMERICA," it says;
And as the light grows clear and gold, there are the bridges, towers, railways, docks
(Exactly scaled to one-one-thousandth size, it says);
And there a tiny crane unloads a perfect ship—

The activity increases (for the day, too, is only one-one-thousandth size),
A ticker races, and soon, very soon, a bell will ring;
See the mail truck leave with letters bound for the utmost horizons of this empire limited only by the telephone, the radio, and the mail;
In a moment, that toy elevator will reach the top; a signal block will fall;
And pretty soon, there will be a magic bell—

In those adjoining rooms, likewise equipped with phones and desks and miniature lights
(The scene is indescribably real, and this is a happy, sunlit little tableau),
Sit the Switchboard Girl, the jovial Attorney—
But there is the bell—success, success—

And we must go, for there is still so much to see in a single afternoon;
All the exhibits that follow this: the Second Age of Innocence, the Era of the Torrents, the Third Age of Fire—

But before we leave we must watch the measured sun go down, and see the miniature trains light up,
Winding their way through moonlit hills toward distant cities that we know are blazing with lights, with electric signs where giants walk and mermaids swim—

Knowing, also, that somewhere in the darkness behind us the Typist is still busily polishing her fingernails,
The Executive, though the office is darkened, is still poised for action, and the laughing Salesman still clings to his long cigar,
Each of them comfortable and secure as in life, each mulling some personal problem,
Each confidently waiting for the sun that will surely rise.

—KENNETH FEARING

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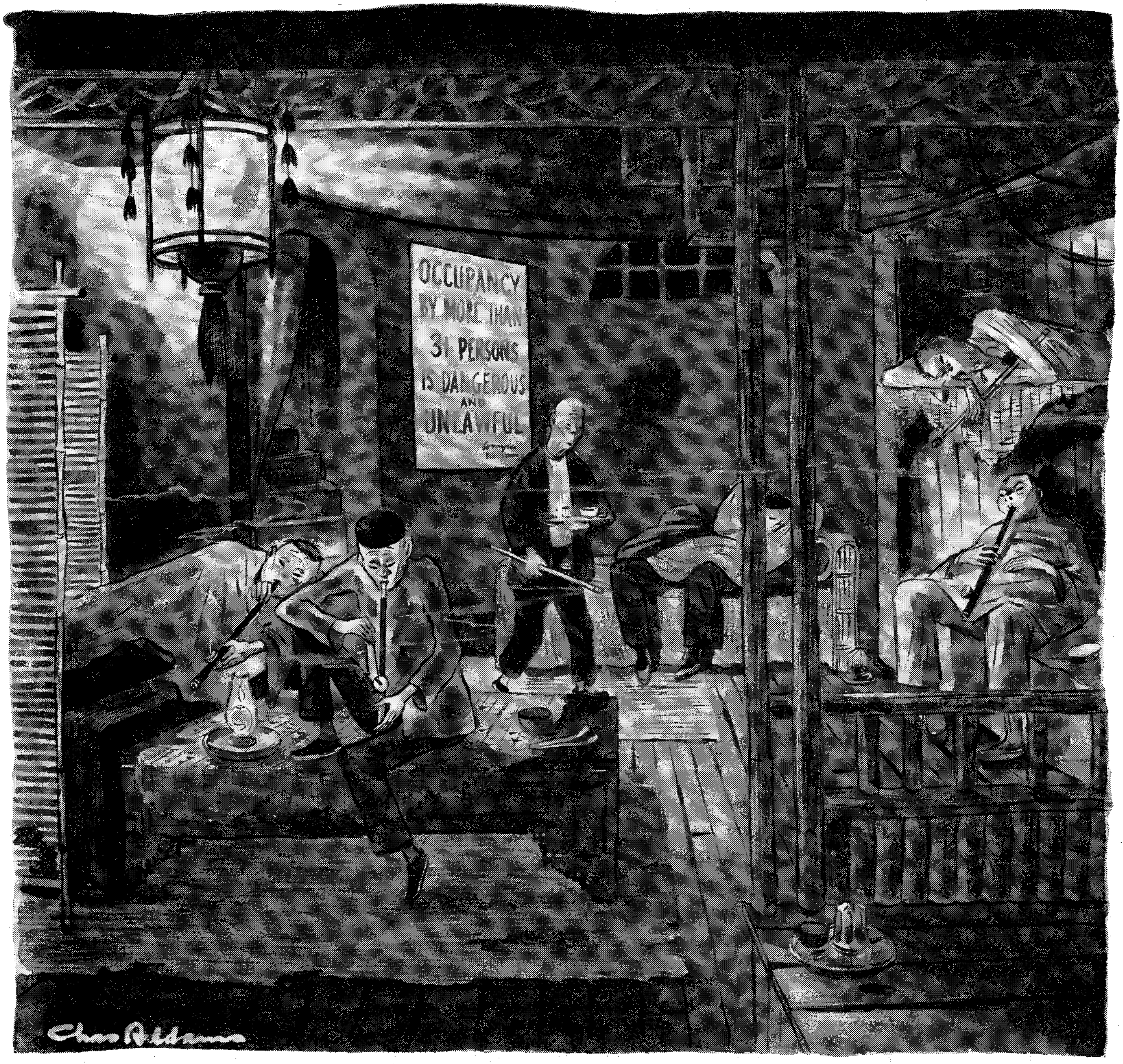
During Eden's 1943 visit there was more time for pleasure, and the atmosphere was even warmer. He was coming back as an old, trusted friend. As a memento of the signing of the Anglo-Soviet agreement, the British had sent the Soviet government a painting of the ceremony by Frank Salisbury, R.A., an artist who specializes in large, lifelike canvases of coronations, royal funerals, and other historic events. The Russians, pleased with their present, hung it in the room where the new conferences took place, so that Eden, whose tastes in art are somewhat less forthright, couldn't raise his eyes without catching sight of himself and his Foreign Office colleagues posed for posterity. During this visit, Foreign Minister Molotoff took him to the Moscow Opera House to see "Swan Lake," the ballet that is usually put on for visiting foreigners. On this occasion, the ballerina was Semenova, to whom Eden was reported to have sent an official bouquet. Actually, through some oversight, this pretty gesture had been overlooked, but his agitated secretaries managed, at the last minute, to wangle him a half share in the flowers which the American delegation thoughtfully had ready to be presented to the ballerina over the footlights. Eden got a big hand from the audience when he entered the Opera House. The Soviet press is, of course, extremely factual and doesn't treat its readers to cozy articles on personalities, but people who know Russia well say that his popularity with the ordinary Russian is no myth. As much as any foreign statesman is liked, he is liked, but probably less for himself than for what he has consistently stood for all these years. At the beginning of the war, the two Englishmen every Russian knew, and wanted to know more about, were Winston Churchill and Anthony Eden. Eden has since fallen back in the race, and the list of Britons most discussed in Moscow now runs: Churchill, Vivien Leigh, George Formby, Eden. The fact that Miss Leigh is the present runner-up to the Prime Minister is explained by the enormous success of her film "Lady Hamilton," which for the first time showed Moscow audiences a thoroughly orchidaceous woman in a historical setting, a combination which was considered all right emotionally and ideologically. George Formby is a North Country film comedian whose brand of humor happens to tickle the Russians. It's possible, however, that Eden will in the long run prove a rather more permanent feature of Moscow conversations.

Rightly or wrongly, the English feel that Eden is their best bet with the Russians, that he is a liked and trusted negotiator in Moscow. This notion is


OCCUPANCY BY MORE THAN 31 PERSONS IS DANGEROUS AND UNLAWFUL
Chas Addams

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partly based on observations such as one made by a reporter at the most recent Soviet talks, who noted that the Russians were a trifle cautious and frigid until Eden and Hull came into the room, when, he said, under some botanical misapprehension, "their faces opened out like ripe magnolias." Some time after his return from Moscow, Eden spoke on Anglo-Soviet relations in the House of Commons. He referred to "the legacy of suspicion, difficult to describe and impossible to exaggerate," for which he saw only one cure—"that bit by bit our peoples get to know each other better." No matter how few of the older, diehard faces opened up like ripe magnolias at this prospect, these sentiments, which Eden steadily and patiently expounds, do him good with the ordinary British voter, who remembers how consistently farsighted Eden was about the very different legacy of appeasement of the Axis.

Eden, who has been in the House of Commons since 1923, has frequently found himself in the odd position of being more warmly cheered by the Left side of the House than by the Right. He stands well with the Labour Party, whose respect is a solid political asset. He has been Leader of the House since November, 1942, a difficult and exacting position which is usually filled by the Prime Minister. Earlier this year there were rumors that Eden was finding the double job of Leader and Foreign Secretary too much of a strain. However, at what is believed to have been the Prime Minister's insistence, he stuck to it, after taking a short recuperative holiday. His resilience is extraordinary. His working days start early and often end after midnight, when the Prime Minister, his mind beginning to tick at its liveliest, may call a Cabinet meeting or have an informal conference with the Foreign Secretary. When Parliament is sitting, Eden goes to the House and stays, either on call or in the Chamber, for several hours; after that, he goes to the Foreign Office and works until the regular early-evening Cabinet meeting. His staff consists of a Parliamentary Private Secretary, Colonel Charles Ponsonby, M.P.; a private secretary, Mr. P. J. Dixon; and two assistant private secretaries. Eden's Parliamentary Undersecretary of State for Foreign Affairs is a not much publicized Labour member, the Right Honorable G. H. Hall, M.P. for the Aberdare Division of Merthyr Tydfil, in Glamorganshire. Eden seems to inspire enthusiasm and lasting loyalty among the people who work for him, and his friendships, political and private, wear well. When he hits the ceiling over something, his staff waits patiently for him to subside; he is a man who makes amends handsomely and quickly.

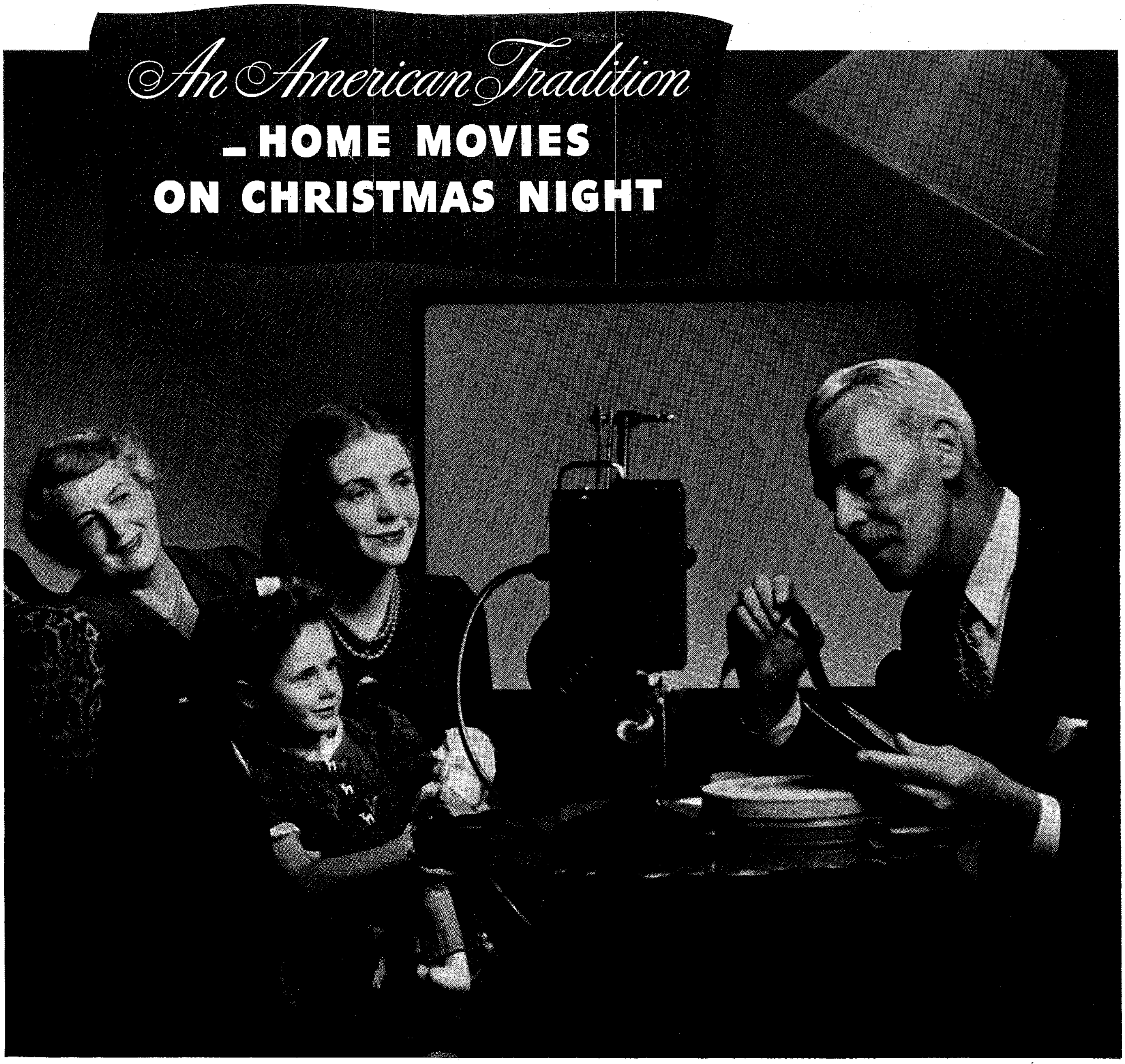
EDEN is relentlessly pursued at all hours by what are called "the boxes." These are the official leather cases stamped with the Royal cipher and containing Foreign Office memoranda. They are likely to lie about the drawing room of the Edens' country house as casually as a lady's sewing basket. Recently a nervous visitor, lowering himself onto Mrs. Eden's fireside stool, nearly sat on one of the boxes and started back as though from a time bomb. When he is in London, the Foreign Secretary literally lives on top of his job. In 1930 the Edens moved from their first house, which was in Mulberry Walk, in Chelsea, to one in Lower Berkeley Street, later christened Fitzhardinge Street. They are now living in much smaller quarters. Possibly as an economy, a necessity for all the English who are not profiting from the war or digging into capital (the Foreign Secretaryship carries a salary of five thousand pounds a year, but most of that goes back to the government in taxes), and possibly so that Eden can be on hand to answer sudden calls from No. 10, the Edens live above the Foreign Office, a building on Downing Street not conspicuous for grace or modernity, in what was planned as a flat for Lord Halifax. The flat, a perquisite of office, has two small bedrooms, two bathrooms, and a moderate-sized sitting room. It has been decorated and furnished by the Ministry of Works in the hotel-French manner, but Mrs. Eden has cheered it up with some of their own pictures and flowers from the country. If the Foreign Secretary's wife needs an armchair, it has to be applied for through official channels, just as if it were an extra typewriter or a telephone extension. With the flat goes a wonderful view of St. James's Park, which is not so wonderful when the landscape includes buzz bombs. The Edens' breakfast is prepared by one of the Foreign Office messengers, whose cooking has reached the triumphant stage at which, according to Mrs. Eden, he can almost boil a potato; the flat is kept clean by a charwoman. When the Edens entertain, they take their guests out to dinner. If they dine at home, the meal is sent in from a restaurant.

"Just tell her a Hollywood scout is here to see her."

Mrs. Eden is naturally gay and sociable, but the Edens lead a very restricted social life, because the Foreign Secretary has so little time. He has countless friends who like and admire him, but he has few very intimate ones. Lord and Lady Cranborne are among these few; another close friend is Mr. J. P. L. Thomas, who used to be Eden's Parliamentary Private Secretary and is now Financial Secretary to the Admiralty. Still another of Eden's friends is Ernest Bevin, the Minister of Labour, an earthy character who is outwardly Eden's antithesis. "Ernest is marvellous," Eden said recently. "He sets about a problem quite differently from the way I would, and he's always right." Eden has, in general, an engaging readiness to absorb other men's points of view, and he has the reputation of being an exceptionally careful listener.

When Eden has a little time to himself, he goes down to his house in Sussex. The house was discovered by his wife a couple of years ago through an advertisement on the back page of the *Times*, and they bought it immediately. It is the first country house they have owned and they love it with such passion that they never go anywhere else for weekends. It is a beautiful eighteenth-century brick house with a towering classical portico and a walled garden with herbaceous borders, vegetables, and nectarines in the usual pleasant muddle. Mrs. Eden looks forward to redecorating after the war, for the paint is peeling here and there on the lofty walls and the plumbing is roughly of the same period as the house. The Edens like antique furniture, and they own some fine examples. They enjoy exhibiting their pictures, including a Constable, a Corot, two Derains, and a Degas. The walls are dense with fam-

An American Tradition — HOME MOVIES ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT



"First, the ones we made when Bob was home on leave"

THE EVENING BEGINS, and ends, with the movies they made when their boy was home on leave last Christmas. It's good to have him smiling out at them from the screen . . . wonderful to reflect, with a lift of the heart, that perhaps next Christmas he'll be home again.

Of course Ciné-Kodak Film is scarce; although you may be able to get a roll now and then. But happily, in any event, there are the reels of other years, ready and waiting to make the holidays happier days.

Have your Ciné-Kodak dealer check your projector . . .

If you haven't been using your projector as often as usual during this busy year, it's a good idea to have your Ciné-Kodak dealer clean it, oil it, and thoroughly check it; then you can be sure it will be running smooth as silk Christmas night . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Life is a movie — **CINÉ-KODAK** *gets it all*

This Christmas ought to make a woman happy

More than ever before, this Christmas, that ancient greeting of peace on earth and good-will to men has significance... holds hope for a brave and better world. It is a Christmas when gentle thoughts and kindly gestures are more than ever precious... when high courage earns solace and faith, its rewards. It is a Christmas when women, the world over, see a new light in the sky, a new hope dawning ... a Christmas when women need to be assured of love and of loveliness. On such a Christmas no gift has more significance than that designed BY a woman FOR a woman. Such gifts as these by Elizabeth Arden!

Elizabeth Arden

ily art, too. To begin with, there are some fifty water colors by the Foreign Secretary's father, the late Sir William Eden, a talented and energetic artist, of Windlestone, the County Durham family seat, in which Anthony was brought up and which was sold by his elder brother, Sir Timothy Eden, in 1936. Besides the water colors, there is a collection of Chinese prints which once belonged to another member of the family, the Honorable Emily Eden, a nineteenth-century novelist, and all the pictures in one guest room were painted by one or another member of the family. Sir Timothy, also an accomplished artist, who is now in the Ministry of Information, has contributed a large flower study, and Anthony himself a water-color sketch of the van Gogh country near Arles. If anybody stops to examine this, Eden explains hastily that it's just a little thing his wife insisted on hanging. In his study, the chief treasures are an anonymous example of the Norwich school of painters, which he picked up on a trip to Munich, and his library. One section of the library is entirely devoted to Persia, his special subject, and includes a magnificent set of illustrated volumes on Persian art given to him by the Aga Khan. Eden also has a collection of French books which fills a towering bookcase. He says that biographers who have insisted on his devotion to Proust are mistaken, that he prefers Balzac. Somehow or other he gets through quantities of reading, mostly late at night. Along with his father's paintings, Eden piously brought down from County Durham several chunks of Windlestone's famous blue herbaceous border, and these now surround his Sussex garden. When an acquaintance recently remarked that Eden must have been interested to see, on his visit to America in 1938, some Eden family portraits that have found their way to Maryland, he observed that the occasion was mostly sad, since he remembered the pictures as part of the secure, settled background of his childhood. The scattering of family members disturbs him as much as the scattering of family possessions, and he regrets that his mother, Lady Eden, has refused to be uprooted from the North Country and transplanted, like the blue border, to some corner where he could more easily visit her.

On a quiet Sunday at his country house, the Foreign Secretary would be unrecognizable to press photographers. He wears comfortable, undiplomatic garments—an open-necked, dark-blue shirt, for instance, and slacks and sneakers. The weekend may include a certain amount of semi-official entertaining, but the Edens, who make no bones about the fact that they're not particularly wealthy, live modestly. Mrs. Eden, a competent manager, runs the household on what she calls two maids and a half, the half being a servant who left them to get married and has come back to them as an evacuee. Both the resident maids have been with her for twenty years, and the domestic atmosphere is homely. Everybody waits on himself at meals, which in the summer are frequently punctuated with excitement over some dish of fruit or vegetables from the garden. If guests happen to express an interest in gardening, Eden happily conducts them on a brisk lope around the borders. His particular weakness is roses, which he swaps occasionally with the Cranbornes, who are also keen gardeners, and the tour is frequently slowed down while Eden leaps into flower beds with a cry of "*Here's* a lovely little thing!" or "*He's* a President Hoover—good color but a bad doer!" But weekends also contain work. The boxes arrive from Downing Street in a Foreign Office car, and the Foreign Secretary, abruptly switching to the more worrisome bad-doers in the European garden, hurries indoors to deal with them.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

(*This is the second of two articles on Mr. Eden.*)

•

NORTH ANDOVER (UP)—Mrs. Susan Cogswell, 104, of North Andover, who cast her first vote for Abraham Lincoln but who was too sick yesterday to cast a ballot in the presidential election, died at her home today.—*Boston Traveler.*

Anyway, she beat the other girls to the polls by something like sixty years.

•

HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From a book review in the Philadelphia Inquirer*]

Like Roget's Thesaurus, this is one of those books you can open at any page sure of finding at least one chuckle, one thrill, one mild shocker somewhere on it.

LISTEN: DECEMBER 9, 1944

A 60-foot patrol boat was plowing through a channel in a minefield off the coast. On board were Bill Slocum, CBS Special Events director, two CBS technicians and the usual complement of sailors, except their radioman who was ashore in bed with a last minute fever. Slocum and the two technicians were coming back from a lightship where they had broadcast to millions of CBS listeners what Thanksgiving Day on a lightship is like. Suddenly someone noticed the Navy blinker flashing on shore. "They're challenging us and sending too fast! Where's that radioman?"

There were a couple of long, thin minutes when anything might happen. Getting no acceptable response to its challenge, the Navy *could* open up with its shore batteries. Or the cutter might be out of its channel and among the mines.

Slocum grabbed one of the CBS technicians, told him to read that blinker and reply pronto. The technician read it, flashed back the right answer. Then the Navy blinker said "Roger", and the patrol boat kept going.

Wouldn't you like to get into radio?

★

Probably the most powerful radio station afloat sent out the first flash of the Philippine invasion one hour after the first assault waves hit the beach at Leyte. Inside a certain elderly ship there is a completely sound-proofed, rubber-insulated, air-conditioned broadcasting studio in its forward cargo hold. Its voice-power of 100,000 watts is greater than that of any standard broadcasting stations in the U. S.

Much of the know-how and elbow grease required to convert the ship into a world-wide mouthpiece came from a young Signal Corps lieutenant named Sanford Terry Jr. Terry supervised the complete reconstruction and installation of radio equipment. A little while ago he was a master control technician at WRVA, the CBS affiliate in Richmond, Va. Now he wears a Presidential Citation and a bronze star.

★

(*Please buy another War Bond today*)

This is CBS
...THE COLUMBIA
BROADCASTING SYSTEM

Aromatic Walnut . . . fragrant pine . . . still Christmas for a man

Save wandering and wondering . . . give WALNUT this Christmas

FOR the man who smokes a pipe, there is no finer gift than Walnut . . . John Middleton's master-blend of the world's seven finest tobaccos. Walnut is mild, fragrant, and friendly with a *natural* aroma all its own.

For generations, Walnut has been custom-made for the carriage-trade. It is the largest-selling tobacco in its price-field . . . an indication of its worth as a smoke . . . its soundness as a gift.

If your dealer is temporarily out of Walnut, remember: Servicemen have first call! Take some other Middleton brand. Look for the maker's name: "John Middleton, Philadelphia."

John Middleton's WALNUT

CUSTOM-MADE for the CARRIAGE-TRADE

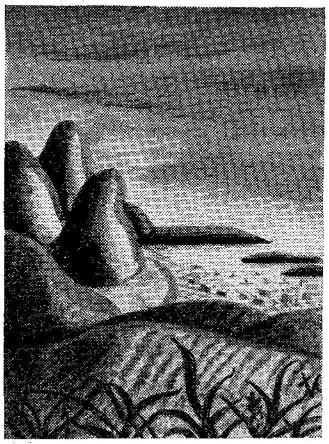
Since 1856

LETTER FROM HONOLULU

NOVEMBER 25

IT'S possible to get here in thirty-six hours from New York, but it probably isn't a good idea. The transition can be a shock if it is too abrupt. Bearded American sailors, in summer whites, walk along Hotel Street with gold rings in their ears. One attractive native girl wears her hair done up in a small American flag, and the effect is striking, but no more so than the native boy who rides around town in a middle-aged roadster with a wreath of green leaves on his head. The sidewalks are dotted with Japanese in United States Army uniform, for this is the home base of the famous 100th Battalion, members of which are now back from Italy on leave, many with Purple Hearts and Silver Stars. The Territory of Hawaii has the nation's largest group of Japanese-Americans, and it hopes to achieve statehood without disturbing the good relations between the Japanese and the other peoples here—the Chinese-Americans, the Filipinos, the Hawaiians, and the white Americans.

The shop signs have a special bounce to them. Among my favorites are Irish & Sue, Photo Coloring; the Nautical Shoppe, Sailors Uniforms; and Ken'z, Baby Furniture. Directions, too, are peculiar. North, south, east, and west, and their Hawaiian equivalents, are never used in Honolulu. The substitutes are, respectively, mauka, makai, ewa, and waikiki, which are local place names but are printed without capitals when used as directions. On the rocky point of Diamond Head, you are waikiki of Waikiki, but nobody seems to care. English is the language of the islands, of course, but Hawaiian words are generously and haphazardly sprinkled through most conversation and local printed matter. They turn up without explanation or apology. The day I arrived, I spent five minutes trying to decide what typographical error had been committed in setting up the word "haole," which appeared in my newspaper in a line of otherwise normal type. I later found out that it is the accepted word for "white person" in a land where white people are a minority. The war has brought many Negro service men here. Negroes were something new to Hawaii. They are now eleele haoles, or black white persons. Newcomers, including eleele haoles, are confused and humbled by vowel-ridden words like "Nuuanu," which appears on bus placards and is the name of a district inside Honolulu, and "Kaaawa," the name of a district outside. All letters are articulated, and Hawaiians, the theory (unproved) goes, have something in their throats which enables them to handle triple vowels. Old-timers among the white residents get very tart if you mispronounce native words and are constantly writing to the newspapers to complain that the Hawaiian language is dying and to plead that it be preserved on phonograph records.

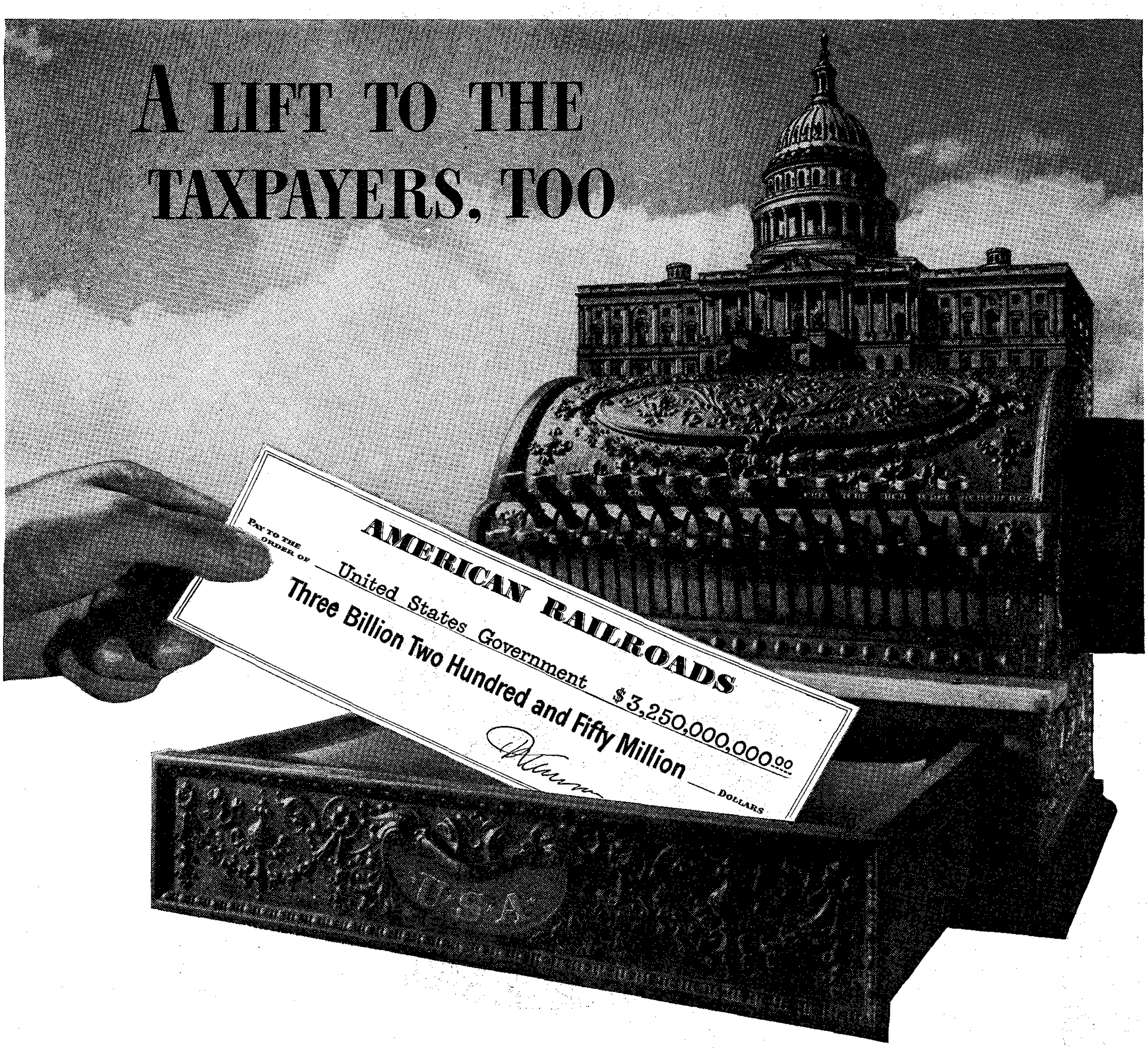


THERE is a frontier quality to much of the news in the papers. A recent ordinance making the practice of prostitution illegal closed the authorized bordellos, a feature of Honolulu for decades, and caused one minx of an inmate to tell city officials, "I don't practice prostitution, I'm an expert," an ancient pleasantry which was recorded as news by the broad-minded press. The law created a certain dismay among local businessmen, one of whom, a jeweller, told a reporter that a certain girl had made a habit of spending two hundred dollars a week in his place and that the previous Christmas she had plunked down three thousand dollars in cash for a ring for her boy friend. The revelation was noteworthy not only because it got into print but because of its oblique description of the luckiest man in town.

Political campaigns are conducted with a politeness that would mystify mainland Republicans and Democrats. Generally speaking, the candidate with the best hula troupe wins. About the only rule is that no haole running for office can be photographed in a hat without a feather band. Postwar planning so far covers little more than filling in the air-raid shelters which were dug in yards and parks all over town after the attack at Pearl Harbor and then never used, and the abolishment of the 10 P.M. curfew.

The vegetation here is a naturalist's hashish dream. Plants from all over the world have been brought in, and they

A LIFT TO THE TAXPAYERS, TOO


AMERICAN RAILROADS
PAY TO THE ORDER OF United States Government $3,250,000,000.00
Three Billion Two Hundred and Fifty Million DOLLARS
U.S.A.

IN THIS WAR the railroads have done twice as big a transportation job as in the first World War.

But they are doing another job which may not be so well known, as is shown by these contrasting facts:

> *In the last war, the operation of the railroads took money out of the United States Treasury.*
>
> *In this one, the railroads are putting money into the Treasury.*

In the last war, when the Government took over the railroads, even though freight rates and passenger fares were raised, Congress had to appropriate more than $1,600,000,000 to meet deficits.

In this war, the railroads have been managed by their owners. A far bigger and better transportation job has been done. And, since Pearl Harbor, the railroads have turned into the United States Treasury the tremendous sum of $3,250,000,000 in taxes—and today are paying federal taxes at the rate of nearly $4,250,000 every 24 hours.

And, on top of all this, the railroads in the same months since Pearl Harbor have paid for the support of state, county and city governments another $750,000,000 and are today paying state and local taxes at the rate of $800,000 per day.

That's five million dollars a day paid in taxes—ten times as much as the owners receive in dividends.

ASSOCIATION OF
BUY MORE WAR BONDS

AMERICAN RAILROADS

ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY

BRUGAL RUM
The RUM with the RICHER FLAVOR
BRUGAL
SINCE 1888
SPECIAL FOR HIGHBALLS
GOLD LABEL
DELICIOUS STRAIGHT
BRUGAL
Brugal Rum
GOLD LABEL
SUPERIOR
PUERTO RICAN RUM
ONE QUART DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY 86 PROOF
BRUGAL & CO. C. POR A.
RIO PIEDRAS, P.R. BRUGAL WEST INDIES
PARK & TILFORD IMPORT CORP., NEW YORK, N.Y.
SOLE AGENT FOR UNITED STATES
BRUGAL - Famous in the West Indies Since 1888

Matchless! .. because its *richer* flavor is a treasured tradition...a Brugal *family* tradition that means every bottle is offered with pride. You'll find eloquent evidence of this great heritage in every sip. Its *richer* flavor comes through in *any* drink—making it a taste treat to delight both you and your guests!

In addition to the usual rum drinks, Brugal is without superior in a highball, Old Fashioned, or a straight drink.

In GOLD and
WHITE LABEL
86 Proof

PARK & TILFORD Import Corp., New York, N.Y.

flourish. Among them are the Chinese banyan, the African tulip, and the Norfolk Island pine, the last of which formerly grew only on a small island off Australia. On the sides of the mountains there are native tree ferns thirty feet high, and that may give you an idea of the flora, four-fifths of which grows only in the Hawaiian Islands. Most flowers have no smell, and roses do poorly. The Hawaiian rose is a potato. Rats climb trees, and mongooses, brought in to exterminate the rats, have disappointed everyone but the rats by forming an alliance with them, directed chiefly against the birds. Butterflies are scarce, but mosquitoes are well established and supple. One type of mosquito has the hellish ability to squeeze through standard screening. There are no snakes. A Polynesian St. Patrick long ago took care of them. Hawaiians like to claim him for their own, but he was really a Samoan.

THERE are many women barbers, and they work in gay frocks. The native men wear colored shirts bearing the word "Aloha" and native youths wander about strumming ukuleles. (The ukulele was introduced by the Portuguese.) American service men go out with the native girls, who, with their lipstick and their high-heeled shoes, have an Occidental look. Doris Duke's luxurious cabaña is now an officers' recreation club. The tallest building in town is a modernistic Mormon tabernacle. El Morocco, a drinking place, has a kamani tree before it, which may be an improvement on a phony Bedouin. Hula skirts are legal only if fireproofed, and the U.S.O. canteen at the Y.M.C.A. serves Broiled Guinea Hen with Rasher of Bacon ($1.95). Honolulu is proud of being called the Town Without a Chimney.

—EUGENE KINKEAD

•

LARGE SIZE GAS BURNER, suitable for melting pot. Should be approximately 18 inches in diameter. Type formerly used under still will be satisfactory. Call 32, Daily Clintonian.—*Want ad in the Clinton (Ind.) Clintonian.*

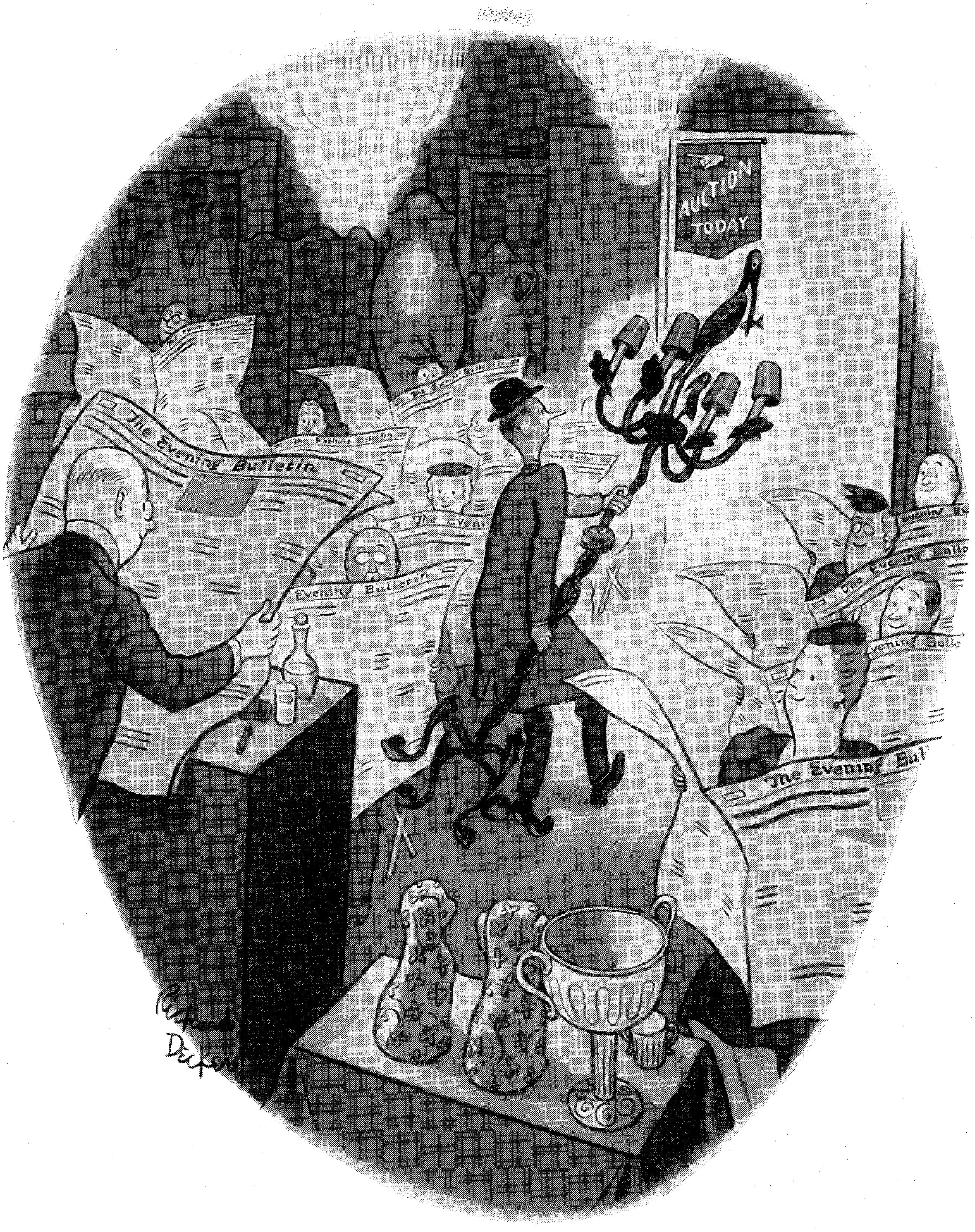
We don't know what you're talking about, sir.

•

BLOCK THAT METAPHOR!

[*From the Atlanta Constitution*]

But Fame, as many writers have admonished us, is fleeting, and since War, like Politics, makes strange bedfellows, Fate flipped the coin, and his number turned up ... with the swastika and not his own Tricolor, casting shadows across him as he fell.


AUCTION TODAY
The Evening Bulletin
Evening Bulletin
The Evening Bulletin
Richard Decker

In Philadelphia — nearly everybody reads The Bulletin

We hope we aren't overemphasizing the dilemma of Mr. Different. The real point we're driving at is that nearly 4 out of every 5 Philadelphia families read The Bulletin daily, come what may. That's a total of more than 600,000 — which, incidentally, is the largest evening circulation in America.

(*Advertisement*)

HAVE YOU TRIED CAMPBELL'S BLACK BEAN SOUP?
BROAD
42ND ST

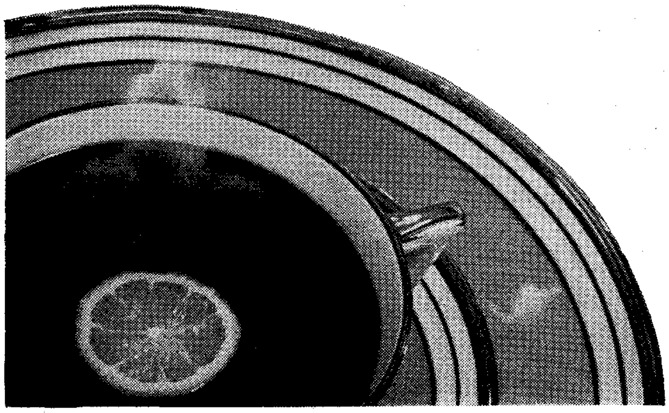
Christmas—at "The Crossroads of the World"

Bring Forth Your Best Tureen, Madam

Yes, break it out, by all means, and burnish it till it gleams. Even the Cellini Cup is none too rare a vessel to contain this proud soup . . . Black Bean as Campbell's make it. Then serve it forth this Yuletide. Sure there are other ways of impressing guests. But name one that's so exciting and so convenient. Your grocer will help you bring this smooth and seasonable treat to table. You'll be visiting him tomorrow, perhaps?

Campbell's BLACK BEAN SOUP

P.S. Some like to float a slice of lemon on it.



Campbell's
CONDENSED
BLACK BEAN
SOUP

OF ALL THINGS

General Leclerc's plan to shoot German hostages in order to discourage sniping was not approved by Supreme Headquarters. The Allies will stick to the sound rule that you can't do business like Hitler.

•

The Nazis have threatened to bomb New York with rockets before the year is out. We must find what comfort we can in the fact that they did not say "positively."

•

The President has renewed his pleasant old custom of laughing off reporters' questions about another term. He refuses to sing the popular song called "This Time Is the Last Time."

•

The House Campaign Investigating Committee has gone to Princeton to study Dr. Gallup's records. Many congressmen are wondering where the poll takers found all the Dewey noses they counted.

•

The F.B.I. charges that the stewards and waiters on some of the Union Pacific trains have been keeping a large part of the dining-car receipts. On certain days, it seems, about all the company got from the customers was complaints.

•

It now seems unlikely that Kimmel and Short will ever be tried by court-martial. The War and Navy Departments have no serious charges to make against anybody but the Japanese.

•

Considerable sentiment has developed for a Constitutional amendment which would permit the ratification of treaties by a simple majority vote of both houses. It is felt that too many treaties have been defeated by a stumbling bloc.

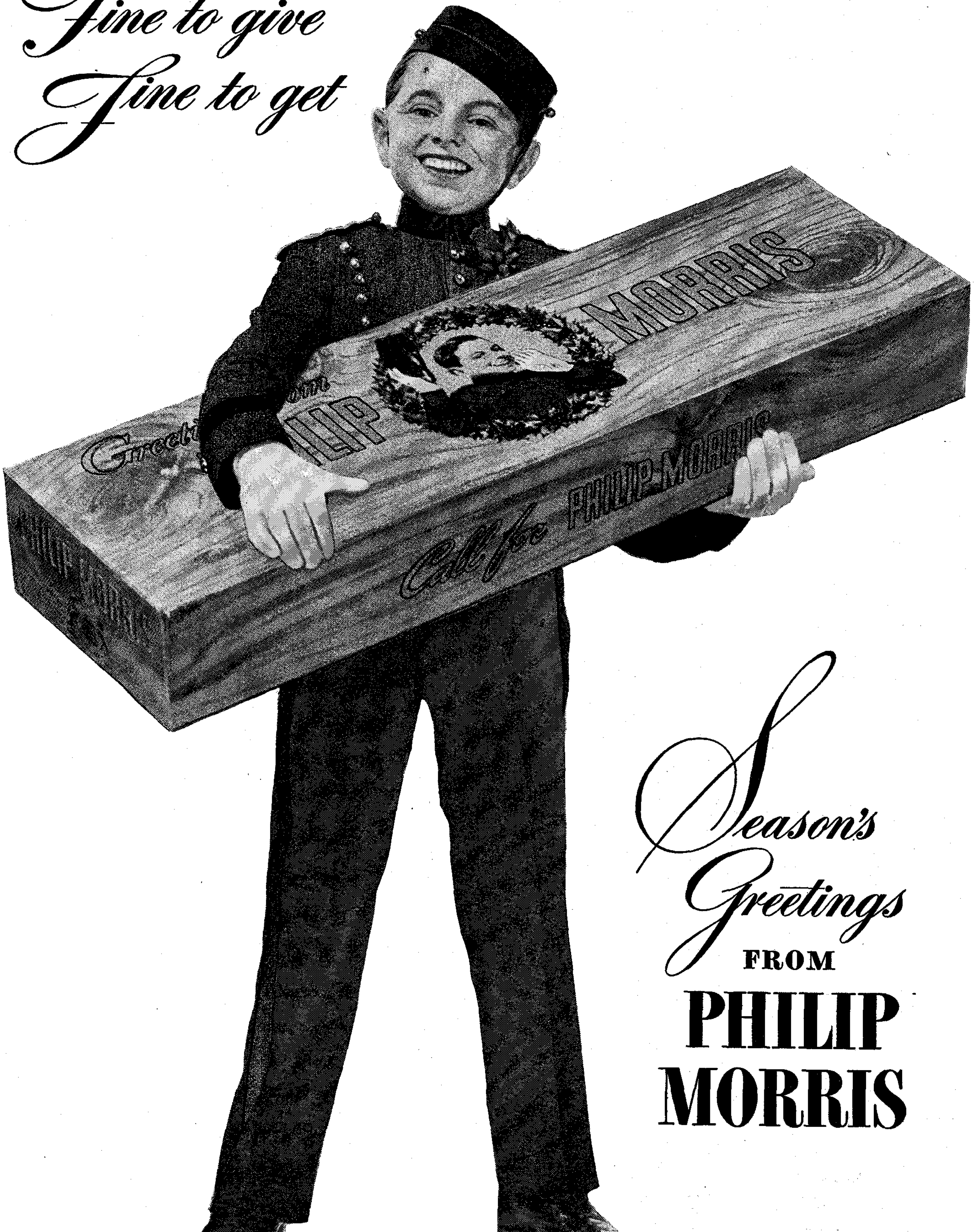
•

Filipinos who have escaped from Manila say that the city has been starved and plundered under Japanese rule. The Greater East Asia Co-prosperity Sphere seems to have turned out to be more of a Co-poverty Sphere.

•

A *Times* poll of car owners has disclosed that many drivers hope that the postwar models will give the driver a bigger windshield to look through. The manufacturers will undoubtedly be surprised to learn that motorists want to know what is going on in the outside world. —Howard Brubaker

Fine to give
Fine to get


Greetings from
PHILIP MORRIS
Call for PHILIP MORRIS
PHILIP MORRIS

Season's Greetings
FROM
PHILIP MORRIS

IF YOU CAN'T GET PHILIP MORRIS, REMEMBER, OUR FIGHTING FORCES COME FIRST

"AN IRRESISTIBLE DELIGHT!"
—*BARNES, Herald Trib.*

ALFRED de LIAGRE, Jr.
presents
Margaret Elliott
SULLAVAN & NUGENT
in
JOHN VAN DRUTEN'S
Comedy
The Voice of the Turtle
with
AUDREY CHRISTIE
MOROSCO, 45th St. W. of B'way.
Evenings 8:35 Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:35

CHERYL CRAWFORD *presents*
MARY MARTIN
JOHN BOLES
One Touch of Venus
Music by KURT WEILL
Book by S. J. PERELMAN & OGDEN NASH ! *Lyrics by* OGDEN NASH
Staged by ELIA KAZAN
Dances by Agnes de Mille
Associate producer JOHN WILDBERG
46TH ST. Theatre, West of Broadway
Evgs. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30

"BRIGHT NEW MUSICAL HIT."—*LIFE*
BLOOMER GIRL
—HAROLD ARLEN—E. Y. HARBURG, Songs
CELESTE HOLM MARGARET DOUGLASS JOAN McCRACKEN DAVID BROOKS
DOOLEY WILSON MABEL TALIAFERRO MATT BRIGGS
SHUBERT Theatre, W. 44th St. CI. 6-5990
Evs. 8:30—Mon. thru Thurs. $1.20 to $5.50; Fri. & Sat. $1.20 to $6. Tax Incl. Mats. WED. & SAT. 2:30

"*Hilarious, Irresistible.*"
—GEORGE JEAN NATHAN
CHICKEN EVERY SUNDAY
with SIDNEY BLACKMER - LOIS WILSON
PLYMOUTH Theatre, 45th St. West of B'way
Eves. 8:40. Matinees Wed. & Sat. 2:40

"THE play the whole country is talking about."—*GARLAND, Jour.-Amer.*
Anna Lucasta
MANSFIELD Theatre 47 St. W. of B'way.
Evgs. 8:40 Mats. Wed., & Sat. 2:40
Special Mats. Dec. 25, 27, 28, 29, 30.

CONCERT

CARNEGIE HALL DEC. 11 Monday Evening at 8:30
Joseph Szigeti
Violinist
Assisted at the Piano by Harry Kaufman. Program includes first N. Y. performance of *Prokofieff's* Sonata in D major and works by *Khachaturian, Stravinsky, Bach, Brahms, Shostakovich*, etc.
BALDWIN PIANO

MOTION PICTURE

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL
50th St. & 6th Ave.
Irene DUNNE • Charles BOYER
"TOGETHER AGAIN"
with Charles COBURN
A Columbia Picture
Spectacular Stage Presentation
1st Mezzanine Seats Reserved. Circle 6-4600

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Family Portrait

IN spite of the handicap of Technicolor, which Grandpa is sorry to say he still considers formidable, and the nervous tendency of the cinema to go right on talking even when there is nothing in particular to say, "Meet Me in St. Louis" is quite a picture. The principal handicap of Technicolor, to get these captious observations over with right at the start, is that it doesn't happen to be a reasonable approximation of the color of human beings or their backgrounds. A secondary one is that it is almost impossible to feature an object that is actually bright and primary in color when everything surrounding it has almost the same values. In "Meet Me in St. Louis," for instance, there is a scene featuring an enormous Christmas tree, or rather that *would* feature it if all the ladies on the set didn't look like Christmas trees, too. In regard to the length or padding of the picture at the Astor, probably two examples will do. It isn't necessary, I guess, to show eight people, in succession, refusing to eat a piece of cake because they are emotionally disturbed, or the same eight, in succession, sampling a pot of soup to establish the domestic atmosphere of St. Louis in 1903. It may even be dull.

MATINEE • 2 SHOWS
COMEDY • SHORTS

These, however, are the only two complaints I have to make against an extremely attractive picture. The story, adapted from a series by Sally Benson that originally appeared in this magazine, is rather placid, having to do with a cheerful Middle Western couple called Smith, with five children, all of whom seem to have more or less intricate emotional problems on their hands. There is Rose (Lucille Bremer), who is in love with a certain Warren Sheffield and has to carry on a very embarrassing long-distance telephone conversation with him in the presence of her vast family, who are eating tomato soup; there is Esther (Judy Garland), who loves John Truett, and sings several songs about it; there is Tootie, the youngest (Margaret O'Brien), who swipes the picture right out from under her elders' noses and has a Halloween sequence, which involves probably the most desperate practical joke in the world, that is an almost perfect combination of humor and pathos; and there are Lon and Agnes (Henry H. Daniels, Jr., and Joan Carroll), who didn't make very much impression on me one way or the other, though they had their troubles, too. Their parents are played by Mary Astor and Leon Ames, and I haven't, I guess, ever been sorrier for anybody than I was for Mr. Ames, whose promotion to head of the New York office is generally regarded by his household as a piece of personal spite. "I don't see how you can bring yourself to sit in the same room with a murderer," he tells his wife bitterly. The dialogue, taken almost intact from Mrs. Benson's pieces, is funny in a sense rather rare in the movies. A little girl who says "Oh, Esther, you're so stuck up!" when somebody wants to know why she goes around saying people are trying to kill her makes me laugh rather more heartily than I'm apt to when a famous comic sits down on something hot.

The music, in charge of Hugh Martin and Ralph Blane, is admirable and fits into the narrative sequence as unobtrusively as possible. "The Trolley Song" and "The Boy Next Door" are both fine jobs, but mainly I admire Mr. Martin (or Mr. Blane) for his dexterity in getting two elaborate street addresses (5133 and 5135 Kensington Avenue) into a lyric without too much wear and tear on the singer.

"SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS," an old Merman vehicle, is pretty good for about fifteen minutes, when Carmen Miranda is receiving radio programs through the fillings in her teeth. The rest is just a big, sloppy musical worth two hours of nobody's time. . . . The other attractions of the week were "One Mysterious Night," some kind of serial featuring Chester Morris and Janis Carter, and "That's My Baby," which is about life in a comic-strip factory. It seems the proprietor has melancholia. So have I.

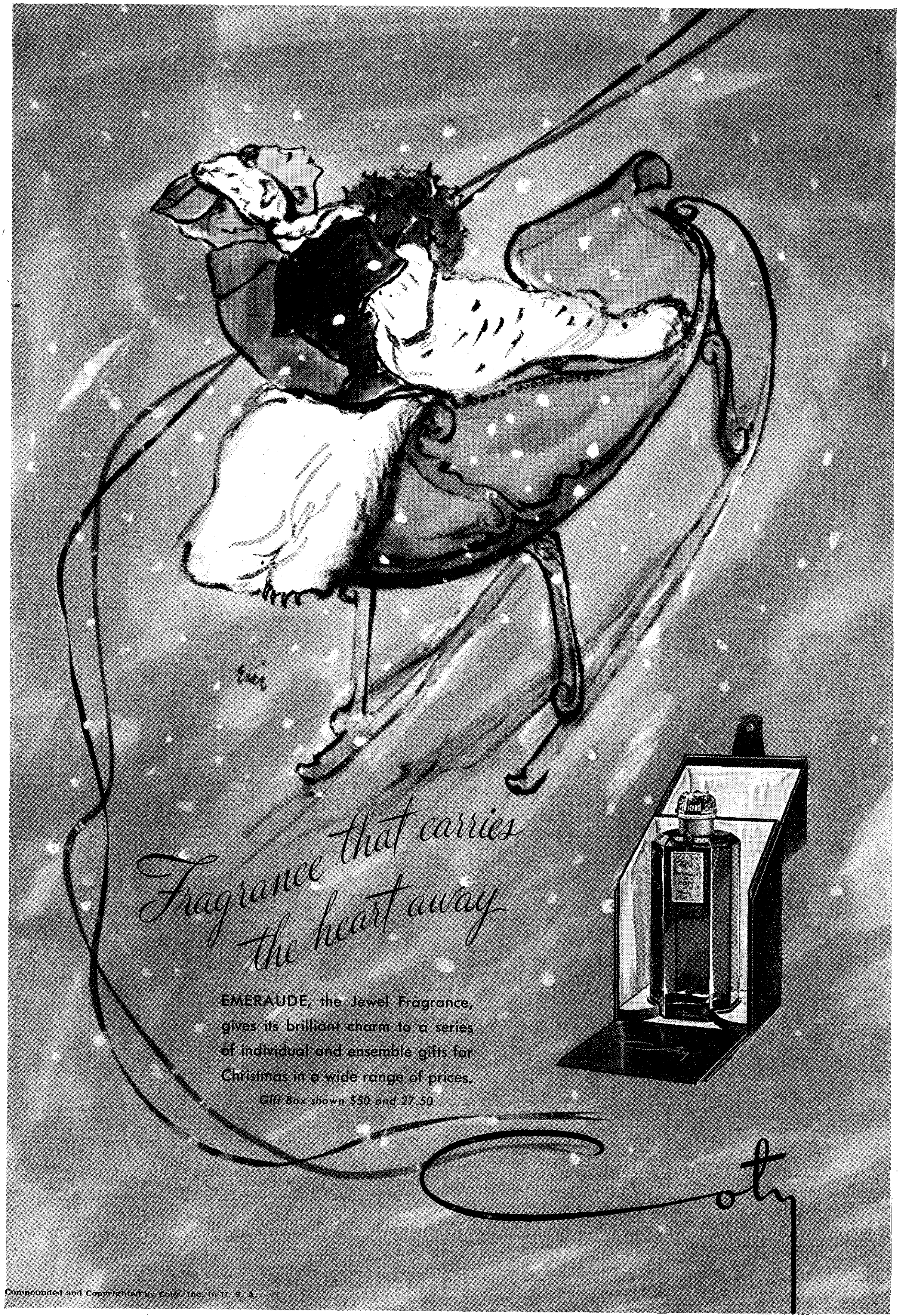
—W. G.

•

UH HUH DEPARTMENT
CENTURY OF THE COMMON MAN DIVISION

[*Evelyn Peyton Gordon in the Washington Daily News*]

The Duke of Devonshire himself is a democratic man. He has often placed his ducal dining service on exhibition for his admiring tenants to view before a great dinner took place.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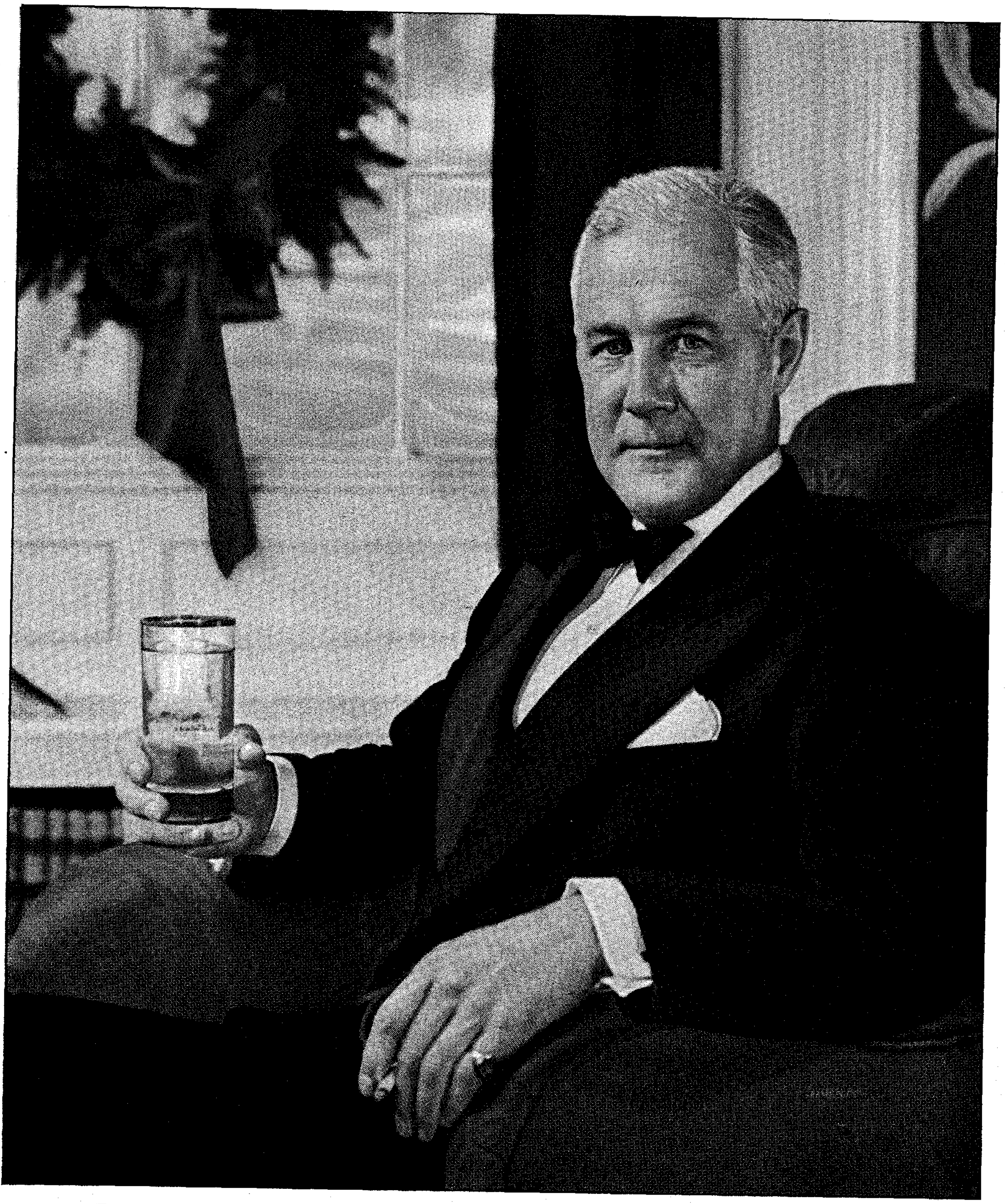

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THE REFRIGERATOR

WHEN we took the Casa Arriba in Taxco, a little blue refrigerator, capacity twenty-five pounds, stood in one corner of the veranda. As the ice melted, the water dripped onto the tile floor and, through a small hole in the porch wall, trickled into the patio, where it watered a lemon tree. Every morning Hilario, our houseboy, took a short length of rope from the nail beside the kitchen door and went down to the town for our daily piece of ice. Toward noon he dragged reluctantly back, swinging at the end of the rope all that was left of our ice after several hours of Mexican sun. He placed the ice in the little blue refrigerator, and on it Mariquita, our cook, immediately stacked all the things that demanded a modicum of cold.

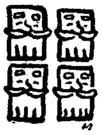
One day I said, "Mariquita, why do you try to pile everything on this little lump of ice?"

"Why indeed, *señor?*" she said.

"Here you have a refrigerator," I said, "that would hold twenty-five pounds of ice if Hilario could only manage to bring it home."

"*Ay*, yes," Mariquita said, "that Hilario! He plays marbles every morning back of González's store. Did you know that, *señor?*"

"Yes. I saw him there yesterday. But about the refrigerator—why don't you use all the compartments? Why do you try to pile milk, butter, eggs, vegetables, meat, everything on top of the ice? Don't you understand that the whole of the refrigerator is cold?"



"Yes?"

"Yes, but you don't use it. Or rather, we find everything on the racks that shouldn't be there—odd silver, the crusts from one of last month's teas, broken eggshells, a bottle of your castor oil. Refrigerators are for food."

"Of course," said Mariquita sociably.

"Throw all that trash into the ravine," I said. "Then you won't have to pile everything on the ice. Do you see?"

"Why not?" Mariquita said. "What are you going to do to that bad Hilario for playing marbles, *señor?*"

ONE Sunday noon, as my wife and I were drinking our tequila lemonades on the balcony of the Bar Paco, the local meeting place, overlooking the plaza, our landlady came up to our table and told us that we were to have another refrigerator, a much bigger one, ice capacity fifty pounds. She was buying it from an American family who were leaving for the States.

Nothing happened for more than a week, though we did hear something about the complicated negotiations for the icebox. The Americans had bought their icebox second-hand eight years before for fifty pesos. They now wanted thirty for it, but our landlady was willing to give them only twenty. The Americans stuck to their price—refrigerators are luxury goods in a Mexican town—and eventually she was forced to pay it. She finally telephoned us to say that the icebox was now really hers and she would have it carried over by the *cargadores* immediately, but it didn't come. Instead, the little blue refrigerator went on cooling the butter, its drain continued to drain, and the lemon tree received its trickle of water through the hole in the veranda wall.

Then one afternoon Hilario brought me a note from the landlady which contained two pesos and her instructions to pay this sum to the porters who were bringing us the refrigerator at that very moment. Several days later, as we were eating lunch in the patio, we saw two porters stagger up the hill, lugging the icebox, its ice-pan flap dragging by one hinge, its doors sprung, its clasps missing their mates by as good as a mile.

The porters dropped it on the veranda and announced that the carrying fee was *dos pesos cinquenta.* It was explained to them that I had a note from the landlady saying that the charge was *dos pesos* only. It was then explained to me that the nature of things demanded the charge be two-fifty, else they would carry the refrigerator back down the hill. So I added a *tostón* to the landlady's two pesos, Mariquita emptied the little blue refrigerator, the porters bore it off, and we sat down to admire the wreck that was now our icebox.

THE new refrigerator was too big to fit into the nook where the blue one had stood, between a huge Mexican imitation of a Welsh cupboard and the outside edge of the veranda, so it was placed against the house wall, next to the door to the front room. Mariquita put the usual little lump of ice in it, piled all the food, as usual, on top of the ice, got the warped doors shut somehow, and life picked up where it had left off. Only now, instead of draining unobtrusively through the out-of-the-way hole in the veranda wall onto the lemon tree, the water flowed all over the porch. Periodically Mariquita or

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The Lobster
"I'm in love with my-self,"
the lob-ster said —
"In this flat-ter-ing shade
of lob-ster red...
The on-ly thing
I lack, of course,
Is just a dash of Snider's Sauce."

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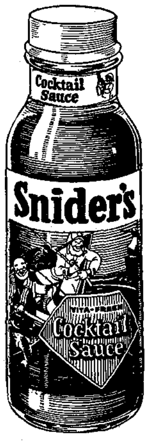

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Based on life & music of EDVARD GRIEG
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GEORGE APLEY
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Based on Mr. Marquand's Pulitzer Prize Novel
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in The TWO MRS. CARROLLS
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Soldier's Wife
ROSE FRANKEN'S COMEDY HIT
GOLDEN Theatre, West 45th St.

Hilario would emerge from the kitchen with an old rush broom and spread this water around. We then had to wade through the puddles that formerly we had been able to leap over.

Finally I spoke to Mariquita about it. "Mariquita," I said, "this can't go on."

"No," she said.

"We've got to move the refrigerator, Mariquita. And we've got to move it over to the spot where the little blue one stood."

"Why not?" she said. "That is good." Only, she reminded me, the big Mexican cupboard stood against that wall, and there was no room beside it for the enormousness of our new refrigerator.

"We will move the cupboard," I said.

"*Sí?*" Mariquita said unbelievingly.

"*Sí,*" I said, "and *pronto!*"

"Mother of mothers," Mariquita said, crossing herself, "then I will have to call Baco." Baco was the town handy man. Whenever you wanted your electricity fixed, or a new tile put on, or your water heater mended, or some painting done, you called Baco.

Of course we had to wait while Mariquita explained to the landlady that Baco was to be called so that we could move the refrigerator. This took a couple of days. Then, in conformance with the mystifying town courtesy, the request had to filter down the customary diplomatic channels of the landlady herself, which took a couple more. Then Baco had to be located by dragnet among the cantinas—another day. And finally he had to consent to appear. At last he came, days later, when we had forgotten all about him and were resigned to the flood from the refrigerator.

Baco stood on the porch, his old sombrero on the back of his head, and looked at the refrigerator while Mariquita explained in her machine-gun Spanish what was to be done.

"But you can't move it over there," he said. "It is too much of a bigness. It won't fit."

"Because of the cupboard!" Mariquita said, looking at me triumphantly.

"*Sí!*" Baco said. And with outstretched arms he began to demonstrate incompatibilities of space that were apparent to a child's naked eye.

"Tell him to stop all that," I said to Mariquita. "Tell him I know it won't fit." To have spoken directly to Baco, without recognizing Mariquita as my intermediary, would have been a breach of etiquette. She conveyed my message.

"Well, then," Baco said, shrugging his shoulders contemptuously and sitting down, "what is all this crazy gringo talk about?"

"Tell him," I said, "that we will move that big whelp of a cupboard over here where the icebox is and the icebox over there where the cupboard is."

For a moment Baco couldn't believe it. The cupboard, he said, was obviously well where it stood. And as for the icebox, could not anyone see that it was well too? You could tell it was working from the water on the floor.

"We will now move the cupboard," I told Mariquita. "Take down the dishes."

She removed the dishes while Baco and Hilario lifted the icebox out to the middle of the veranda to make way for the cupboard. Then, the cupboard cleared, they lifted it and began moving it toward its new location. Baco suddenly put his end down. The cupboard did not wish, he explained, to be moved directly from one position to another. They picked up the refrigerator and began to carry it over to where the cupboard had stood. But the cupboard, now also in the middle of the veranda, was in the way. So they put down the icebox and picked up the cupboard. This time the cupboard was agreeable. They moved it without a halt to the spot it was to occupy and set it down against the wall in a puddle of water left by the refrigerator.

"*Ay!*" said Baco suddenly, and pointed at the top of the cupboard. It was an inch too high and came against the wall switch that controlled the veranda lamps. Baco shrugged and folded his arms. Mariquita shrugged and folded her arms. Hilario shrugged, folded his arms, and said, "Alas!"

"Get it away from there," I told Baco, "before it breaks the switch."

They moved the big cupboard out again into the middle of the veranda and then, in order to give myself time to think of a solution, I suggested that we have a cigarette and a bottle of beer. *Bueno!* Everybody agreed that we had been working too hard. I passed out the beer. Baco took his, raised it aloft, cried "*Salud!*" in his deep Indian voice, and began to pour the beer down his throat. When it had vanished he banged the empty bottle down on the table at which we were sitting. I suggested that he have another. He did. Halfway through his fifth bottle, he pulled the neck out of his mouth with a report like a pistol shot and said, "We will take the switch out."

"We will what?" I said.

"We will take the switch out."

"We will not. This isn't my house. That switch is built into the adobe. You

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. . . combines soft,
deep waves with crisp curls
and creates an
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LADY SEYMOUR ALL WOOL SNOOZER

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couldn't get it out unless you took a hammer and stone chisel and broke the wall."

"But of course," Baco said.

"I'm not going to break up the landlady's wall just to move a switch."

"All right," Baco said. "We will saw off the top of the cupboard."

"No!" I protested. "That is even worse, much worse—"

"I think so too," Baco said. "So we will take the switch out." He placed his sombrero a little straighter on his head. "I will go to my house and procure the instruments. Then I will come back and we will take the switch out." He felt his way down through the patio to the gate.

"Mariquita," I called, "in the name of the Infant Jesus, come here! Tell Baco he is not to touch the *señora's* wall!"

"He is gone," Mariquita said. "I cannot tell him anything."

"Then you think he really will tear that wall out?"

"Why not?" Mariquita said, and went back to the kitchen.

TWO hours later the patio gate banged and I saw Baco weaving his way through the banana trees toward the house. He staggered onto the veranda, pushed back his sombrero, sat down heavily in a chair, and began to unload a bag—chisels, hammers, a box of plaster, a trowel.

"Baco," I began desperately.

"A thousand pardons, *señor*, a thousand pardons. I met my very old and dear friend José, and to each other it was necessary that we talk for a little time. He is a very fine man and I knew you were understanding and—"

"Baco!"

"Yes?"

"What are you going to do to this wall?"

"The wall!" Baco cried, slapping his forehead. "*Ay*, the wall!" With an effort he grasped a hammer and chisel and struggled to his feet. A rumble of beer rolled through him. "*Señor*," he said, and embraced me, swaying. "*Señor*," he whispered in my ear, "we will saw off the top of the cupboard."

An hour later the switch was moved, the hole neatly patched and painted, the cupboard and icebox properly placed, and Baco was leaving.

"*Señor*," he said to me, "I fear I have caused you some trouble."

"No, Baco, none."

"But has it not been a wonderful afternoon?"

"Why not? Perfectly beautiful! How much do I owe you, Baco?"

"*Cuánto?*" he said abjectly. "What you wish. It was a little work I did."

I gave him two pesos. "You'd better take that home to your wife and not spend it in the cantinas."

He looked at me, aggrieved. "*Señor!*" he said.

Down in the patio the evening shadows were banking up underneath the bananas, the sun had gone, and the night cold was dropping from the mountains. "*Señor,*" Baco said, "we are friends, yes?"

"But of course, Baco. You must come over again and drink some beer when there is no work to do."

"And so I will go then." He picked up his bag and raised his sombrero. "*Adiós.*"

"*Adiós,* Baco."

"Stay with God."

"Stay with God."

"Well, Mariquita," I said after Baco had gone, "there's the icebox."

"Ah," Mariquita sighed, her hands clasped before the biggest refrigerator in town, "it is *muy grande, magnífico!*"

She ran to the kitchen. I heard the water tap-tapping as it drained from the bottom of the refrigerator onto the tiles, saw it take its old course to the corner of the veranda and pass through the little opening into the patio, and, leaning over, saw the trickle oozing its damp black way toward the lemon tree.

Mariquita ran back again, in her hand a pat of butter. She opened the door of the ice compartment, manipulated the pile of food, and put the butter gently on the little lump of ice.

"Mariquita," I said, "why do you always put everything directly on the ice? Why don't you use the rest of the refrigerator?"

"Yes?"

"It's so silly. Here's this great big refrigerator—it holds fifty pounds—and every day Hilario brings home ten—five, really—and you put all the food on the ice and the rest of the icebox stands empty."

"Yes?"

"Yes. That's what I'm trying to explain. We might just as well have that little blue refrigerator we had in the first place."

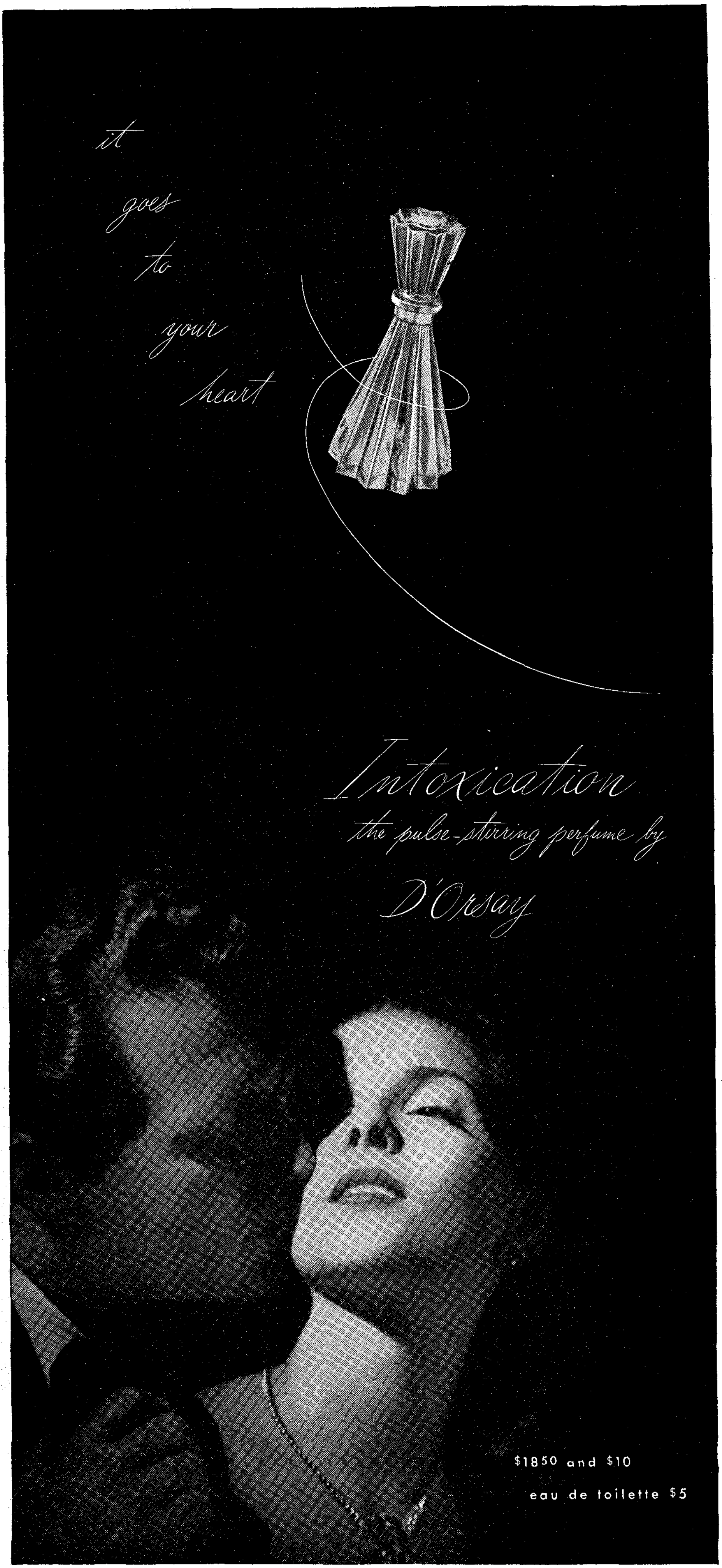
"Why not?" Mariquita said.

—LEONARD BROWN

•

W.C.T.U. monthly meeting at Boulevard Church, 1:30 pm, Monday, October 9. The meeting will be gin with prayer.—*From a program of the Community Methodist Church, Tujunga, Calif.*

Make ours gin with bitters.



THAT WAS NEW YORK

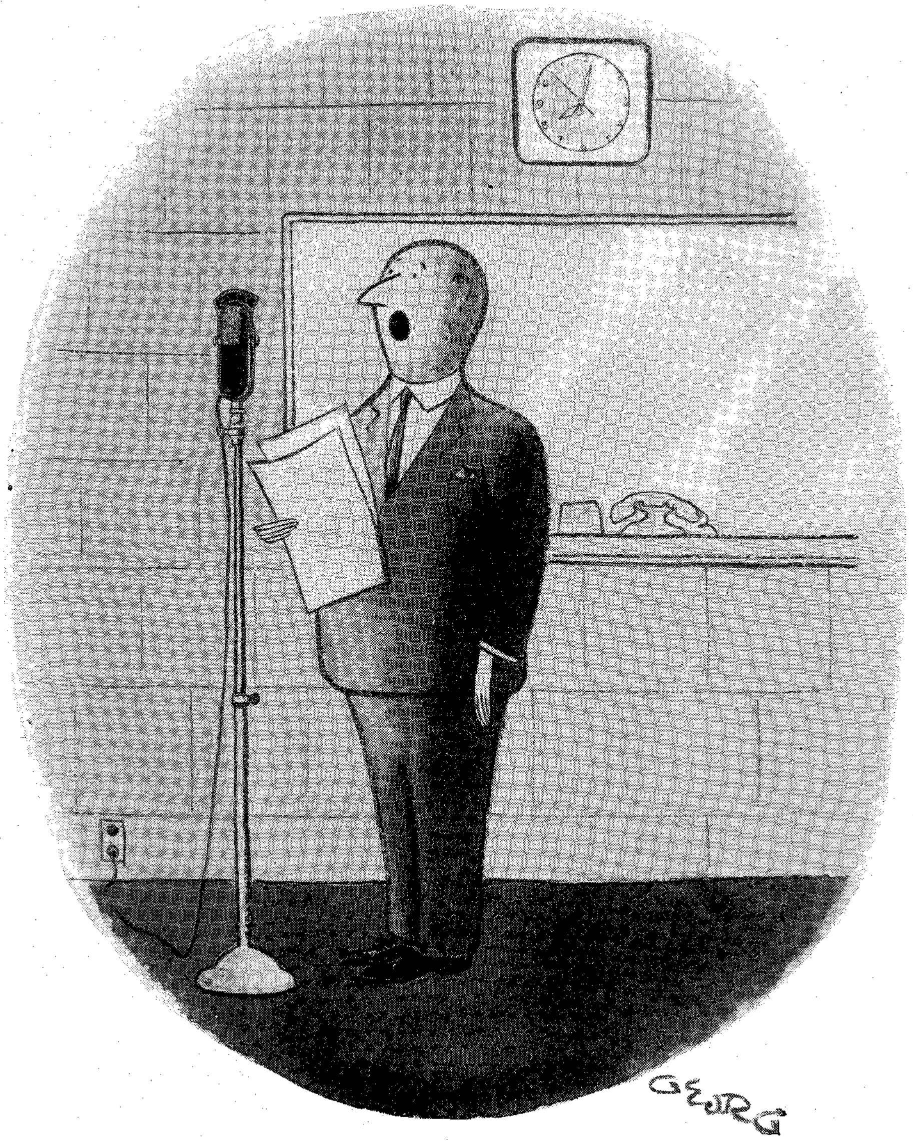
THE FIRST BALLERINA

THERE are many contemporary friends of the ballet who may be surprised to learn that a hundred and seventeen years ago, during the administration of John Quincy Adams, a large group of New Yorkers who had never heard the word "balletomane" took to their hearts with boisterous affection a woman (or was it a man?) whose execution of the first few romantic ballet steps ever seen on a local stage created a controversy that resulted in the earliest American attempt at theatrical censorship, the founding of a major New York newspaper, and the composition of some remarkable prose by Samuel F. B. Morse. The newspaper that owes its origin to this obscure forerunner of Markova and Toumanova is the *Journal of Commerce*. When it began publication, in the fall of 1827, there were no tabloid newspapers. If there had been one, it would surely have found out the sex of the central figure in the controversy, and, if the dancer had turned out to be a man, as a recent bit of evidence seems to hint, the ballet might have been laughed out of town, the *Journal* never founded, and Samuel F. B. Morse, who later invented the telegraph, spared the necessity of diverting his talents to the salvation of his fellow-citizens.

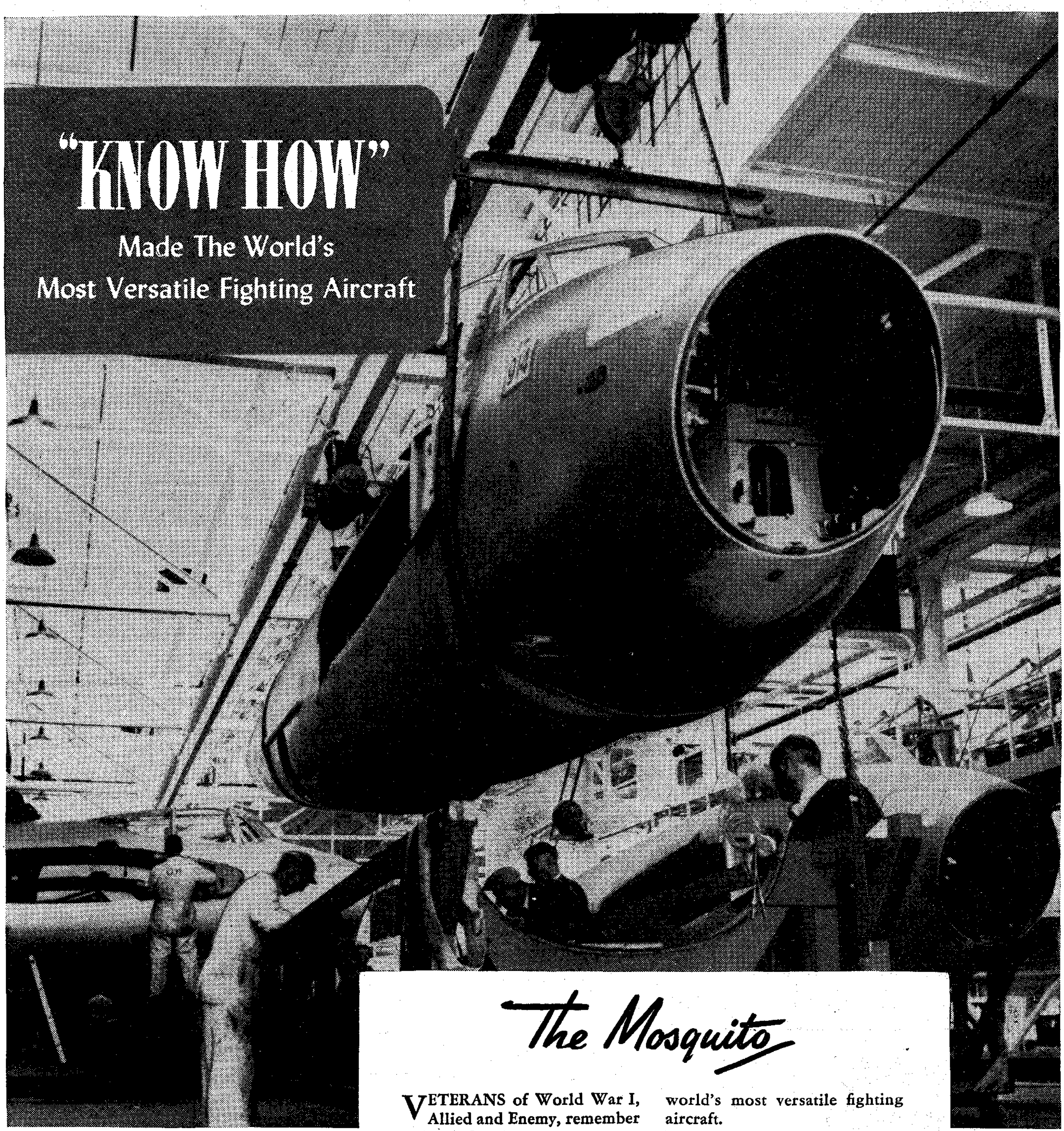
The third decade of the nineteenth century brought to New York an era of unprecedented prosperity in the theatre. With the opening of the Erie and Champlain canals in 1825, the city began to enjoy a boom, and its growing population demanded more and more recreation and culture. New Yorkers of that day were eager for novelty, were devoted to spectacle, and were so attracted by European importations that they would go to see any new act that even vaguely claimed a transatlantic origin. Producers were quick to respond to the increasing clamor for entertainment. By 1827, when the older and more settled metropolis of London had only two theatres, New York had six, dominated by the Park, on Park Row, which had been built in 1798 and had been the city's only important theatre for twenty-two years.

Among the more ambitious showmen of the day was Charles Gilfert, the general manager of the Bowery Theatre, the largest of the Park's young rivals. Gilfert had begun his career as a pit violinist at the Park and had eventually become its musical director. When New York began to expand—a yellow-fever plague in the Wall Street district in 1823 had been so alarmingly sensationalized that many families moved to the country, around Greenwich Village, where they remained while the city was growing to reach them—Gilfert decided to build a theatre for the city's uptown residents. After lining up a number of backers, he acquired the site of a tavern in the Bowery, just below Canal Street and opposite where the entrance to the Williamsburg Bridge is today. The theatre, first called the Bull's Head, after the tavern it had dislodged, was opened in October, 1826. It was later briefly called the New-York, and finally the name was officially changed to the Bowery, which is what it had always been popularly called anyway.

The Bowery Theatre was the Radio City Music Hall of its day, with a façade of cement painted to resemble marble, thirty-foot pseudo-Doric columns, the largest stage in town, an auditorium seating three thousand, and the newest marvel of the era, gas lights enclosed in ground glass. Despite these physical charms, it got off to a slow start. Theatregoers were accustomed to drama of classical severity. In contrast to the heroic tragedies being enacted at the Park by Edmund Kean, Junius Brutus Booth, and William Charles Macready—whose bitter feud with Edwin Forrest, when Forrest was playing under rival management, led to the 1849 Astor Place riot, in which twenty-



"Insist on Pasfo! Remember that when you drop the first letter and interchange the next two, simultaneously substituting an 'e' for the final 'o,' it spells 'SAFE.' Yes, Pasfo is the safe way to counteract the annoying discomfort that so often accompanies the common head cold."



The Mosquito

VETERANS of World War I, Allied and Enemy, remember well the DH 4.

Extensive and intensive experience, in the development of numerous military operational and trainer craft in the years 1914 to 1918 and in the design and production of a long cavalcade of commercial transports in the nineteen twenties and thirties, is the source of De Havilland "Know How" that made the Mosquito (DH 98) the world's most versatile fighting aircraft.

Pictured here is a section of the Assembly Line in the De Havilland plant near Toronto, Canada. A Mosquito fuselage is lowered into one of the portable cradles.

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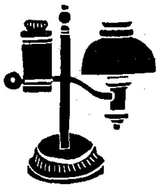
two hysterical fans were killed and thirty-six injured—the Bowery presented comedies, broad farces, interludes of singing, dancing, or acrobatics, and, on pretentious nights, a dismembered version of "Much Ado about Nothing," performed by eight actors who struggled through the elaborate plot Shakespeare had contrived for a cast of eighteen. All of this failed to attract customers in large numbers. The fashionable folk withheld their extremely important approval and persisted in considering it improper for a lady to be seen at the Bowery or, for that matter, at any theatre but the Park, which had once been visited by royalty. Gilfert raised the price of his box seats from fifty to seventy-five cents, lowered the pit price from fifty to thirty-seven and a half cents, and began to produce tragedies himself. He went even farther. With considerable hoopla, he engaged Maria Felicita Malibran, who had just finished a season of opera at the Park. For the then staggering fee of five hundred dollars a night, Gilfert persuaded her to sing abridged operas in English, supported by a company that spoke its arias, and to give recitals with a repertoire that included "Cushla-Machree." Malibran was the Bowery Theatre's first hit.



It was soon after this that the romantic ballet made its appearance in New York City. On February 6, 1827, an article appeared in the news columns of the New York *Statesman*, a second-rate daily, announcing the début the following night of a Mme. Francisque Hutin, at the Bowery. Without saying precisely what the nature of her performance was to be, although referring to "gavottes, fandangos, and minuets," the paper substantiated the rumors that had been circulating around town for several weeks that Gilfert had come up with something different. The *Statesman's* announcement included an anonymous testimonial to Mme. Hutin, which said, "I have no doubt the public taste of your city will be highly gratified by exhibitions in this delightful art, so different and far superior to anything they have ever seen." All that seemed certain was that Mme. Hutin, described as "*une jeune et jolie personne* of distinguished reputation," was to present a "new style of French dancing."

The next night, sandwiched in between the digest of "Much Ado About Nothing" and a British farce entitled "The Family Jars, or the Bull in the China Shop," there bounded onto the stage of the Bowery a youthful ballerina unlike anyone who had ever before appeared there or anywhere else in the city. A few of the startled observers in the front rows noticed that she had an engaging way of fluttering her eyelashes, and everybody, to the last row of the galleries, noticed that she was wearing a light, semi-transparent, somewhat Grecian garment that extended barely down to her calves. As she leaped across the stage in a series of pirouettes described by the management in the program as a choreographic interpretation of a roaming shepherdess, her skirt whirled into the air and showed more of the female leg (assuming it was female) than any New Yorkers had ever before seen publicly displayed. The reaction was instantaneous. "The cheeks of the greater portion of the audience were crimsoned with shame," a writer named Joseph Ireland reported some years later in his two-volume work "Records of the New York Stage," "and every lady in the lower tier of boxes immediately left the house." Undismayed by this modest withdrawal, the bold shepherdess continued to do what appeared to be the only thing she could do: pirouettes. In less than three minutes, she had finished and retired, breathing heavily, to the wings. When the curtain abruptly descended, alarm spread through the confused audience. Why was the act so uncommonly short? Had this singular, dizzy display of energy exhausted the lady? Had she injured herself by her own violence? The rising of the curtain for an encore ended the speculations. Mme. Hutin swept onstage again and repeated her routine, pirouette by pirouette, while those who remained in the audience loudly expressed their appreciation. There must have been a few whistles, too.

Mme. Hutin got a mixed press. The influential *Evening Post*, the *Times*, and the *Mercantile Advertiser* kept diplomatically quiet. They didn't print a word about her. The *National Advocate* had other ideas. "A most prodigious sensation in the New-York theatre!" it cried. "The audience appeared to be kindled with a new rage that they never had experienced before. Many may be fastidious about her wonderful movements, but her admirers will no doubt go mad with rapture and enthusiasm." This ambiguous tribute was echoed by the *Enquirer*, which, after saying that "the

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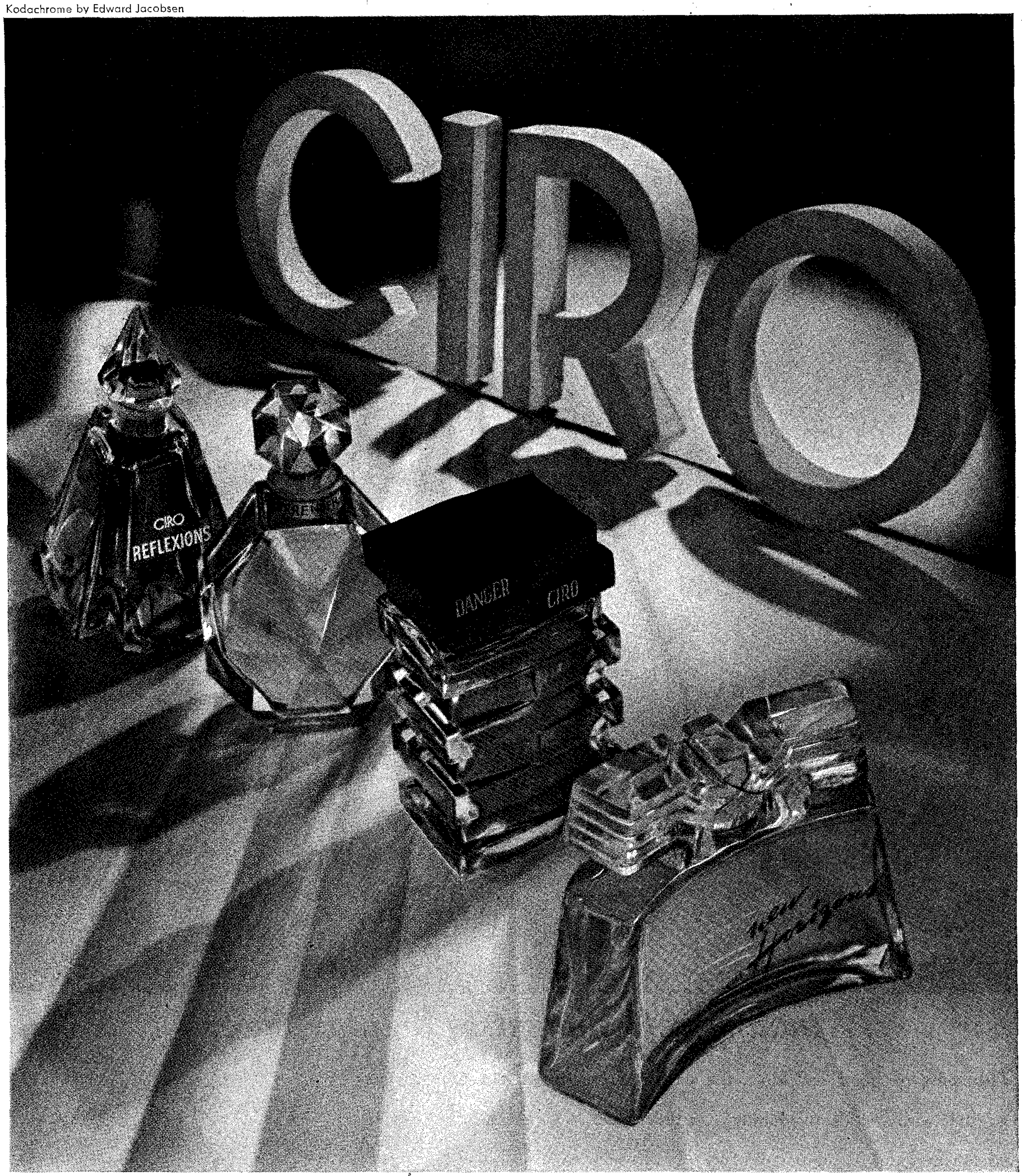
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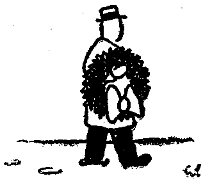
style of French dancing, though delightfully agreeable to the initiated, is rather too new and startling to 'those who have never quitted their own firesides,' " went into a detailed discussion of the artist. "Whatever beauty Madame Hutin possesses, is fairly spread before the house," the *Enquirer's* critic said. "She never lets *concealment* prey on her charms. She is above all disguise. Her manner is full of candor and frankness. It is the naked truth itself. She has all the unadorned simplicity of a Grecian statue." The *Statesman*, after paying a few critical compliments to the spectacle it had publicized in advance, rambled off into a dissertation on the propriety of stage garments in which it argued that costumes acceptable for men were entirely different from those acceptable for women, since men's clothes were "for protection and convenience" and ladies' "rather the veil of modesty, the ornament of virtue." In view of the doubt that has since arisen as to the sex of Mme. Hutin, the article reached what may have been a discerning conclusion when it suggested that the performance would be more satisfactory to everyone if, in the future, Mme. Hutin appeared in male attire.

Among the other papers in town was the *Observer*, a conservative and deeply religious weekly edited by Sidney and Richard Morse, brothers of the inventor. Samuel Morse, embittered by the public's indifference toward his work—he was then strictly a painter, specializing in landscapes and portraits of statesmen—and the private indifference of a lady he loved, reacted to the tremendous success of the spectacle at the Bowery with indignation. By courtesy of his brothers, his resentment found an outlet in a series of explosive denunciations of Mme. Hutin, who so outraged him that he could not bring himself to go to see for himself what she was like. The first of his tracts, twenty-seven hundred and fifty words long, appeared in the *Observer* on March 3rd, over the righteous, and accurate, pseudonym of "A Father," and said, in part:

"It may well excite surprise, that such an indecent exhibition as is to be seen nightly at this theatre, should be publicly announced, should be commented on in some of the papers in terms scarcely fit for a female of delicacy to read, and applauded as reflecting credit on the '*enterprising managers*' of the establishment; while not a word is hazarded of its impropriety in any of the papers, some of which preserve perfect silence, and others deal out their daily doses of common-place and nauseous praise of principals and accomplices, and assume a tone of triumph and gratulation at the unexpected discovery of the public toleration of such indecencies. I say, this may well excite surprise; and I have waited in anxious expectation that one voice at least, amidst this general lethargy, would dare to cry out, *Shame!* But no; some mysterious cause prevents; and whether my conjectures are correct as to this cause, I shall leave to your readers to decide.

"The plain fact of the matter is this: The exhibition in question is to all intents and purposes the *public exposure of a naked female*, rendered more shameless by a pretended but ineffectual concealment of her person, and more dangerous by the fascinations of graceful gesture and attitude, and the charms of music. I have not seen Madame Hutin; but I have seen Opera dancers in Europe and I envy not the reflections of the individual (if that individual ever reflects) who has deliberately introduced into our country these notorious instruments of the gross depravity of the monarchical capitals of Europe. Are we indeed prepared for this step in degradation, upon which some of the papers would congratulate us? While our patriots, and men of benevolence, are devising and carrying into operation plans of education in correct moral principles, as the only method of giving stability to our republican government, is it possible that a community calling itself moral, will encourage the importation of these lowest instruments of vice from the sinks of monarchical corruption? Are we prepared to be amused with these miserable toys which despotism provides to divert its victims from the sight and feeling of their chains? I cannot believe it; but why then this apathy? Why this silence, when such bare-faced defiance is offered to common decency?



"How much more offensive must these nuisances become, before our Grand Jury will turn their attention to theatres as the most fruitful nurseries of vice? Is there one of the Grand Jurors whose discrimination is so dull, that he cannot see through the flimsy covering with which those who call the theatre a school of morals attempt to screen the institution? In the present exhibition at least, is not the mask thrown aside?

" '*The audience was large and very respectable*,' say the papers. I flatly deny it. No *respectable female*, knowing the

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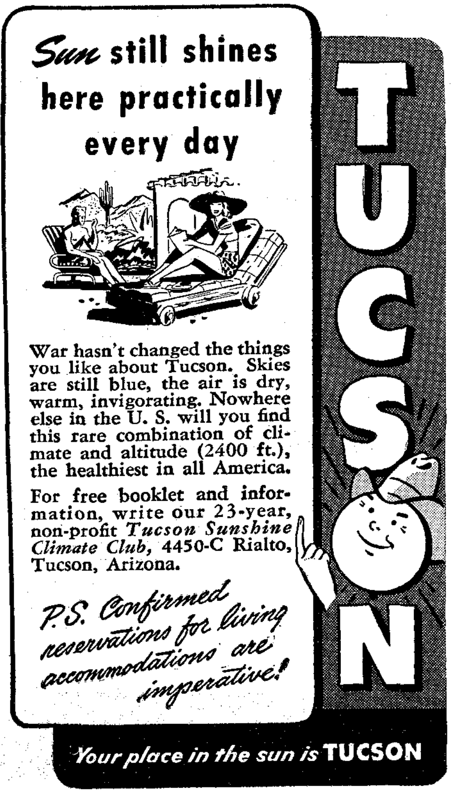

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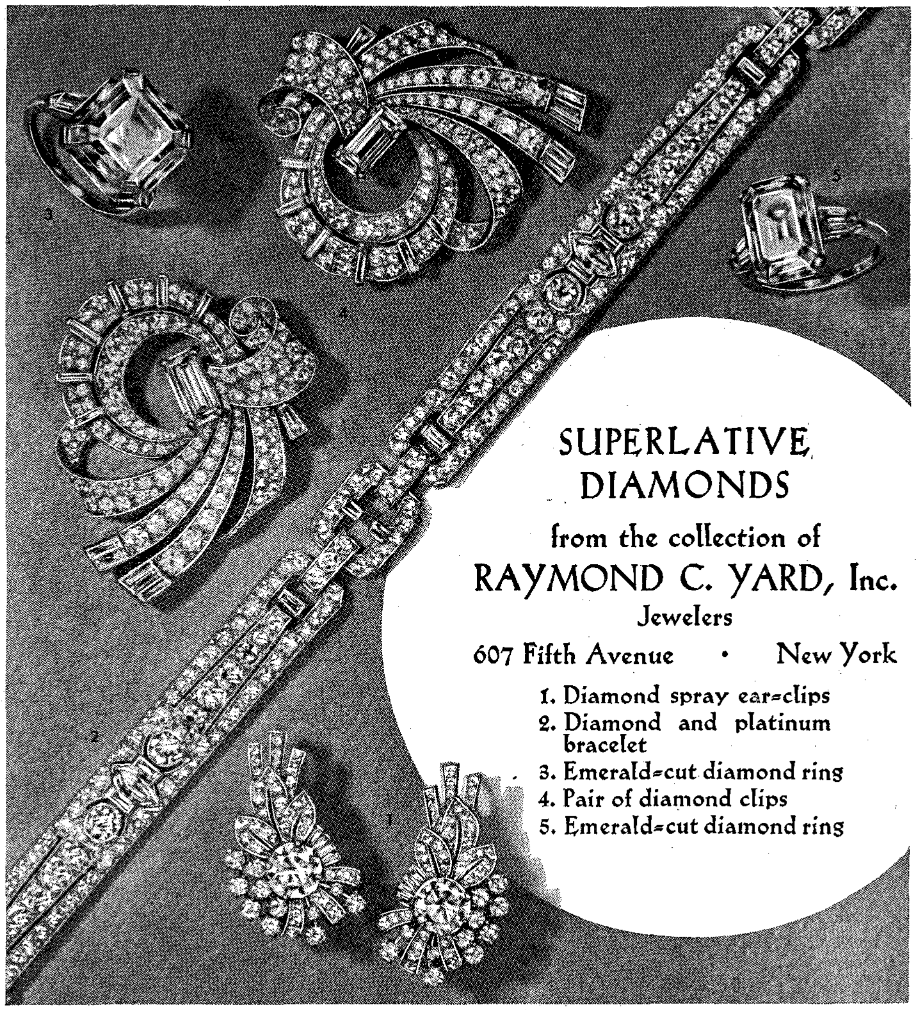
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nature of the exhibition, would hazard her reputation in the house. It is a mere puff, to calm the fears of the scrupulous. It is not denied that some, who call themselves respectable, may have attended; many may have been unwittingly led there; but no logic shall persuade me that that female can be *truly* respectable, or long hold her station in truly respectable society, who can without a blush, not only witness, but introduce as a topic of conversation, an exposure which degrades her sex and robs them of that modesty which is their protection and their ornament.

"There seems to be an unaccountable disposition, I regret to say it, in many of our *smaller cities and young flourishing villages*, to have Theatres established among them. To all such I would say, pause one moment before you take so rash a step. Turn your eyes to this city—this *theatre-ridden city!* Here you will see the natural tendency of these establishments: you will see the unblushing depravity nursed by them become so strong and bold, as to stalk in open day without fear of rebuke; and while its bulk is grown so great as thus to obtrude its unsightliness on the most careless observer, it yet conceals a mass of iniquity in its train, which, were it brought forth and exposed in its true colors, would cause the most lax moralist to shudder with horror."

MORSE's paternal rebuke appeared after Mme. Hutin, in less than a month, had become a citywide sensation. There were some unpleasant demonstrations at the Bowery and her fluttering eyelashes and whirling toes often provoked "uncouth outbursts from the gross-minded portion of the house," as one writer noted, but the theatre was jammed every night. Gilfert, hastening to capitalize on what was clearly a good thing, reinforced his ballet bill by the addition of a M. and Mme. Achille, recently of Paris, who offered a "*favorite pas de deux*" as a preliminary to Mme. Hutin's *pas seul*. The manager backed up these stars with a *corps de ballet* composed of whatever local talent he could assemble. This group of overnight coryphées, obliged for the first time in their lives to teeter nervously on one foot, included no less a future star than Mme. Céleste, who subsequently became a *première danseuse*, made a triumphant tour of the British Isles (where her audiences were informed she had come straight from the Paris Opera), and returned to the United States to wild ovations and earnings of seventy-five thousand dollars a year.

While legs remained exposed and stars were born, Morse kept hammering away at the enemy. His first attack, in its wordy entirety, was reprinted as a pamphlet at the expense of Arthur Tappan, a wealthy silk merchant and later a leading abolitionist. Two thousand copies of the outburst were sent to city government officials and other prominent citizens, probably including grand jurors, but no court action resulted. Out-of-town papers took up the issue, and an epidemic of communications from "Young Fathers," "Other Fathers," and "Grandfathers" spread through their columns. That part of the New York press which had accepted Mme. Hutin continued to defend her, and the *Observer* fought back with puritanical energy. Writers of letters to the editor seized the opportunity to get into print with their reflections on theretofore forbidden subjects. One writer produced a scathing discourse on feminine immorality abroad, another confessed that the goings on at the Bowery were more disturbing to his sense of decorum than pornographic pictures, and a third said that Mme. Hutin was directly responsible for a new breed of girls, ten to twelve years of age, who had begun to make their appearance in the city's brothels.

As the hubbub went on, Morse grew more and more outraged. He wanted the city's theatres curbed before all standards of propriety were irreparably damaged by the ballet, and he accused the press of irresponsibility, if not downright collusion. Critics, he said, had been bribed, by means of free tickets and fat advertising contracts, into misleading the public. Clearly, what the community needed was an uncorruptible daily journal dedicated to The Truth. His friend Tappan offered to start one. Three weeks after Morse's first article, the *Observer* announced the impending publication of a new daily, the *Journal of Commerce*, the columns of which would be unsullied by theatre and lottery ads and which would be devoted to "improvements in Literature, Science, and the Arts." "What in the name of common sense has *commerce* to do with it?" inquired the *Mirror* pettishly.

While Tappan and Morse were still talking over plans for the newspaper, business continued to boom at the Bowery. Gilfert, stimulated by success, did away with the traditional farce that had ended his programs and substituted a "grand melo-drama" called "Timour the Tartar," which involved a great deal of complicated machinery, dozens of supernumeraries clashing with swords and battle-axes, rich Oriental scenery, and an enormous cast of horses. By then Mme. Hutin, perhaps moved by a desire to avoid censorship, had supplemented her Grecian garment with a pair of gauzy Turkish harem pants. In this cosmopolitan attire, she continued, unmolested, doing her now celebrated *pas seul* and also performing with the Achilles. Once she even appeared in pantomime as a minor character in the melo-drama, evidently to prove that she could toil as well as spin. The ballet flourished to such an extent that even the Park Theatre began grudgingly to work a little ballet dancing in here and there. By that time, Gilfert, completely carried away, had hired half a dozen other solo dancers. His main attraction, however, continued to be his first ballerina. By the time the *Journal of Commerce* finally made its appearance, on September 1, 1827, the reform movement had practically come to a standstill. Gilfert's response to the *Journal's* first edition was to put on his most ambitious production, "The Caliph of Bagdad," a *ballet d'action*, complete with a plot and spoken lines. The program of this spectacle ascribed the choreography to a M. Labasse, and the cast included Mme. Hutin, who, more or less independent of the Caliph, usurped the stage from time to time, pirouetting and fluttering her eyelashes in her usual fashion. A few months later, she married her choreographer, Labasse, and his death followed in reasonably short order.

FOR another year or so, the Bowery's ballet possessed the town, and Mme. Hutin was so indisputably the town favorite that other theatres, presenting facsimiles, were almost empty. The reform movement collapsed, and Mme. Hutin discarded her Turkish trousers and went back to her original costume. Morse, discouraged by the futility of his crusade, abandoned morals and returned to his painting. Then, on May 26, 1828, as the profitable winter season was drawing to a close, the Bowery burned to the ground. Mme. Hutin was never the same again. Gilfert rebuilt the theatre in eighty-five days and used that enforced intermission to add to his repertory M. and Mme. Ronzi Vestris, who were recognized European stars and who had one attribute it had never occurred to anyone to demand of Mme. Hutin—they could really dance. Mme. Hutin was obliged to take a subordinate rôle and the public, less inclined

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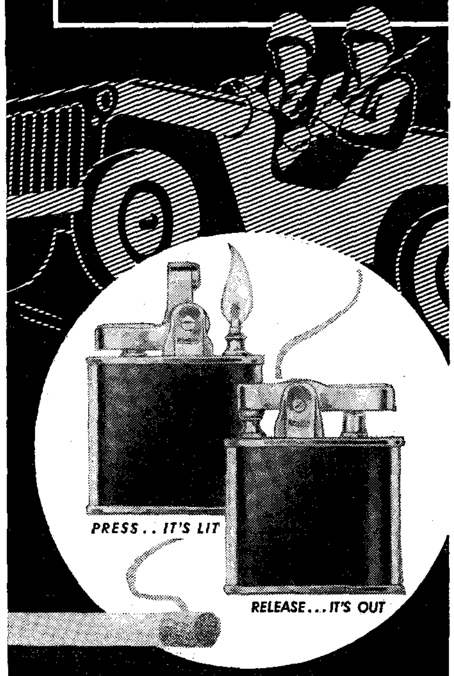

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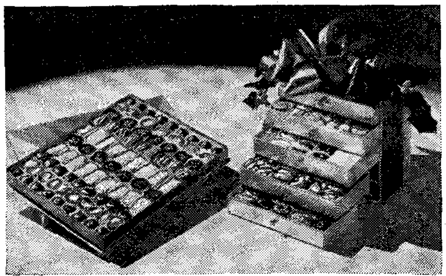

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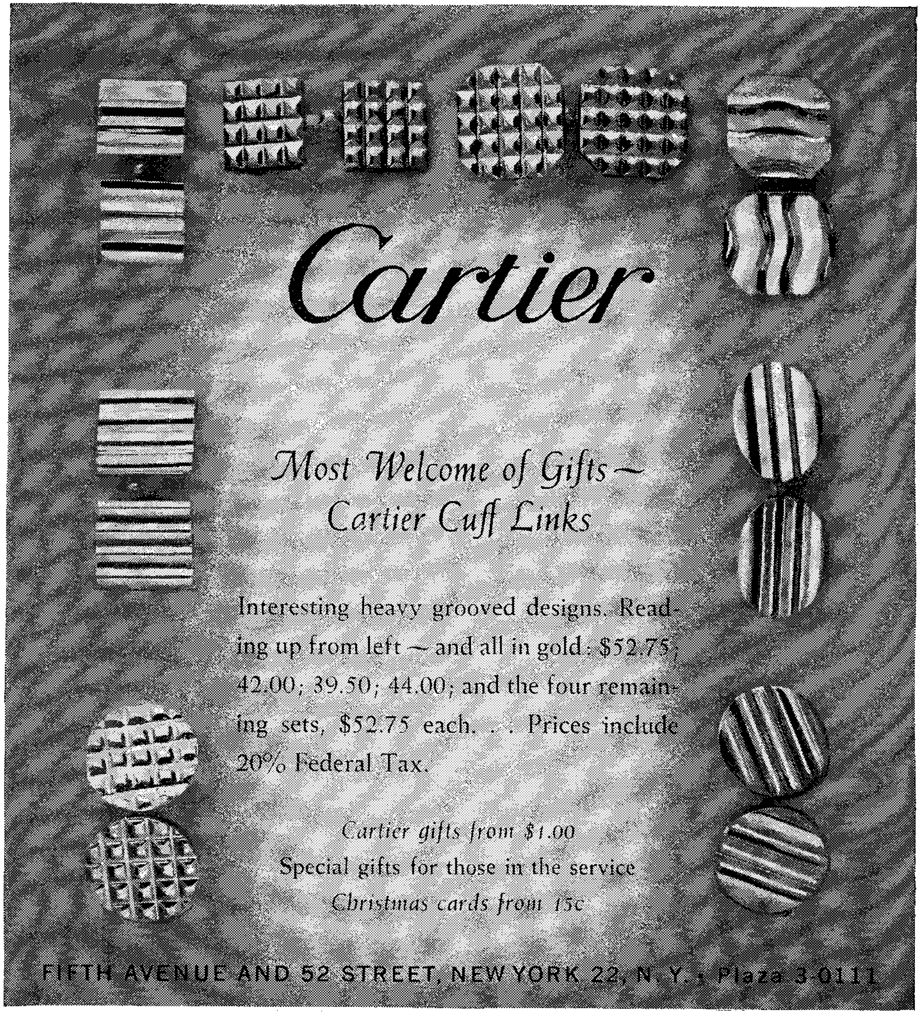

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toward art than toward sheer novelty, began to stay away.

In 1829, the public suddenly lost interest in the theatre altogether and took up the masquerade. The Bowery and other theatres were compelled to convert themselves frantically into public ballrooms, providing costumes for ticket holders too inconspicuously dressed. In the fall of 1829 the Bowery went out of business. Gilfert died a month later, and the management of the Park happily bought its troublesome rival, locked the Bowery's doors, and kept the place shut for a year.

Next to nothing is known about Mme. Francisque Hutin's last days. It appears that she danced in New York only twice after Gilfert's death, once in 1830 and again in 1831. Each time she did her old dance as the shepherdess. A critic, commenting on the second of these performances, described her as "a widow and in poverty." Little else is known about her. There are no portraits of her, no records of her having had any friends, admirers, or relatives (except M. Labasse), no faded journals or diaries. Whether or not she returned to Europe—or whether, indeed, she came from there in the first place—has never been established. Students of the history of the ballet were given one possible clue to who she really was when the second edition of Lyonnet's "Dictionnaire des Comediens Français" was published in 1912. In that massive catalogue there is listed a Louis Auguste Hutin, a man, born in 1808 and known professionally as "Francisque, *le jeune*." He became an actor in his early teens. At the age of eighteen, in 1826, he left Paris "for the provinces." He returned in 1831. According to Lyonnet, one of Francisque's most conspicuous characteristics was the droll way he fluttered his eyelashes.

—CHRISTOPHER LAZARE

•

I AM NOW—Dealing in old stamps, books, and coins which I intend to do and which I have a right to do. I am not interested in any way in my former cleaning and floor finishing business. Ezra Williams.—*Notice in the Ithaca* (*N.Y.*) *Journal.*

Clear to everybody?

•

THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

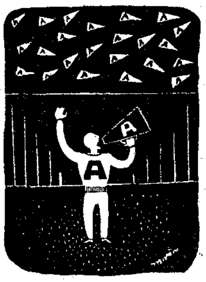
Danton Walker, in the News, September 6, 1944:

F.D.R., if re-elected, will appoint Henry Wallace Secretary of State, to appease the CIO. Congress will turn down the appointment and Cordell Hull will stay right on the job.

FOOTBALL

Climax

SOMETHING always tries to interfere with the football game of the century, which, the memory of man being what it is, is played a lot more frequently than once every hundred years. The last game of the century, nine years ago—in which Dartmouth and Princeton, both undefeated teams, met toward the end of the season—was played on a field covered with several inches of snow and in the midst of a rampant blizzard. This fall's greatest show on earth—the match between Army and Navy, down in Baltimore—took place on a surface compounded partly of brand-new turf and partly of worn-out turf, all of which had been soaked three days in rain water, frozen the night before, halfway thawed out in the morning, and then sprinkled lightly with snow just before game time. Nevertheless, Army and Navy lived up to their advance notices, just as Dartmouth and Princeton had done in their time. There had been some muttering during the week about the brand-new turf in Baltimore Stadium; certain authorities, it appeared, suspected that Navy had had it laid with the idea of slowing up Army's fast, heavy backs. As it happened, the new sod was a happy idea, for what there was of the old grass had, by the time the cadets and midshipmen had paraded across the field to their seats, turned mostly to mud. And as for slowing up Army's fast, heavy backs, the game was not five minutes old before it was plain that Navy's fast, light backs were slipping and falling as often as the Army men.



In fact, it wasn't Navy's day for a number of reasons. On the kickoff, Whitmire, Navy's mighty tackle, hurt his knee. On the next play, it became apparent that Army, unlike Navy's other opponents this season, was not going to be fooled by Jenkins' favorite play, a delayed plunge through the middle of the line. Jenkins tried the Army line twice more, and the second time he not only wrenched the leg which had been bothering him since the Cornell game but was knocked dizzy. Whitmire, who is a wonderful hand at guessing where an enemy ball-carrier is going to turn up, kept on as best he could until toward the end of the first half, but Jenkins had to be taken out of the game as soon as he was banged up, and he made only a brief and faltering appearance in the second half. With Jenkins went the ball game, as far as Navy was concerned, for, next to Hamberg, he was Navy's best runner and passer this season. Hamberg did what he could; he got Navy one touchdown and twice he seemed on the point of getting Navy another, but he needed a little more help and a little more rest than he was getting, and without Jenkins he couldn't even hope to get enough of either.

I don't think I ever before saw a team improve as much over a season as Army has this fall. Against Pittsburgh, one of the most minor of the minor college teams, it looked large and capable but also rather foolish. Against Notre Dame and Navy, teams of an entirely different stripe, it looked smooth and deadly, without nerves and without mercy. Blaik, the Army coach, brought his men down to the Navy game in as fine a fettle as any group of players has ever been in. The effect of Blaik's conditioning was especially noticeable in Lombardo. Lombardo, though he was the team captain and a fine quarterback, had been overshadowed this year by Kenna, who had played very little football the past two seasons because of an unpredictable leg. But there was no stopping—or certainly very little stopping—Army last Saturday when Lombardo was running it. For all the speed and deftness of his more celebrated teammates, Lombardo seemed to me to be the works that day.

Well, it was a fine end to a season that turned out better than most of us had expected. Other years, perhaps, there will be other great teams, with players who will make us forget Army's Lombardo and Kenna and Davis and Blanchard and Stanowicz and Minor and Coulter, with players who will make us forget Navy's Hamberg and Jenkins and Scott and Whitmire and the two Martins, Jack and Ben. I say perhaps, but I doubt that you could have found anyone aboard the long line of trolley cars that tooled away from Baltimore Stadium after Saturday's game who would agree.

—J. W. L.

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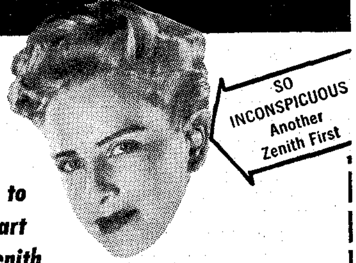
NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Richmond* (*Va.*) *Times-Dispatch*]

He is survived by his second widow.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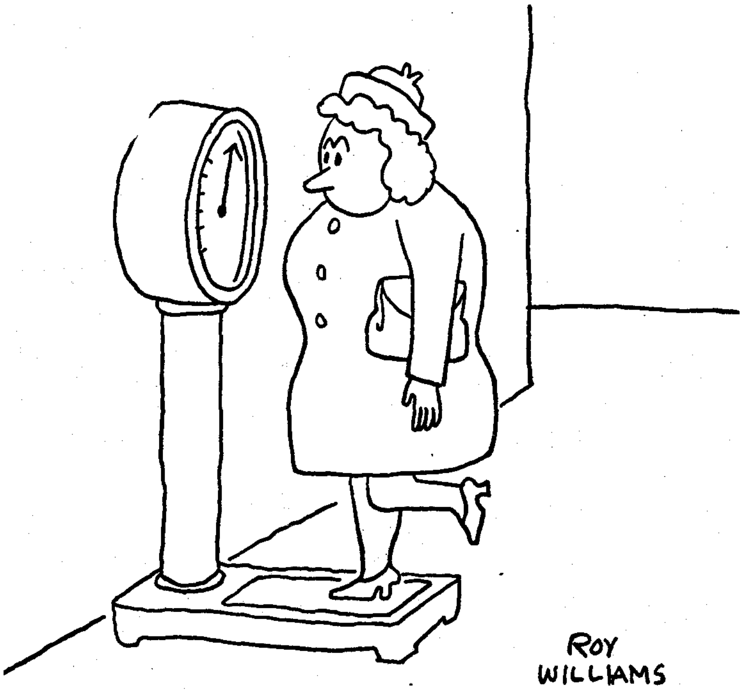
THE MAIDEN VOYAGE OF LST 169—VII

LATE in the summer of 1943, three months after the LST 169, a new Landing Ship, Tanks, on which I was gunnery officer, left Evansville, Indiana, and sailed down the Mississippi, it wearily put into the harbor of an advanced base in the Aleutian Islands. There we anchored. We had made many stops on our nine-thousand-mile voyage. The last leg, which was from Kodiak Island, off the coast of Alaska, had been particularly arduous: we had carried not tanks but a fully manned LCT (Landing Craft, Tanks) on our deck, many tons of miscellaneous war material, a big black Eskimo puppy named Kodiak, and more than two hundred and fifty Army officers and men; the weather had been either blustery or foggy, and the water rough. As soon as we had put the soldiers over the side and discharged our cargo, everyone in the 169's crew, which was entirely Coast Guard, made for his bunk. It was a good thing that we grabbed this rest when we could, because the next day we were struck by a williwaw, a gentle-named, violent wind peculiar to the region. It hit without warning, bringing a cold and pounding rain with it, and played with our fifty-five-hundred-ton ship as if it were a stick of wood. For thirty-six hours we fought to keep the 169 from dragging her anchors. The harbor was crowded and one drifting vessel could have caused as much damage as an enemy attack. Then the storm stopped abruptly.

In the next several days we had more williwaws, and we began to understand what the Aleuts meant when they said that this was the place bad weather was made. When there wasn't a williwaw, there was usually a cold, clammy fog. Once in a while, however, the fog lifted and we could see, spread over the tundra, the docks, warehouses, and administration buildings of a big military base, and, behind them, green valleys and snow-covered peaks. At those rare, bright moments the island seemed a beautiful place. Most of the time, however, we lived in a formless, bleak, fogbound world. We could hear fighter planes and bombers taking off and climbing through the low ceilings, and we figured that in this land of almost perpetual mist only fliers ever got to see much of the sun.



AFTER the 169 and the other LSTs in our flotilla had been in the harbor a week, our flag officer announced that on the next moderately clear day we would all sail to a nearby island and practice landing operations on the beach. Broaching the beach was known, in our particular amphibious circle, as 1-Mike, which stood for 1-M, which in turn was our ship-to-ship signal in coördinating the operation. We got a fairly clear day before long and began our practice. Beaching an LST is accomplished by dropping the two-ton stern anchor when the ship is about five hundred feet offshore and simultaneously slowing the engines to one-third speed. When the nose of the ship has almost touched shore, the men astern stop paying out the anchor cable so that it will be taut when the ship grinds to a stop. The LST is thus held in position by its own weight on the beach and a tight cable astern. The ramp of the ship is let down and whatever the ship is carrying goes down it to the shore. On an LST the cargo may be tanks, of course, but it is also quite likely to be soldiers, trucks, ammunition, or hospital supplies. Each of the seven officers on the 169 had a station during 1-Mike. Ensign Caplan, our supply officer, was in charge of six men who looked after the stern anchor. I, being gunnery officer, was on the con, which is what LST people call the bridge, to direct our fire against whatever opposition we might encounter. I had also to see that all our guns were manned and that the telephone lines between them and my talker, an enlisted man on the con whose job was to relay my orders, were in good working condition. The ship's first lieutenant was at the bow, in charge of fifteen men whose job was to open the bow doors and lower the ramp. The skipper and executive officer were also on the con, the skipper running the whole show and giving orders to the engine room in accordance with information received by telephone from various points about the ship, and the executive standing by ready to take over in case anything happened to the skipper. The communications officer was in the radio shack to handle any incoming or outgoing messages, and the engineering officer was, naturally enough, in the engine room. Our 1-Mike went all right, except that one LST in the flotilla somehow, somewhere lost an anchor.

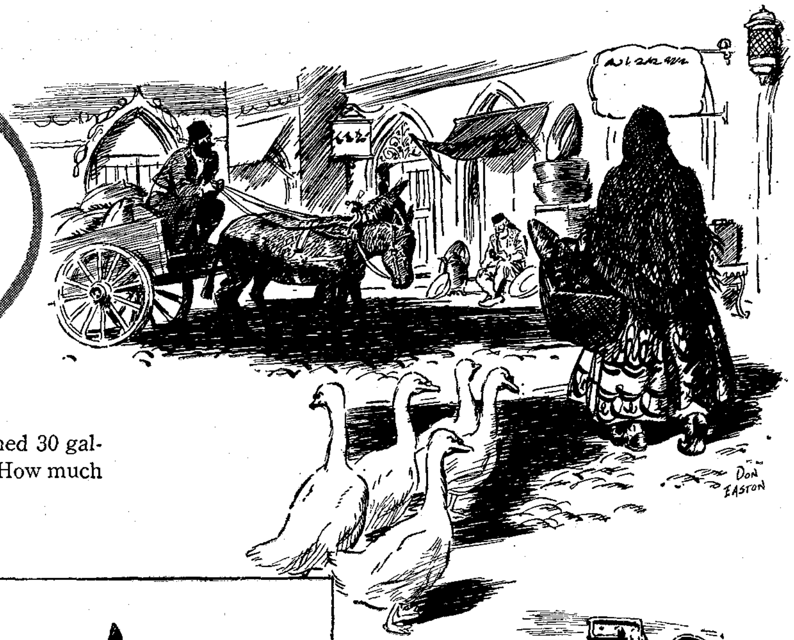
ALL our ships went back to our base and waited for word to begin the final leg of our maiden voyage, which was to take us to Kiska and, we had no doubt, into bloody contact with the Japanese. During our stay I hung around the base barbershop a lot, indulging in the luxury of store shaves and vast amounts of barber talk. The shop was a frame shack, with three modern barber chairs and a homemade wooden one. There were two 1940 issues of *Life* on a table, some chairs for waiting customers, and four Army barbers. They talked just the way the barbers did in a shop I used to go to in a small Ohio town. The radio was usually on, tuned either to the news or music from the mainland or to a Tokio station. When Tokio was on, we heard Japanese speakers chattering in good English, or else a motherly woman who spoke in a folksy, rather soothing way. The barbers usually swore at her when she came on. Altogether, the barbershop was a pleasant place.

One day, outside the shop, I ran into Hugh Bone, a tall, lanky fellow who had been a good friend of mine at Ohio State University some ten years before. In those days we had both been members of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps, and we had been quite positive that

PICTURE

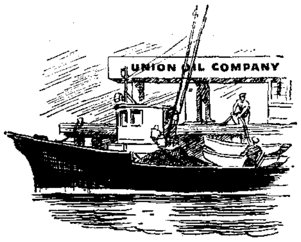
QUIZ

ANSWERS AT BOTTOM OF PAGE



1 Before the war, the people of Europe consumed 30 gallons of petroleum products per capita each year. How much do you think the American people consumed?

28 ☐ 206 ☐ 427 ☐

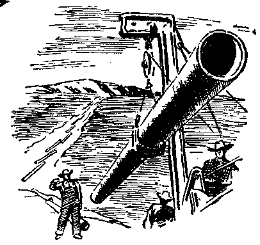


2 The largest single oil company in the U. S. does less than 13% of the nation's oil business. How many oil companies would you guess there are in this country altogether?

87 ☐ 946 ☐ 8,267 ☐

3 Last year, Union Oil Company made a net profit of $7,269,199—6.6% on business done for the year. How much did this average per stockholder-owner?

$231.69 ☐ $2,356.22 ☐ $15,632.41 ☐



4 Everyone who works at Union Oil has to have "tools"—a desk, a tank truck or perhaps even a $6,000,000 refining unit. How much do you think equipment costs will *average* per employee?

$946 ☐ $4,251 ☐ $39,504 ☐

5 It costs anywhere from $95,000 to $230,000 to prospect for oil in a single unproved area. What are your chances of actually *getting* oil after all this?

1 in 2 ☐ 1 in 3 ☐ 1 in 12 ☐

6 In Rome before the war gasoline cost 81c a gallon. In Berlin it was 59c; in Warsaw 40c. World average was 33.7c. *U. S. average 18¾c.* What caused the difference?

U. S. Govt. Regulation ☐ Competition in U. S. ☐ Govt. Regulation Abroad ☐

7 Last year Union Oil took in $110,000,000 from the sale of its products. $4,500,000 went for dividends. How much went to employees as wages?

6 million ☐ 15½ million ☐
24½ million ☐

ANSWERS

1 *427 gallons per capita, per year.* The average American's life is just about 14 times as mechanized as the average European's.

2 *There are 8,267 individual oil companies in the U. S.* For finding, drilling, processing and transporting petroleum products to you they average about 8/10ths of a cent profit per gallon.

3 $7,269,199 looks like a lot of money, but it was divided among a lot of people—31,375. Net profits averaged $231.69 per stockholder.

4 $39,504—That's why, in some industries, you have to pool the money of a *lot of people* under legal agreements known as corporations.

5 1 in 12—But by dividing this risk among a lot of people, as Union does ($230,000÷31,375 stockholders = $7.33 per owner), we have enough capital to keep going until we find oil.

6 *Competition.* No nation in the world has had as many oil companies (8,267) competing for the business. No nation has had less governmental control of the industry.

7 24½ million—Union Oil employees got approximately $5.21 in wages for every $1.00 that went to the stockholders.

UNION OIL COMPANY
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AMERICA'S FIFTH FREEDOM IS FREE ENTERPRISE

there would never be another war. Still, we were not as surprised at meeting in the Aleutians in the middle of a war as we should have been. Neither of us could tell the other's rank or even his arm of the service, because we both wore the standard Army-Navy outfit for the area—khaki trousers, an overseas cap, a sheepskin jacket, and no insignia. Bone turned out to be an Army Signal Corps lieutenant. We went to the officers' club at the Army base for a drink. The club building, a couple of Quonset huts pushed together, was crowded. The only men wearing full uniforms were the Army Air Forces fellows, who were considered fops around the club. Bone told me he was going to be in on the invasion of Kiska, too. That evening I had dinner with him at his mess, and afterward we went to his unit's command tent and looked at some aerial-reconnaissance photographs of Kiska. In one picture the faces of the Japanese anti-aircraft gunners were clearly visible. They looked frightened.

WHEN I had nothing else to do at the base, I took walks with Ensign Caplan. Many of the Quonset huts in which the soldiers lived, four to a hut, had wooden signs on the doors, bearing their names. Several thresholds were guarded by bright-eyed sled dogs, and in front of a few of the huts there were flower gardens. The tundra grass on the island was sprinkled with fragile pink and blue flowers, and often we heard birds singing in clear, sweet notes that made us homesick for a land where the sun shone in summer. As our stay continued, more and more ships arrived—battleships, cruisers, and dozens of smaller vessels. We began to wish, as time went on, that we had soldiers on board again: There were two reasons. First, if we had troops with us, there would be crap games to stimulate the circulation of money and equipment. Second, the Army gave us a change of diet. When soldiers came aboard the LST, our cooks, cutting loose a bit because we had company, supplemented our regular supply of bread by baking wonderful hot biscuits, on which we would pile butter and jam. The Army men never quite understood why we were so glad to see them.

—Richard J. Theobald

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What impresses one most about Mme. Kolessa's playing is her ability to get right inside the piano.—*University of Toronto Varsity.*

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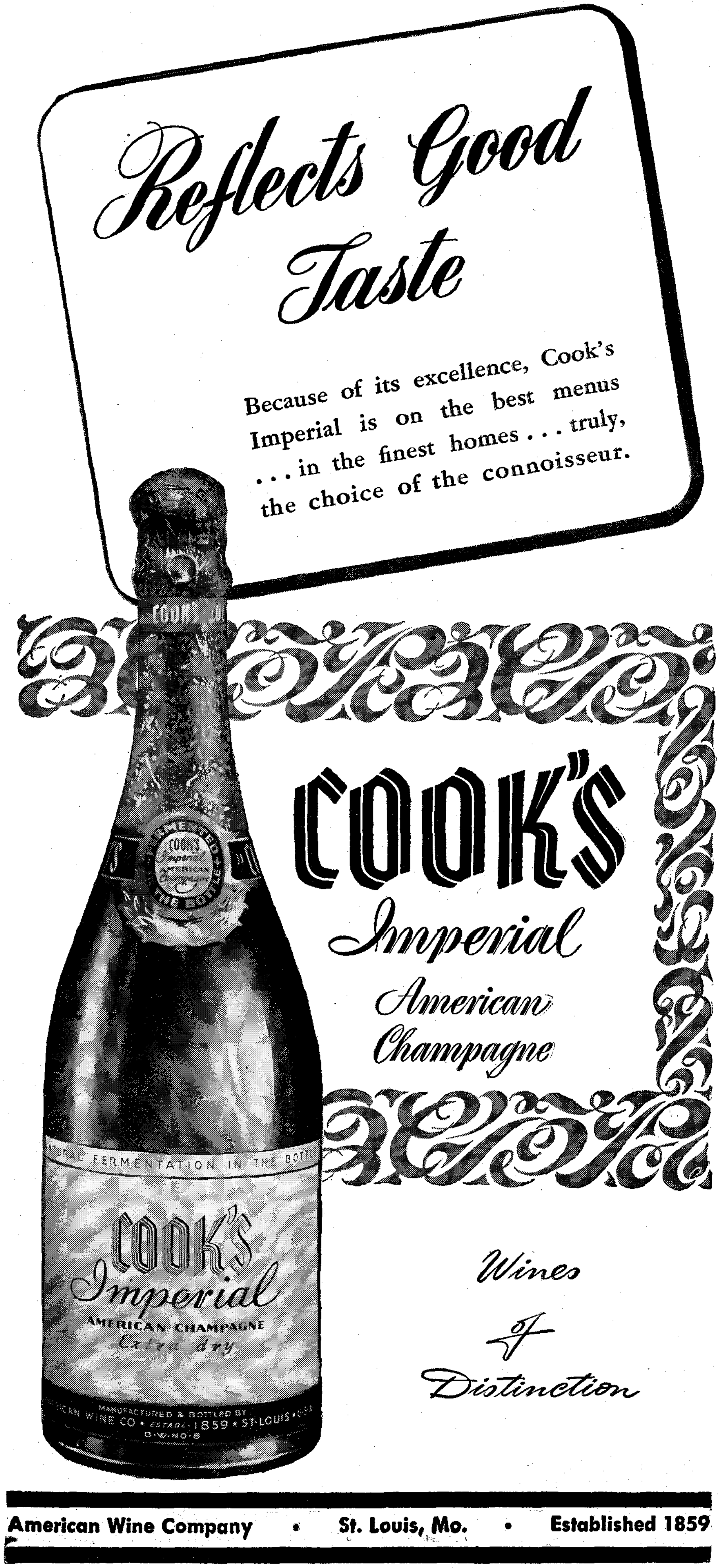
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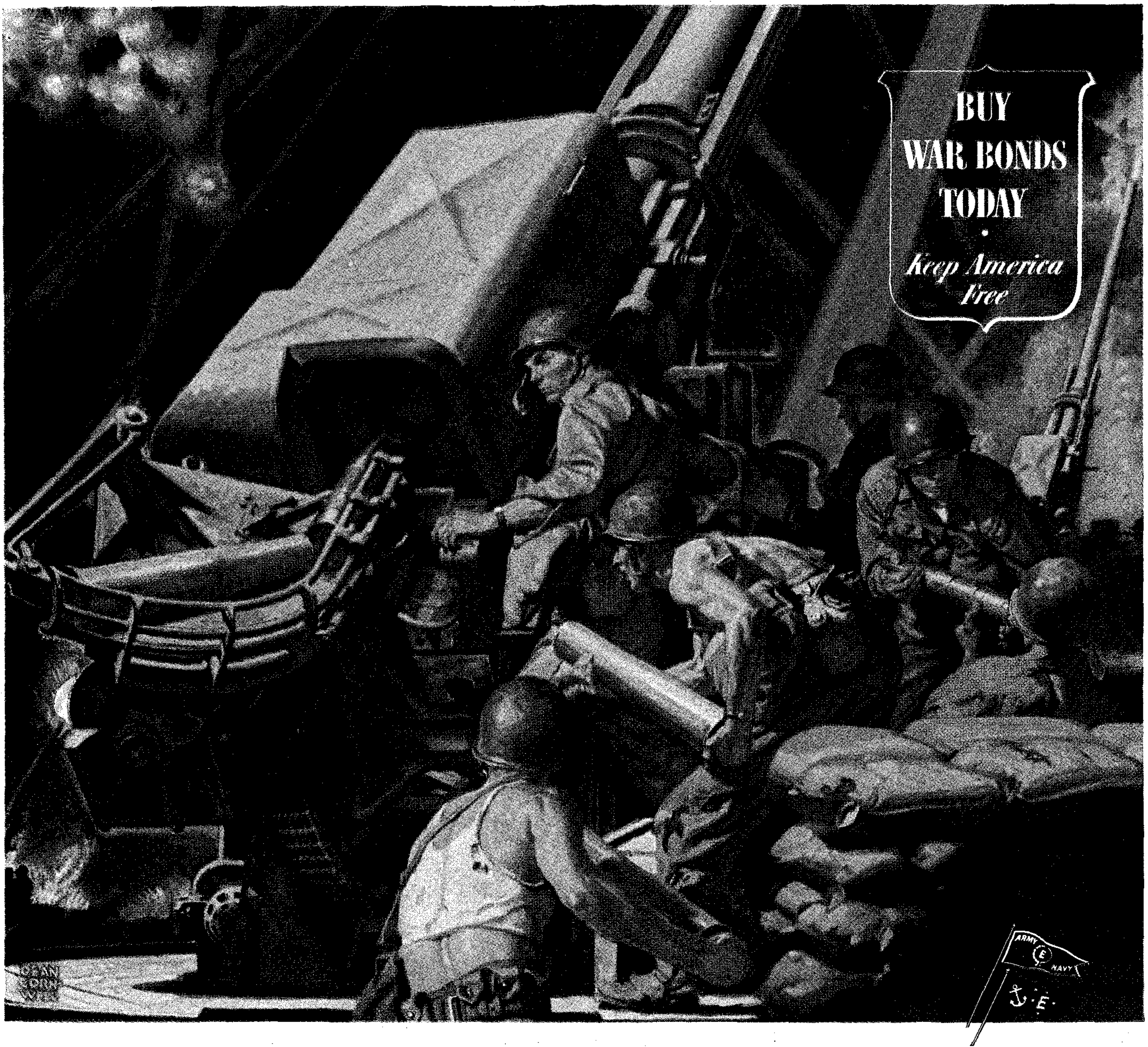

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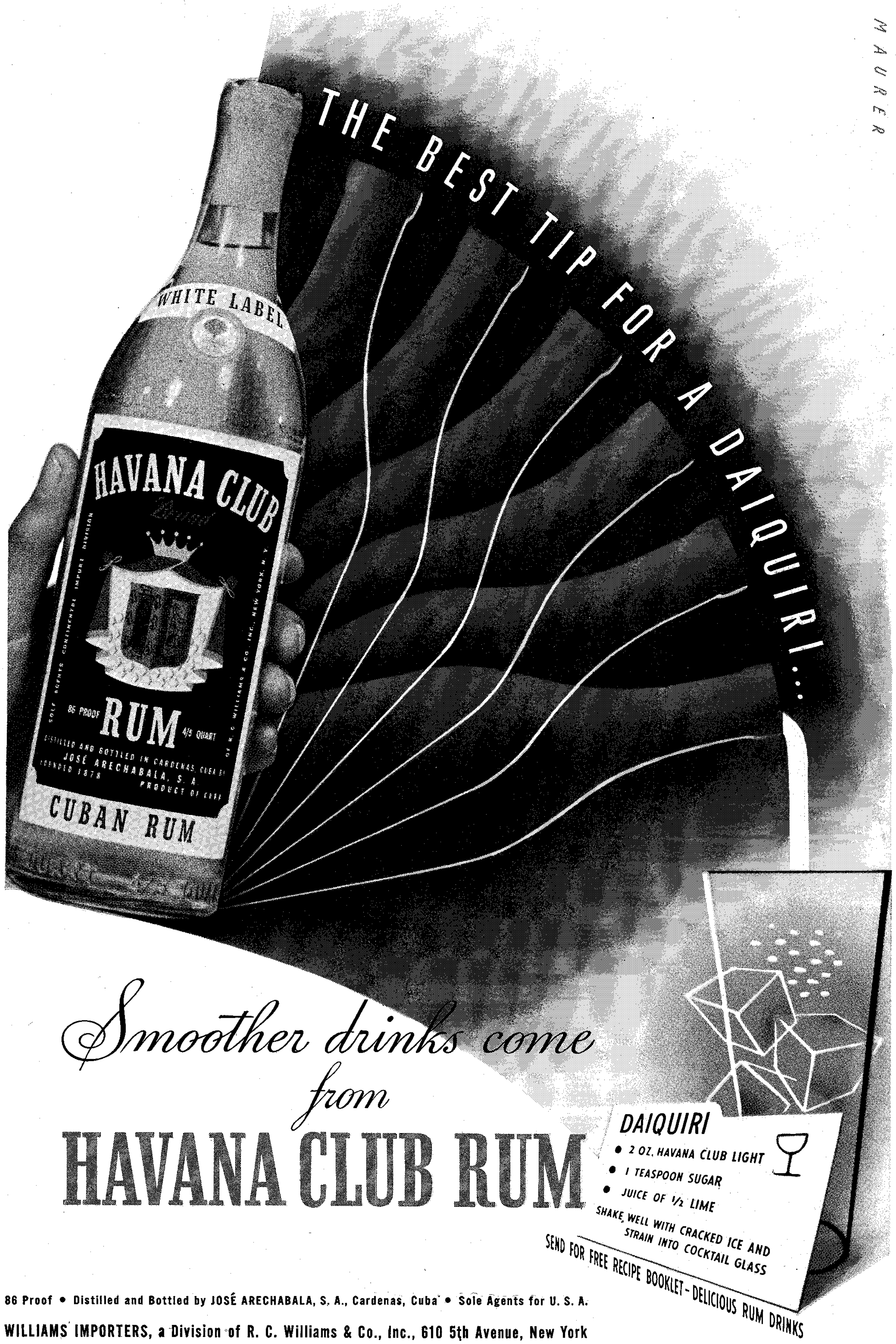
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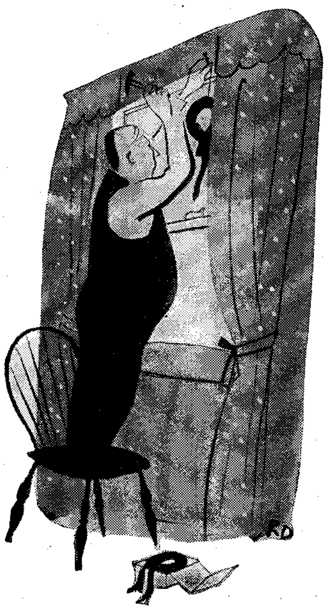
MY TEN-POINT BUCK

YEAR after year, in my native state of Maine, I had seen the hunters go forth in November, wearing red hats so as not to be mistaken for deer. They went away for a week at a time and stayed at Bill's Place, or Joe's—some log cabin in the wilderness behind Katahdin or in the higher reaches of the Allagash. I had heard them tell about how they were up at daylight stalking the deer, tracking them across fresh snows all day long, up mountainsides and down, and how finally they got a rifle shot at six hundred yards. Each fall those most skilled in venery came back toughened and hardened, with deer on their automobile radiators, and for a long time after they told proudly how they'd got "a nice ten-point buck." Sometimes they sent me a haunch of venison or asked me to help eat one in a home adorned with antlers or the stuffed heads of animals.

All this I had set down as not for me. I like the hearthstone and the loving consort and the little ones about the knees and the cheerful noise of traffic in the street outside. I never craved remoteness and I never thought I could stand the soft, reproachful eyes of so exquisite and timorous a creature as a deer asking me why I should wish to deprive him of his life.



However, when a friend asked me on a shooting trip to his plantation in South Carolina, I accepted before giving myself a chance to reflect on my disqualifications. We arrived one soft November noonday at his home, near the point where the Cheehaw flows into the more majestic Combahee. I had thought to break myself in on teal, mallards, mergansers, wood duck, quail, rails, wild turkey, or possum. But no, the agenda for the very first afternoon was deer. The larder had to be filled.

The art of venery in this gentle clime was to me new and surprising. My host explained that we had to carry shotguns because a rifle bullet over the South Carolina flat land might carry onto the next plantation and kill some stray Northern millionaire. Six of us took seats in a station wagon, each armed with a shotgun and a campstool. I also secreted on my person "The Egyptian Cross Mystery," by Ellery Queen. Behind the station wagon, we towed a trailerful of fierce hounds; we also took with us two hirelings, whose names or titles I never learned. Their duties were the ordering and disposition of the hounds.

WE drove out two miles or so over level land into a forest of scrub oak and longleaf pine. At a chosen location, Number 1 gun dismounted, planted his campstool in a pretty spot beneath an oak tree, and loaded his gun. Number 2 gun was similarly deposited three hundred or four hundred yards further on in the forest, and so on, until all the players were properly located on campstools in the tawny autumn woodland. Then the hirelings went off upwind (or downwind or throughwind) with the hounds, who presently started running through the woods, baying.

Little did I dream that my mettle would be tried so soon. Before I was through the first chapter of my book, I heard a great commotion in the thicket before me. A hound bayed and a frightened doe came bounding straight toward me. To kill the animal would have been contrary to the statutes of South Carolina, which chivalrously protect the female of the species. With great presence of mind, I got up and threw my copy of "The Egyptian Cross Mystery" at the terror-stricken creature. She swerved in a northerly direction and vanished into the wood, and I recovered my book and reseated myself on the campstool. But my day had been ruined; I saw no more game and I was so unnerved that I never was able to find my place in the story, and even now I cannot tell you who committed the murder.

That night my comrades were quick to realize the emotional stress that I had been under, and my host considerately gave over the next few days to shooting winged creatures of various types, both of the sea and of the land. We shot at them in bayous and marshes and rice fields and on forest land. But I am a

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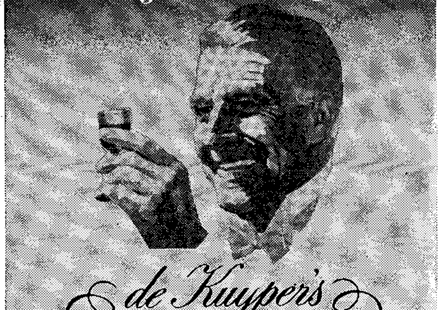

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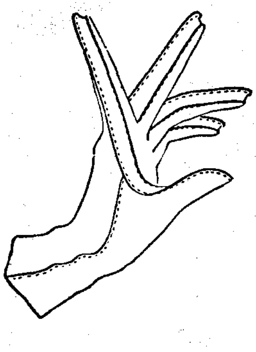

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bad shot and, in all our group, my gun alone shed no blood.

OUR visit was drawing to a close when another deer hunt was ordained, this time in the morning. We breakfasted at nine-thirty on orange juice, scrambled eggs, hominy grits, griddle cakes with maple syrup, coffee, toast, and marmalade. We were arranged in the most painstaking order in the station wagon. I was to be the first out. I was carrying a double-barrelled twelve-gauge, a brown canvas campstool with no back, and, in secret, Dorothy Sayers' "Gaudy Night." The day was one of mellow beauty. My stool was placed in the shade of a scrub oak. I was told that the hounds would scare the deer into running east, toward me and the lower reaches of the Cheehaw. I was left alone with Dorothy Sayers. I thought of the *Wienerwald* waltzes, by Johann Strauss, and about how the elder J. P. Morgan always went to Scotland for the shooting, and how the hunter came home from the hill in "Requiem," by Robert Louis Stevenson.

Then behind me there was a crashing and commotion, and a handsome buck appeared, running, precisely contrary to specifications, in a westerly direction and, I judged, in excess of thirty-five miles an hour.

Even under tension, I remembered that a buck is distinguished from a doe by his antlers, which have various protrusions known as "points." These increase in number as the animal ages and I knew that to kill a ten- or twelve-point buck was far nobler and more manly than to take advantage of a creature less mature. This is because a man can put his fingers in his arm pits and say, "I got a nice ten-point buck," but he can never say, "I got a nice two-point buck."

The dashing animal now coming at me I knew instantly to be worthy of my huntsman's prowess. I dropped "Gaudy Night," rose from the campstool, took careful aim, and fired, not once but twice. The timid creature's pace accelerated and he disappeared in the forest to the west. I cursed those who had assured me that he would come the other way, and reloaded both barrels.

The sun climbed high and I was now sleepy. Dorothy Sayers palled, and to keep awake I left my campstool, smartly executed the command "Right shoulder arms" with my loaded shotgun, and started to walk my post in a military manner, looking both to the right and to the left, determined to challenge all intruders. When I had covered my self-assigned beat a dozen times, my attention was attracted by a gentle and unheralded rustling. An animal approached from the west, eastbound, as per specifications. It moved toward me in a leisurely and unsuspecting manner. I raised my gun and took careful aim. I anticipated that the intelligent animal, who was obviously an authentic ten-point buck, would lengthen his stride and bound into the forest. But instead the creature stopped dead, broadside on, right abreast me, distant, by subsequent measurement, 25.74 yards. He looked away in the opposite direction. Once again I was under a great strain. I nerved myself for the pull of the trigger. My aim was flawless. My gun rang out in the forest air, not once but twice. The unhappy animal faltered and fell on his back, his frail legs pawing the air.

I had no taste to see the agony of his dying, so I hurried down the road to join my host.

"Any luck?" he said, in a bantering way.

"Oh, yes," I said nonchalantly. "I got a ten-point buck."

Our fellow-huntsmen joined us from their respective stations and we all went to view the body. "It's a nice buck," they all said.

But it did have reproachful eyes, and most unfortunately one of the antlers was rather badly nicked by buckshot, so there will be nothing to hang in the dining room. —ROBERT HALE

• •

CARE OF POSTMASTER, NEW YORK

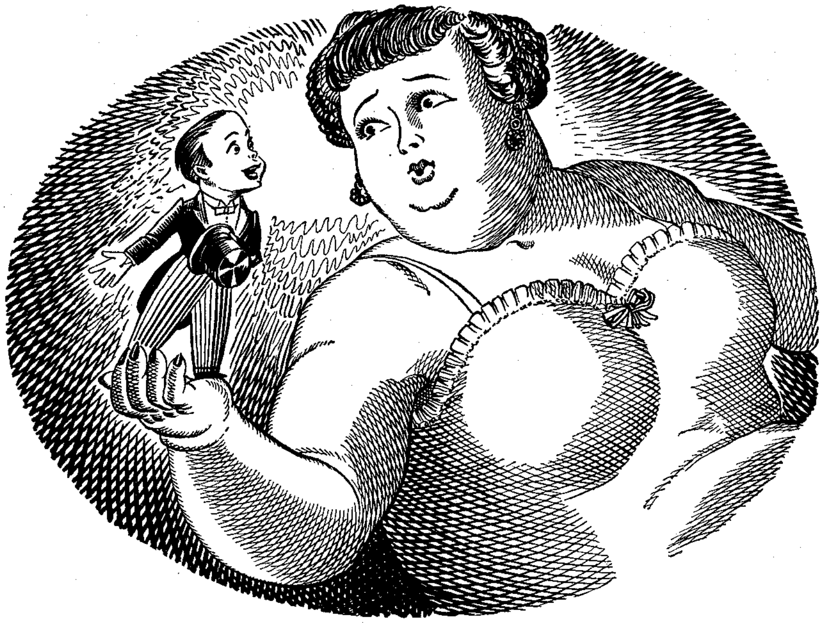
What shall I write to you on this V-mail paper?
That the field where the garden was is stubble again,
That day comes tardy and slow, that the young dogs caper
And dance on their spindling legs in the winter rain,
That the boy and his mother laugh and whistle about their chores
And pull the curtains across to shut out the night,
Locking the windows fast, bolting the heavy doors,
And read, the book held close to the shaded light.
This is our peace that I send to you who must deal in wars—
The young dogs curled on the hearth, and the fast-locked doors.

—ELSPETH

ESOP EAGLE'S FABLES NO. XI

The Fatal Marriage

of the Midget Named Mike



ONCE UPON A TIME there lived a circus freak named Hilda the Human Hippo . . . a ponderous pullet whose avoirdupois averaged two pounds less than a two-ton truck.

In love with Hilda was an ambitious midget named Mike the Microbe Man, who so fawned on Hilda that he eventually won her consent to his presumptuous proposal of marriage.

Waddling down the aisle after the nuptials, Hilda tripped over her train, and falling, meringued Mike all over the vestibule.

Moral: **Consideration should precede choice, else woise (as we say in Canarsie) will follow. For purposes of illustration, let's consider markets. We all agree that markets are people; that people have purses; that purses are bulging with the biggest incomes in history. But does that mean that all people are profitable prospects for your products? Not when you consider that, after savings and taxes, the middle millions are making 60 per cent of the nation's purchases, according to the latest available figures. To reach them use *the happy medium to America's middle millions* . . . . . .**

THE American MAGAZINE

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

MORE ABOUT CHRISTMAS

WELL, the last-minute madness is almost at hand and we hope, at least for the sake of the Post Office if not for your own peace of mind, that you have kept pace with us week by week as we have poured forth our lists of suggestions. In case you have faltered, we will gently remind you that we have already dealt, as fluently as we could, with these seasonal subjects:

September 16th.... Gifts for men and women in the services, here and abroad.
November 4.... Christmas cards.
November 18.... Lingerie and accessories for women, and luggage.
November 25.... Gifts for the house.
December 2.... Food for service men and women in this country, jewelry, and presents for male civilians.

This week we take up toys, games for adults, and perfumes, cosmetics, and related mysteries. Next week, "East Lynne," children's books, and last-minute discoveries, though not in the order named.

Toys

THE good news that we have for you now is that there *are* toys this year, not only in the familiar places but in less likely spots—houseware and furniture stores, and gift shops heretofore purely adult in their aims. There are, for example, toy animals at W. & J. Sloane, Lewis & Conger, and Hammacher Schlemmer; a whole new toy section at Jane Engel, the dress shop; a new department of infants' and young children's playthings, arranged in groups on ribbon-tied trays and all ready to be taken away, at Alice Marks; and a collection of large, brilliantly colored clay animals from Oaxaca at Gourielli. Unless you look closely, you probably won't even notice that there are no metal items this Christmas, either. Moreover, thanks to the O.P.A., the prices of toys have been properly restrained, and we can't think of a better field for the O.P.A. to venture into at this season.

The department-store toy shops have abandoned those extravagant and fearsome wonderlands peopled by the Sleeping Beauty, Flash Gordon, and other heroes and heroines of legend, in favor of simpler (and probably wiser) juvenile entertainment, such as the fish pond at Macy, in which youngsters angle for a fish with a prize number on it (they always win), or, at Gimbel, the carrousel in the toy shop and the live song-and-dance-man Santa Claus in the Thirty-third-Street-and-Sixth-Avenue window. Jack Le Clair, the clown with the illuminated nose, is back again at McCreery, where there is also a Santa Claus enthroned in a North Pole setting. Oh, you'll find Santa Clauses everywhere. F. A. O. Schwarz again has set up a section in which the children can do their own Christmas shopping for favorite adults. And now, to become very specific:

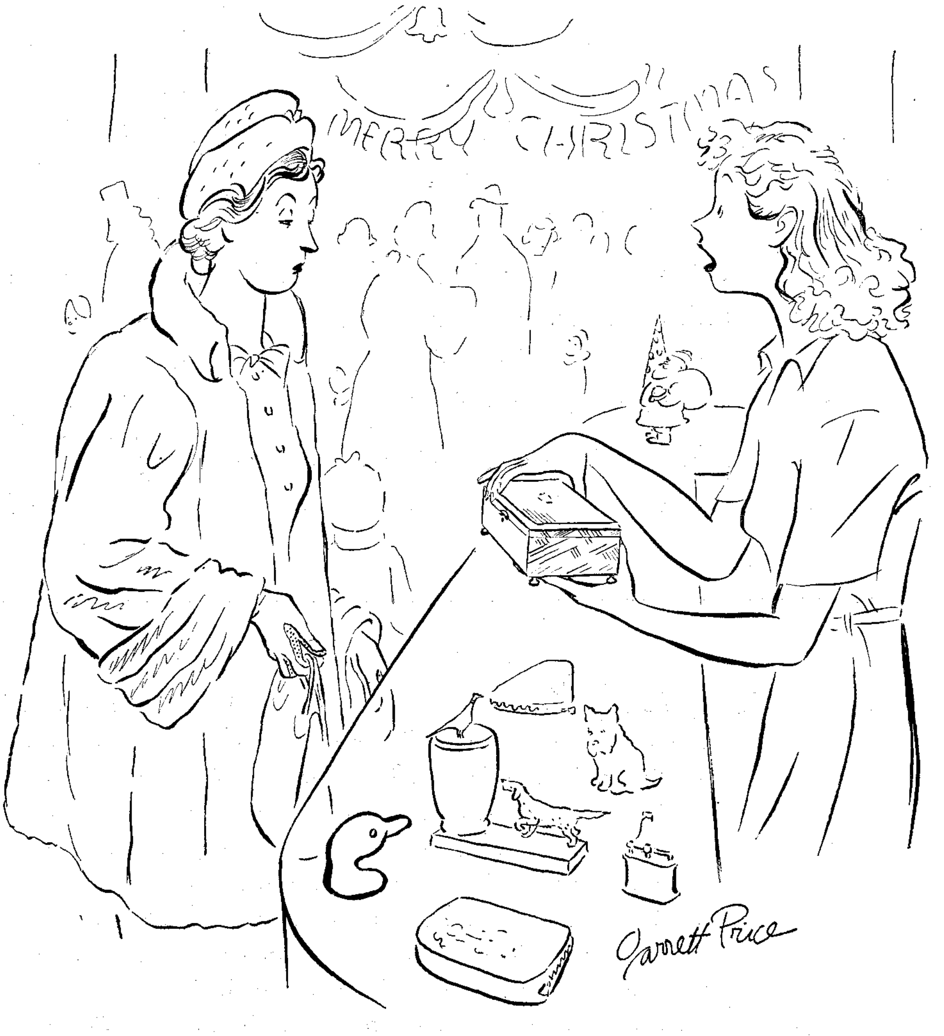
ABERCROMBIE & FITCH: Winter-playroom toys, among them a jousting game, in which players use padded poles to push one another off round-bottomed platforms; $6.50, and fine for young water-polo champions or kids getting their first thrills out of "Ivanhoe." A real fielder's glove is $9.25 and a soft ball to go with it is $1.50. A flock of wonderful dart games, one of which has a big-game-hunt motif; from $3.

B. ALTMAN: Very lovable (and sanitary) stuffed animals: a sweet woolly lamb with movable head and washable fleece, for $5.15; a little plush panda whose coat can be sponged, for $4.95; and a thoroughly appealing red-and-white Boston bulldog, short-muzzled and bat-eared, of washable leatherette, all harnessed for his morning walk, for $5.95. A farm truck, three feet long, with hay rack, bag of feed, and milk can; $9. A stuffed, pigtailed doll big enough to wear a little girl's own outgrown clothes; $13.95. Another stuffed doll is Mary, and with her goes her legendary lamb; $6.95 for the pair.

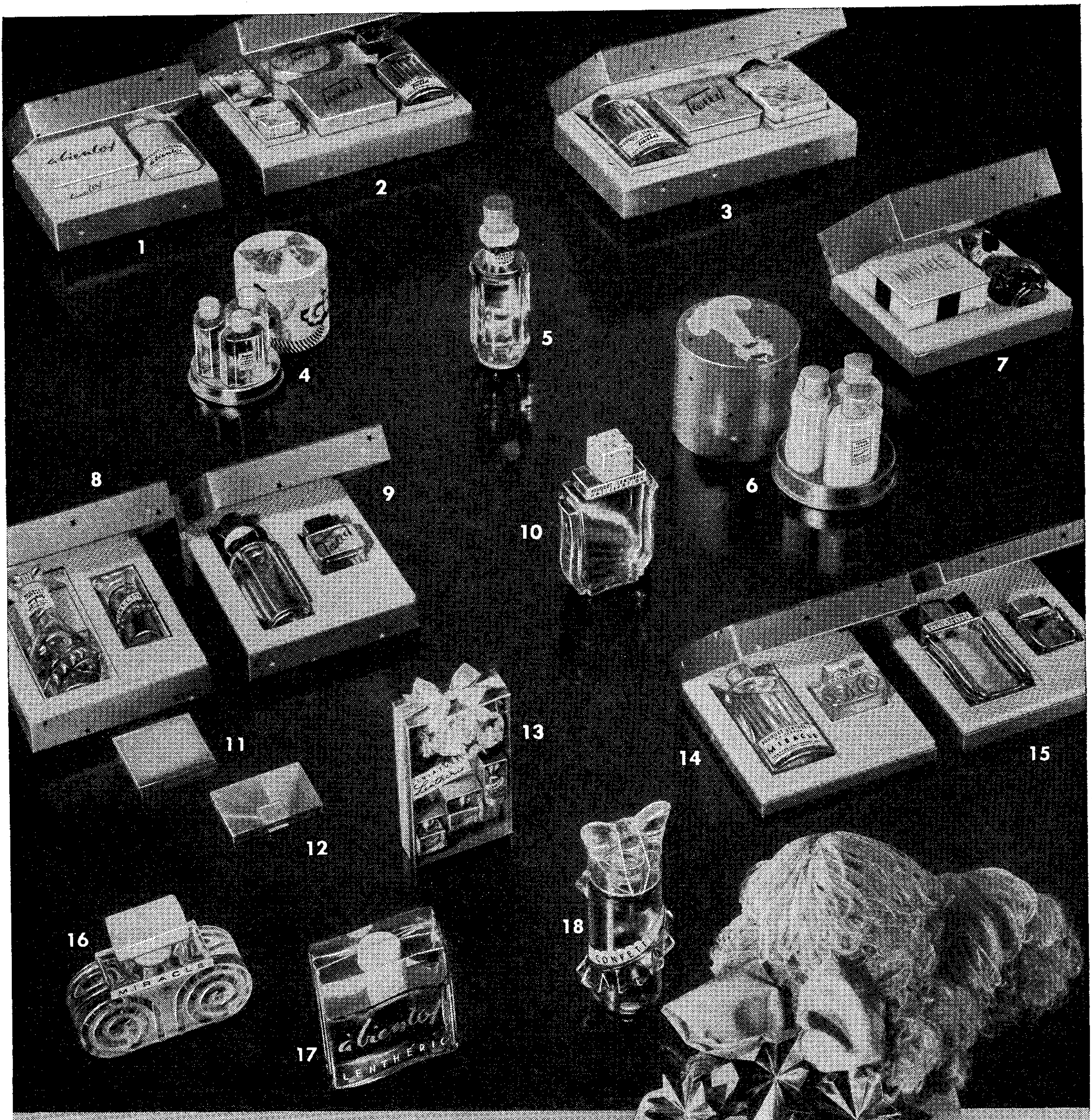
AMERICA HOUSE, 485 Madison Avenue (52nd): New and splendid jointed wooden dolls in lovely handmade raiment; engaging faces and comic postures; $10 and $15.

AMERICAN FRIENDS OF NORWAY, 41 East 47th Street: Beautifully dressed costume dolls; one with hand-beaded Norwegian bodice and embroidered apron is $18.50.

ARNOLD & JOHNSON, 962 Lexington Avenue (70th): A kit of various terrifying disguises for the putative secret agent; $2.50. Red Cross set of arm- and head-bands, apron, and bag with wool and knitting needles for the prospective nurse; $3.50. Wooden garage with



"It's for cigarettes but it also plays Paderewski's Minuet."



Enchanting Gifts by LENTHÉRIC

1. *A Bientôt Twosome:* Bath Powder and Crème Bouquet; also in Tweed, Miracle, Shanghai or Confetti..........................**$2.45**

2. *Tweed Gift Set:* Perfume, Bath Powder, Face Powder, Bouquet Lenthéric flacon, Soap, Sachet ....**$9.95** In Confetti.........**$10.45**

3. *Tweed Triumph:* Bubble Bath Salts, Bath Powder, Bouquet Lenthéric flacon; also in Miracle or Confetti..........................**$5.20**

4. *"Three Silent Messengers":* Flacon each, Confetti, Tweed and Miracle Bouquet Lenthéric.**$2.05**

5. *Bouquet Lenthéric Tweed,* decanter **$2.25** and **$3.50**

6. *Crème Bouquet Trio:* Flacon each, Tweed, Miracle and Shanghai or Confetti.......**$3.30**

7. *Miracle Duo:* Bath Powder, Bouquet Lenthéric decanter; also in Shanghai, Tweed, Confetti or A Bientôt..........................**$3.75**

8. *Confetti Coup:* Perfume and Bouquet Lenthéric decanter **$11.75**

9. *Tweed Surprise Package:* Perfume and Bouquet Lenthéric decanter.................**$10.75**

10. *Bouquet Lenthéric Anticipation,* decanter **$3.00** and **$5.00**

11. *Gleaming Gold and Silver Kid Single Loose Powder Vanity* **$6.00**

12. *Sterling Silver Double Loose Powder Vanity* **$16.50**

13. *"Miniatures"* (Perfume Trio): Tweed, A Bientôt and Confetti.....................**$4.40**

14. *Miracle Pair:* Perfume and Bouquet Lenthéric flacon; also in Tweed..**$5.95** In Confetti..**$6.45**

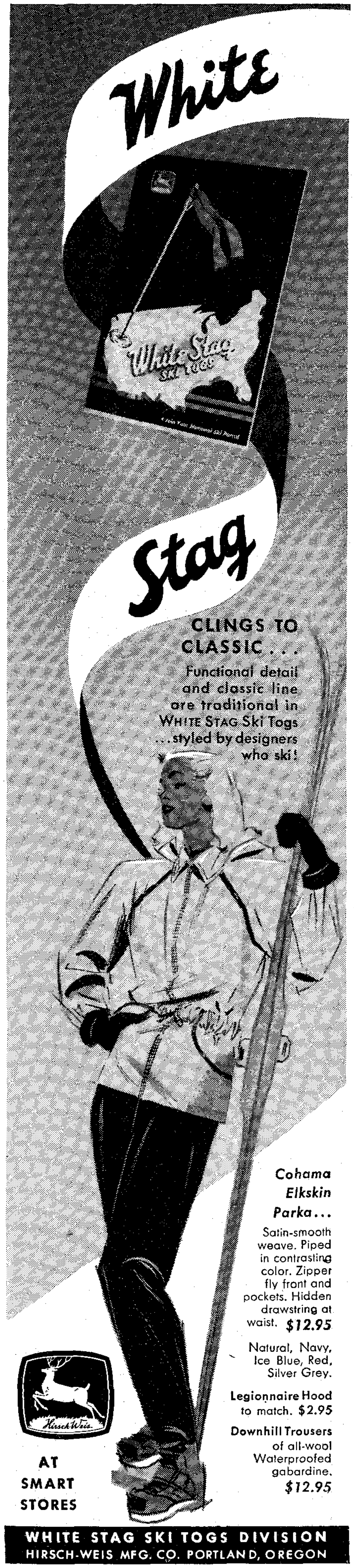
15. *Anticipation Gift Box:* Perfume and Bouquet Lenthéric decanter..................**$18.50**

16. *Miracle Perfume* ....**$4.50** to **$46.00**

17. *A Bientôt Perfume* ....**$5.00** to **$55.00**

18. *Confetti Perfume* ....**$5.00** to **$55.00**

ALL PRICES, PLUS TAX



White Stag

CLINGS TO CLASSIC . . .

Functional detail and classic line are traditional in WHITE STAG Ski Togs ...styled by designers who ski!

Cohama Elkskin Parka...

Satin-smooth weave. Piped in contrasting color. Zipper fly front and pockets. Hidden drawstring at waist. *$12.95*

Natural, Navy, Ice Blue, Red, Silver Grey.

Legionnaire Hood to match. **$2.95**

Downhill Trousers of all-wool Waterproofed gabardine. *$12.95*

AT SMART STORES

WHITE STAG SKI TOGS DIVISION
HIRSCH-WEIS MFG. CO. PORTLAND, OREGON

four cars inside, for $4.50, or hangar with two planes, for $3.95. As always, those occupational aprons for both sexes of various ages; fitted with basic tools for a carpenter, they are $3.95 up; fitted for a cook, $2.95.

Bergdorf Goodman: A music box with a window across which story-book figures move, just like television; $10. A lush, brushed sheepskin Sealyham, large as life; $12. Big, light, limp, and cuddly creatures for little kids to hug: a lop-eared bunny, in pants or skirt at $3, a tan silk baby bear at $4, and the like. Fashionably decked-out dolls: a subdeb in bouffant net party dress with flower-wreathed décolletage and another in garden-party organdie with a picture hat are $14 each.

Bloomingdale: Swedish kicker sleigh (seat mounted on six-foot runners), in which a passenger skims over the ice, propelled by a willing skater; $9.95. A canvas punching bag, scaled down for ages six to sixteen; $7.49. A doll whose hair can be washed (sweet revenge for the little girl who loathes the weekly shampoo); her wardrobe is in a suitcase; $9.98 takes all. Model-maker sets, with parts and instructions, which will produce a Coast Guard cutter; $3.29 and $5. A splendid wooden fire engine with ladder and fireman to climb it; $2.49. Wood jeep pull toy, with bobbing soldier passengers and driver; $1.98.

Bonwit Teller: Toys in the infants' shop, all planned, so they say, for the very young. An amiable, gangling plush colt with long, uncertain legs for, *we'd* say, any age; $10.95. A big, beguiling, shaggy white or beige plush Afghan hound is $17.95; a cocker puppy of soft sheepskin wearing a big blue bow is $10.95; a happy baby monkey of tan plush is $5; and there are other enchanting creatures. Red Riding Hood, a big, pigtailed costume doll, is $10.95.

The Chintz Center, 15 East 54th Street: A flock of cradle toys—yarn dolls for $1.75, stuffed calico cats for seventy-five cents, Scotties for $1.25.

Educational Playthings, 20 East 69th Street: Nothing grim about these toys, despite the name of the shop. Almost any child would love the little doll characters and props for acting out familiar stories such as Goldilocks (Our Heroine, the bears, the beds, and the chairs; $5.95) and Three Little Pigs (the pigs, the durable house, the Big Bad Wolf; $3.85). A wooden family of Father, Mother, and two children ($2.95) and important figures in their everyday life —postman, policeman, streetcar conductor, and so on; about ninety-five cents each, and fine for playing house, the game that never palls. New puzzle games: three-letter-word puzzle set; idea is to fit words to the right objects; $1.25. Another puzzle teaches infants capital letters as well as the small ones; $1.50. A little wooden wagon for little nippers has nursery-story decorations, $3.85.

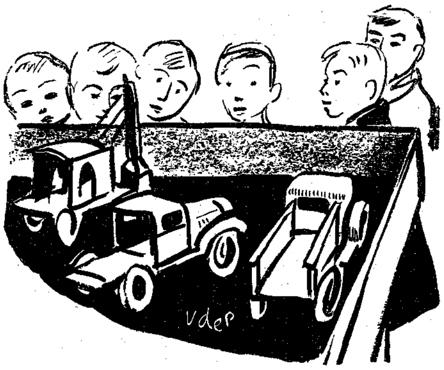
Gimbel: All sorts of war-plane and military combat-vehicle model sets, from eighty-five cents to $7.50; an amphibious jeep, for instance, is $2.49. For young American-history students: Indians and frontiersmen, with stockade and blockhouse and not a rocket bomb or L.C.I. in sight; $1.49. Bowling alleys with pins and balls; $3.98 to $10.98, and permanent entertainment. Doll walkers, the wartime wooden replacement for prams; $2.98. A doll wearing a parachute which floats it to earth when tossed in the air; $1. Great big washable balls, for toddlers; also $1.

Haynes-Griffin, 391 Madison Avenue (47th): A splendid collection of recorded songs and stories for children. An "Alice in Wonderland" album of records, on which Ginger Rogers talks and sings, gives the story with music and sound effects; $3.67. Prokofieff's "Peter and the Wolf" has Basil Rathbone narrating and Stokowski conducting; $3.67. Columbia's Instruments of the Orchestra album is painless and even exciting education; $2.62. The Mark Twain Suite, by Jerome Kern, a tone poem for older children who love the Twain books; $2.62.

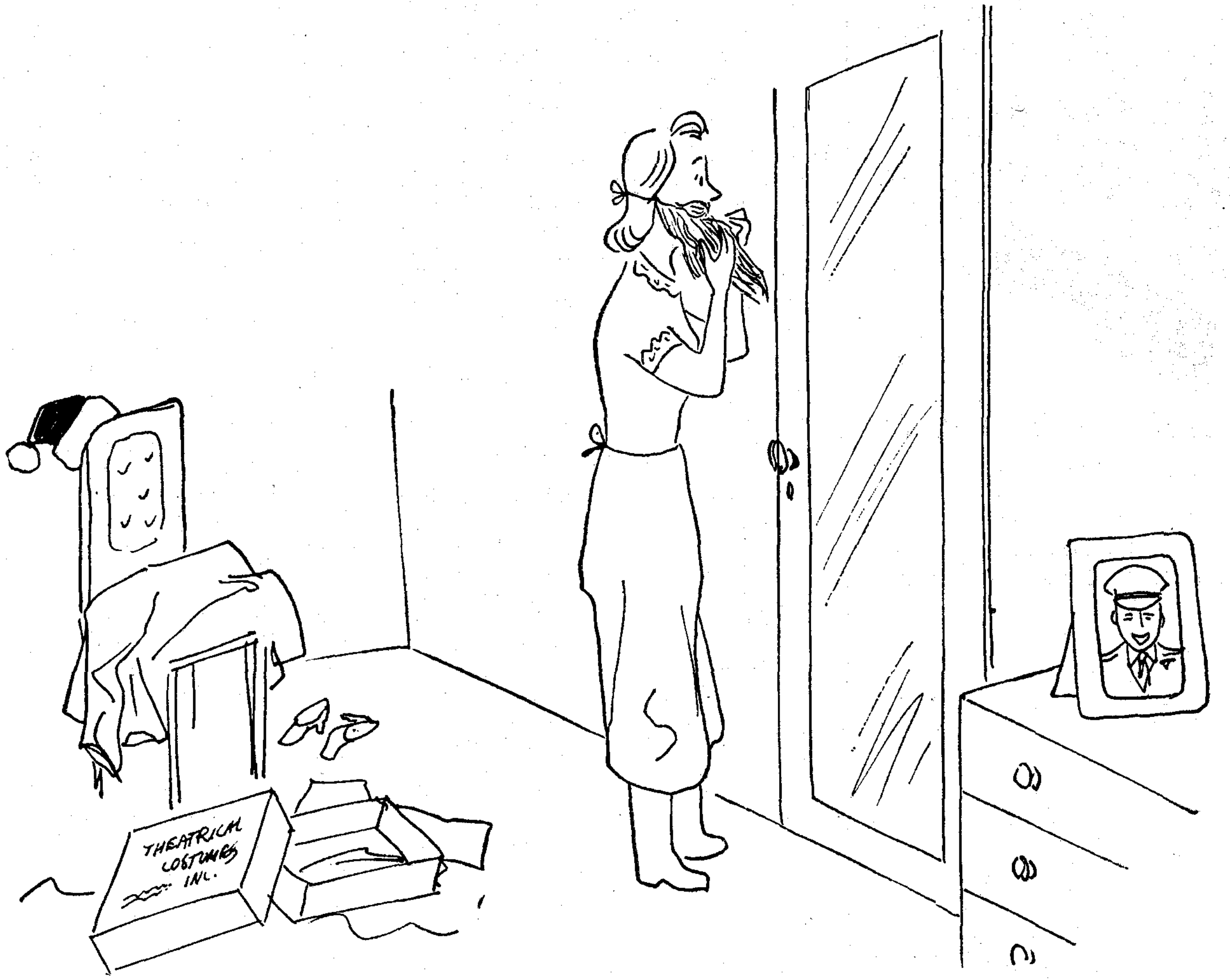
Georg Jensen: Those good Boysen toys, all of wood, and now made in America. Collection includes small playthings (boy and girl dolls and domestic animals; fifty cents to $1 unfinished, $1 to $1.50 polished), and larger pieces: dump trucks, freight cars, steam rollers for from around $5, a wagon full of blocks for $8.25, a scooter for $9.50. Handmade stuffed dolls have cotton string hair and embroidered faces and are very well dressed; $5.95. Wooden dolls, boys and girls with yarn hair, have nice clothes too; $5. A beautiful job has been done on molded felt dolls costumed as Red Riding Hood, Goldilocks, and other nursery-tale glamour girls; $13.50.

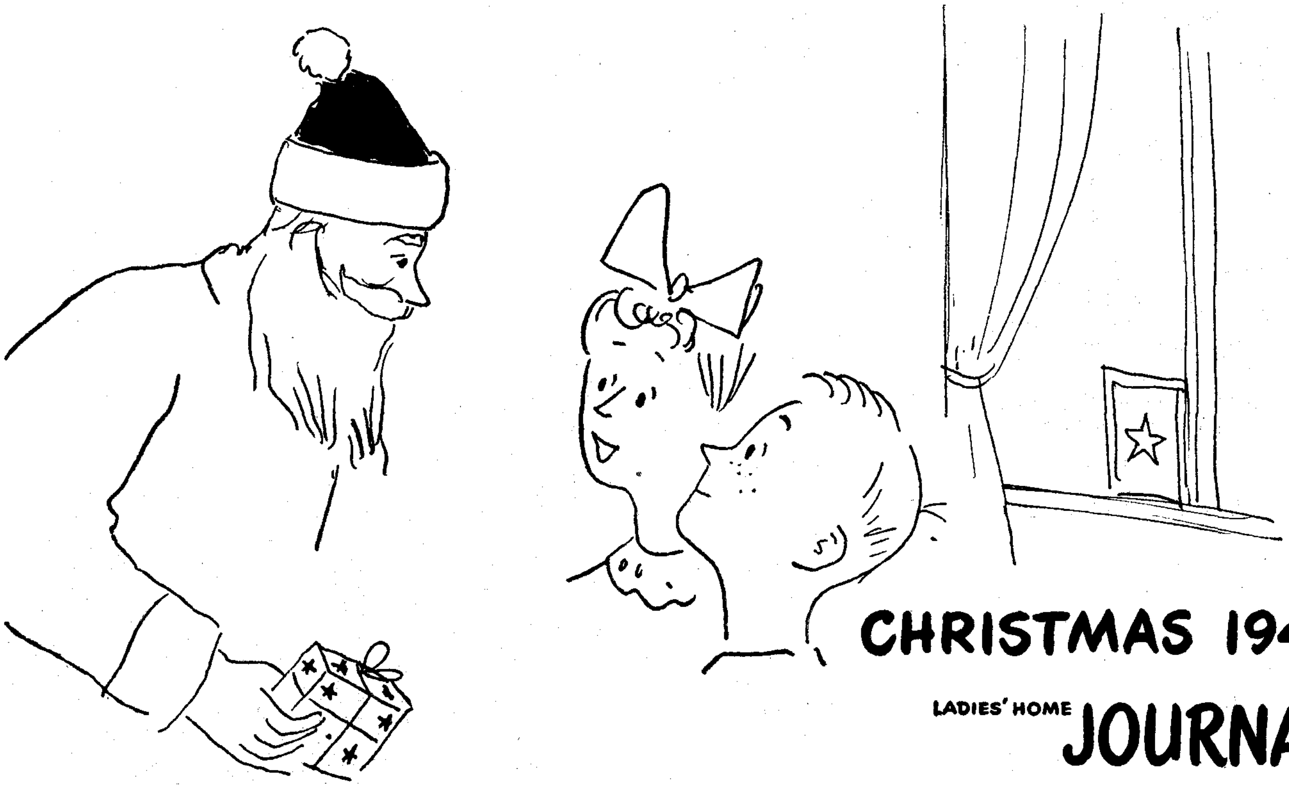
Lord & Taylor: Toys for small fry up to ten. A cock horse with button eyes and yarn mane, perfect for indoor play in which a mount is required; $1. A fine, useful hand truck (porter style) called a Thing Wheeler, which is just what it is (warning: Father will borrow); $6.50. A knife set, in a wooden case, has three handles and nine interchangeable blades, for wood carving; $5. The stuffed-animal group has some beasts not easily found elsewhere: llamas, kangaroos, wildcats; from $2.50 to $19.95. New idea: An art department for serious beginners in oils and water colors; kits, $1.95 to $22.50.

Macy: Any intelligent and air-minded child, boy or girl, should love the Pre-Flight Trainer, an instructive miniature cockpit; $1.98. A camouflaged helmet, with whistle, gun, holster, and belt, for fierce jungle warfare in the nursery; $1.29 for the works. A long, camouflaged coat to go with it is $3.69. A durable soft baby doll, in a rosebud-printed cotton flannel sleeping suit, is built to resist



Never Underestimate the Power of a Woman!


THEATRICAL COSTUMES INC.



CHRISTMAS 1944

LADIES' HOME **JOURNAL**

LARGEST AUDITED CIRCULATION OF ANY MAGAZINE a tough infant's best efforts to tear it limb from limb in the conventional infant manner; $2.98, and a nice doll to boot. Another stuffed creature is Sleepytime Gal, with a sweet yawn on its face, and in washable, removable pajamas; $5.98. Small animals meant to be autographed by primary-grade schoolmates are $1.17 to $8.41. The collection of doll clothes has everything, even an ermine muff with tails which goes with a velvet coat and bonnet; $5.98 for the set.

McCreery: You choose toys from samples; they hand them to you wrapped in Christmas paper and needing only tags and stickers. Solid building blocks with Tony Sarg designs; $1.98. Army doctor's or nurse's case holding first-aid kit, armband, diploma; $1.09. For playing house, sets of plastic dishes with cutlery *and* napkins; a set for four is $1.98 and a set for six is $4.19. A big baby-doll charmer with soft stuffed body, very dressy in pink or blue organdie; $5.25. All the old beloved card games: Flinch, Pit, Rook, Authors (seventy-five cents each) and, of course, Old Maid (thirty cents).

New York Exchange for Woman's Work, 541 Madison Avenue (54th): If your favorite little girl hasn't an old-fashioned rag doll to take to bed at night, it's time she did. The assortment is handmade, comprehensive, and superb. Small ones in pigtails and pantalettes, at $1.50, all the way up to big dolls, at $6.60, whose pretty, hand-sewn dotted-Swiss or printed cotton clothes come off. One-of-a-kind character dolls, such as a lovely bisque grande dame in a handmade Godey bustle gown and all the trimmings; $25. A complete menagerie of hand-sewn stuffed animals, too; the Calico Cat, our pet, is $1.85.

Neveloff Twins Toy Shop, 816 Madison Avenue (68th): Unusual you-make-them wooden toys, which fit together with pegs to produce a farmer and his barn, a teacher and her schoolhouse, and the like; $2.75 a set. The Model Craft set: Six molds (for a kitten, a dog, and so on) into which child pours some quickly hardening gloop (well, we're not a chemist); molds are of flexible rubber, so they can be removed and used again and again; $3.25 a set. A rag picture book of the "recognition" sort, to teach a baby names of household objects and pets; baby can gnaw on it as he learns without harm to self or—for a while, at least—book; $1.65.

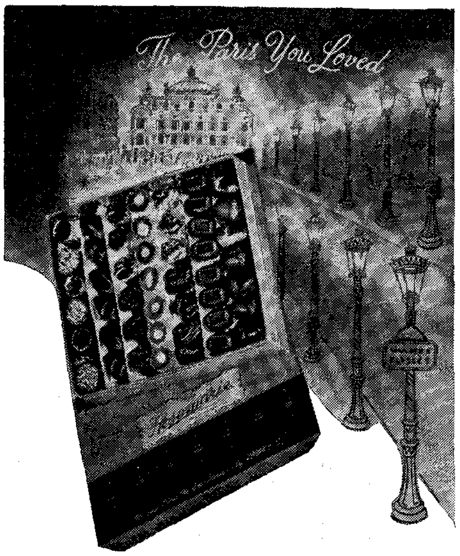
Pan-American Shop, 822 Lexington Avenue (63rd): Mexican dolls of brilliantly colored woven palm; a cowboy and a pineapple vendor are $1.25 apiece. Guatemalan dolls in regional dress; $1 and $1.75.

Saks-Fifth Avenue: Remarkable Ravca character dolls, now made in this country—family group: Henry VIII, a swaggering bucko in velvet and plumes ($13.95), and his six wives ($12.95 each). Anne of Cleves is especially stunning in black velvet. Besides the Ravca dolls, there are also fine girl dolls, tall as normal six-year-olds, for $15.95, and Ruffo, a clown, same height, who is $11.95. A red-and-white-striped hatbox holds makings, including plumes and veiling and needles, pins, and thread, for three doll's hats; $3.95. A strong carpenter's bench and real, not play, tools; $19.95. Two cock-horse polo ponies, mallets, and ball, for polo in the back yard or an indestructible playroom; $7.95. Red mesh Christmas stockings, each crammed with about thirty small toys (one set for boys, one set for girls); two sizes of both boy's and girl's stockings, at $2.95 and $5.50. Infants' toys, good and in quantity, in the infants' department.

Schoenfeld, 1254 Lexington Avenue (84th): A bombsight game which has four bombs and mechanism for releasing them at military targets on a landscaped floor board; $1.98. Tomtom with a nice muted tone which the family's adults, at least, will appreciate; $3.50. A wooden automatic pistol with a loud, satisfying noise; $1.29. A precocious newborn-infant doll, clad in sleeping suit and bunting, wails "Mama;" three sizes, $3.45 to $6.75. A seventeen-power telescope, for closer examination of even the stars (that is to say, it really works); $1.98. Harried-shopper aid: eight toy and game items, for boy or girl, already in Christmas wrappings; $5.

F. A. O. Schwarz, Fifth Avenue (58th): Army drill rifles, but not the McCoy (they're wood); $9.50. Rejected Army combat helmets, and these *are* the McCoy; $1.80. Hammond's Field Marshal's framed wall map, with pin flags for following the European campaigns; $8. Sixteen mystifying magic tricks in a strong box; lots of fun for $5. A twenty-inch Ark with removable roof, eight pairs of animals, and the Noahs; $10.95. Kites of waterproof red, white, and blue cloth and with fine, fluttery tails; $2. What the trade calls reconversion toys (you can't get ahead of the toymakers): A jeep for $5, and haywagons, farm wagons, tractors, and trailers for $4 each. Knockdown train and track, all of hard maple, for a mechanically inclined child to put together (*and* play with); $8.95. Doll news: the season's No. 1 doll débutante, Little Lady, has glossy floss hair which can be set in fashionable arrangements (learn a trade, children, so you can support Mummy later on); instructions included with all models, which run from $6.95 to $15. Quads (inevitable, but a change from quints) in a flounced basket; $39.75.

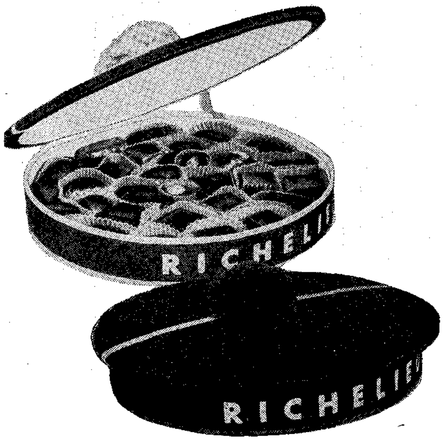
Stern Brothers: Wood military toys: invasion barges and tanks for $1.98, a 15-mm. gun on its truck for $3.98, and others, all painted in Army khaki. A good celluloid set of land, sea, and air craft for the very young, for bathtub maneuvers; $1.98 for a group of six. Allied and enemy model planes, like


The Paris You Loved

Incomparable Sweets

Tantalizing and delicious are these unusually fine chocolates superbly made from choice Continental recipes.

Assortment
"THE LAST TIME WE SAW PARIS"
No. 16 1 lb. 3.75; 2 lbs. 7.50; 3 lbs. 11.25


RICHELIEU

ROSEMARIE CHOCOLATES
No. 14 Silk Hand-made Box $7.50

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To delight your friends, send coupon with name and address, and check, to our MAIL ORDER OFFICE, 664 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y., and we will send them your choice.

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Other delicious chocolates in attractive Gift Boxes—3.00 and 5.00, Coffret 10.50.

(Add 50c for packing and postage East of Mississippi, 75c West)

the ones used by the Army to teach plane identification; fifty-nine cents to $14.98. Black plush Scottie, meant to resemble Fala and perhaps the rising generation's substitute for the traditional Democratic donkey; $3.98. Young-housewife set of seven ovenproof glass baking dishes and casseroles, all for $1. Victory garden set of seeds and directions; $1.

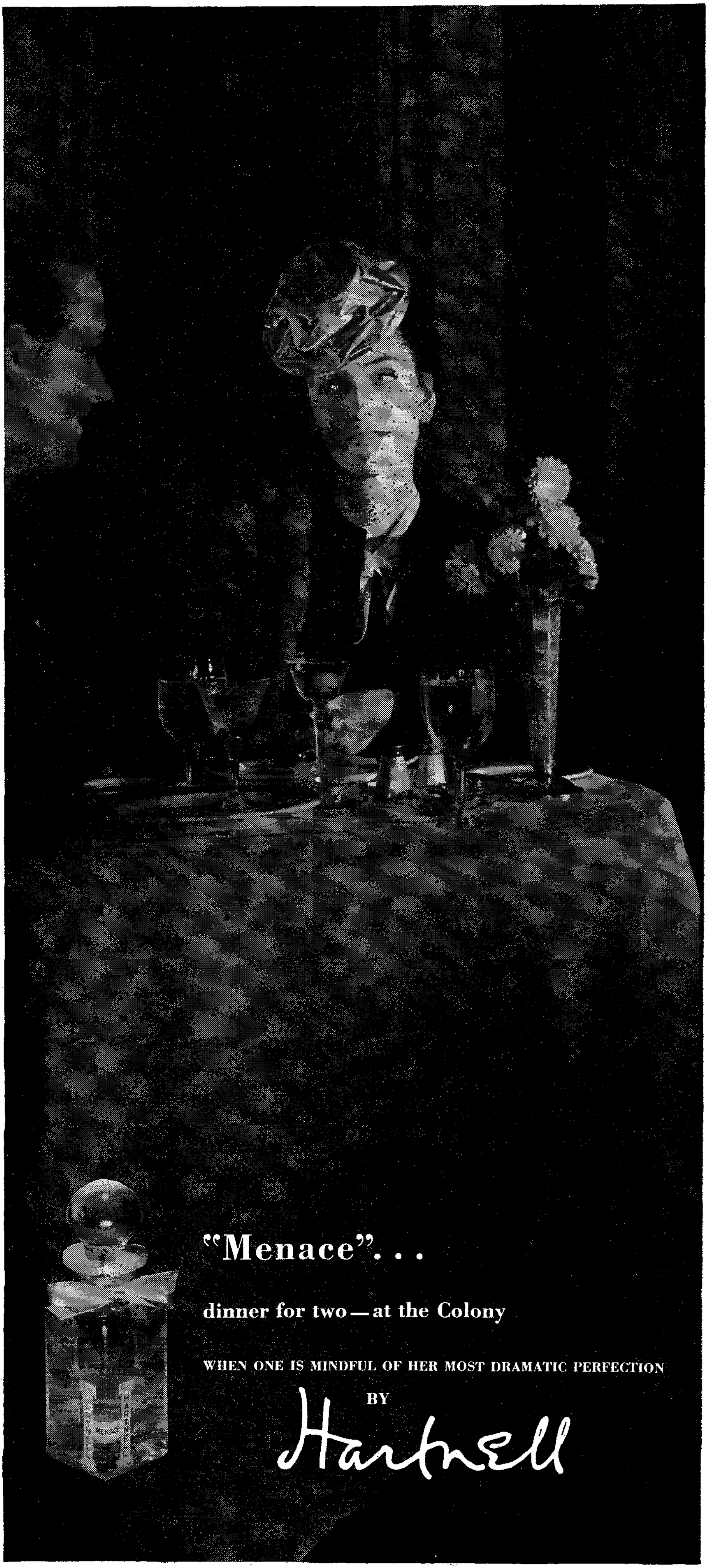
WANAMAKER: Baby lambs of *black* plush, for a change, at $1.95, and white glazed-chintz ones approved even by very young mothers who fuss about germs, in two sizes, at $2.50 and $2.95 (the lambs, not the germs). For unusually knowing and appreciative little girls, a group of Godey dolls, beautifully dressed in the manner of the familiar prints; $19.95 for these elegantes, in their frilled and flounced frocks of lemon organdie with blond val lace and white dotted Swiss with dainty blue ribbon bowknots. For practically any boy: a big express wagon in polished natural wood with red wheels and tongue; $11.95, and really built to take it. Pup tents and tepees for back-yard camping; $12.95. Zoom Birds, a toy which works like a boomerang (but wait till we leave the room); $1.50. Sleds with wooden runners will please very little kids and at least tide the older ones over until they can get something better; $4.25.

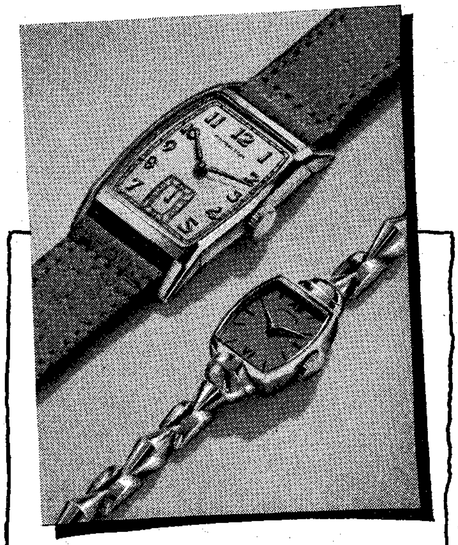
YOUNG BOOKS, 746 Madison Avenue (64th): Favorite story-book stuffed creatures and the books in which they occur; a lovely Brownie ($1.50) and five of the old Palmer Coxe classics ($2 each), or your choice of four Winnie the Pooh books ($1 each) and companion toys, including the Pooh ($5), Kanga and Roo ($7.50 for the pair), and other immortals. Peter Rabbit ($6.75) wears a brass-buttoned blue jacket and you can get as many as eighteen Beatrix Potter books (The Works, in a painted wooden rack, $17) to go with him. A fine small soft Humpty Dumpty who won't break even when used as a ball; $2.50. A splendid toy box has steps on one side, to teach the baby how to climb stairs; the lure—as if he needed one—is a slide descent to the floor on the other side; the box folds into a table and bench for use a little later in life; $35.

Games for Adults

MAYBE your friends stay home nights and play games and maybe they don't, but if some of them do, a certain percentage of your Christmas-present problems is automatically solved for you. (It is pretty well agreed that service men in hospitals get a lot of fun out of games, by the way.) What games your friends are apt to like is a matter which necessarily falls right in your own little lap.

It may seem silly, but our experiences this fall indicate that dart games and ouija boards are the things many indoor sportsmen are especially interested in this year. (We are acting at the moment solely as reporter and not as commentator.) As for bridge and gin rum-


"Menace"...
dinner for two—at the Colony
WHEN ONE IS MINDFUL OF HER MOST DRAMATIC PERFECTION
BY
Hartnell
MENACE



IF YOU'RE WISE
YOU'LL WAIT FOR A
Hamilton

Here's a tip to all who plan to buy a watch: wait for a Hamilton. Thanks to our experience making precision timepieces for war, the new Hamilton will be the finest watch you could ever want.

THE WATCH OF RAILROAD ACCURACY

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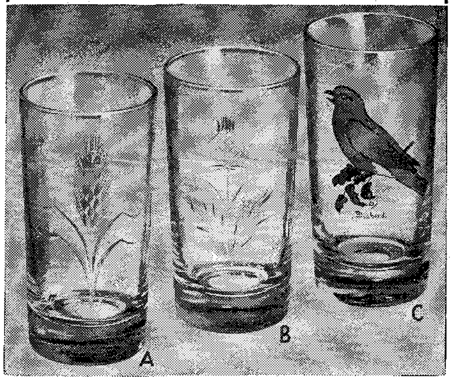
Largest Stock of Fine China and Crystal in New York!



Very attractive prices on three very popular Hiballs of splendid quality Crystal. All have weighted sham bottoms and each holds 12 ozs. Matching old fashioneds of 7 ozs. capacity and footed cocktails holding 3 ozs. are available at the same price as the Hiballs.

A. Cut rye design, doz. $8.00.
B. Cut Scotch Thistle design, doz. $8.00.
C. Song bird design, beautifully hand painted by Ely exclusively for us. 6 different birds to the dozen. Holds 14 ozs. Doz. $20.00.

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my, we won't even mention them further than this. Darts are around as just plain darts, often with the English type of board with a wheel target (Abercrombie & Fitch's is $4.50), but also revamped into poker and golf games (both at Abercrombie, for $5) or bowling and baseball (both at Altman, from $3.95). F.A.O. Schwarz offers a wheel-target board with five smaller targets on which you can indulge in poker, dice, horse racing, and other follies; $5.90. As for the ouija board, the most stupefying example is at Altman. This one is phosphorescent so you can play in the dark; $3. Us, we prefer hide-and-seek.

Quiz games covering every imaginable field of knowledge are around too. One thought up by the Hammond Map people (1 East 43rd Street) is called Resource-Full America and is played with a map of the United States and markers representing native animal, mineral, and vegetable resources; $2.98. Pronunciation, $1 at department stores as well as at Lewis & Conger, will make a monkey out of most players, if that's the effect you're after, you snake in the grass. Quizzle (F.A.O. Schwarz, $2) combines questions and answers and a jigsaw puzzle, and is fun, provided you know your American history, geography, and civics, which you ought to, anyway. Quizzing bobs up, too, in a package of four fairly taxing games called After Dinner; $2 at Abercrombie & Fitch.

This year we found playing-board football games invented by such experts as Ward Cuff, Lieutenant Tom Hamilton (former head coach at Annapolis), and Elmer Layden, one of the Four Horsemen of Notre Dame. Cuff's and Layden's versions are at Gimbel and Bloomingdale; the other is at Schwarz and Wanamaker. Another football game, Stars on Stripes, apparently invented by spontaneous combustion, also provides opportunities for smart thinking by fireside quarterbacks; $2 at Schwarz.

MISCELLANY: Abercrombie & Fitch have an indoor putting green with an ingenious device for varying the lie of the land, for $50, and a small demountable bowling alley, which is $8.50, with balls and pins. Another indoor alley, at Saks-Fifth Avenue for $10.95, has a contraption which returns the ball to you. A compact little business called a Jeep Board (Macy and McCreery; about fifty cents) is a staggering merger of twenty-five games and puzzles—a fine gift for a hospitalized man. Altman has a multiple-game job on a larger scale: a carom board, with equipment for playing a mere matter of fifty-seven games; $6, complete. Par, 18 East 53rd Street, is the place for good-looking and elaborate custom-cut jigsaw puzzles, made from old theatre handbills, imported prints of Picasso or Gauguin, or almost anything; up and up from about $12.50. Handsome tournament chess sets, in the Staunton pattern, of hand-carved catalin, are at McCreery for $25. For the elderly gentleman who really deserves a substantial present this wartime Christmas, a reconditioned billiard table, with cues and balls. Brunswick-Balke-Collender, at 109 Fifth Avenue (18th), can supply this item, at $275 up.

Perfumes and Other Vanities

WE barge into the subject of perfumes, cosmetics, and sweet-smelling unguents with several nice surprises. One is that toilet waters and colognes are still around town, despite the whimperings about an alcohol shortage. Another is that there are some pretty packages (and not all of them left over from last year, either), and still another is that there are a number of brand-new and imaginative perfumes for you to try on your friends. Among the new arrivals which we have decided to describe simply as divine are Georg Jensen's Acacia (a soft floral scent), Hattie Carnegie's 49, and Bendel's 10 West, which is lovely without ever raising its voice to be insistent about anything. Dana's latest is Platine, which has silver specks whirling around in it and is a delicate rose scent—as much of a contrast to Dana's slinky Tabu as you could imagine. Alexa offers Enigma, a mysterious stranger with a *femme-fatale* approach very different from that house's forthright Tiara. Moneau, who thought up Discovery a while back, has a new one called If, fresh and spicy and with a little sterling silver charm hung around the neck of the bottle with "If" written on it. Lord & Taylor have two new ones—Judy 'n Jill, a junior-miss perfume that junior misses

like because it's fresh and gay and not a bit cloying, and Lynette's Blue Sapphire, a floral blend that is definitely sweet.

The great French names are still with us, too; Guerlain, Worth, Caron, and others can be found even now if you look hard enough. And American establishments, even though their inventiveness has not flagged, are still offering, along with their new numbers, perfumes and colognes and cosmetics that have been favorites for years.

To service men, who always seem to end up at the perfume counter when they set out to buy a gift for a lady, we have a word of advice: Be calm, for the list you are about to encounter is safe and sane. One thing more: that twenty-per-cent federal tax goes on top of all the prices we give you. Now we take you to:

Antoine: His Nuance chest has eleven cakes of fancy soap in bath, hand, and guest sizes; $5.25 at Saks.

Elizabeth Arden: Beribboned straw baskets which hold various things in her famous Blue Grass scent, a soft and feminine odor, or in her Mille Fleurs; $19.75 and $17.25, respectively. Other baskets of Arden cosmetics; $12 (Altman, Bonwit, Saks-Fifth). A little wooden rocking horse bearing a bottle of Blue Grass perfume; from $8.

Harriet Hubbard Ayer: Yu is a notable perfume of the light, fresh variety; from $2.50.

Babani: One Hundred Five toilet water, six ounces for $2.50, and wonderful. Perfume of the same name is $10 (Jay-Thorpe).

Bendel: Handsomely put up cosmetics and bath preparations. For example: glass bowls which hold Eau de Sachet and small soaps, for $8.50; tiny white or green Christmas trees with music-box bases and decorated with real pine cones and with bath oils, sachets, soaps, or whatever you want; $22.50 up. The Bendel perfumes include Checkmate, the new 10 West, and a voluptuous business called Sans Gene.

Bourjois: A package containing perfume and Eau Parfumée in Mais Oui scent is particularly good at $3.25.

Chanel: Her famous No. 5, No. 22, Russian Leather, and Gardenia perfumes. Soaps scented with No. 5 ($3 for three hand-size bars) and with Gardenia ($2 for four cakes).

Charbert: Fabulous, a light floral blend, is the newest offering; Breathless, which is heavy and luxurious (the type defined as being "good with furs"), is an old favorite.

Charles of the Ritz: The Moss Rose body sachet is deliciously scented, and only a little is needed to carry you along for hours. Nice sets in boxes, such as one containing Moss Rose cologne, dusting powder, bath soap, and two sachets for $5.

Mary Chess: Strategy, one of the loveliest florals made, comes in turquoise-blue sachets with a small jar of solid

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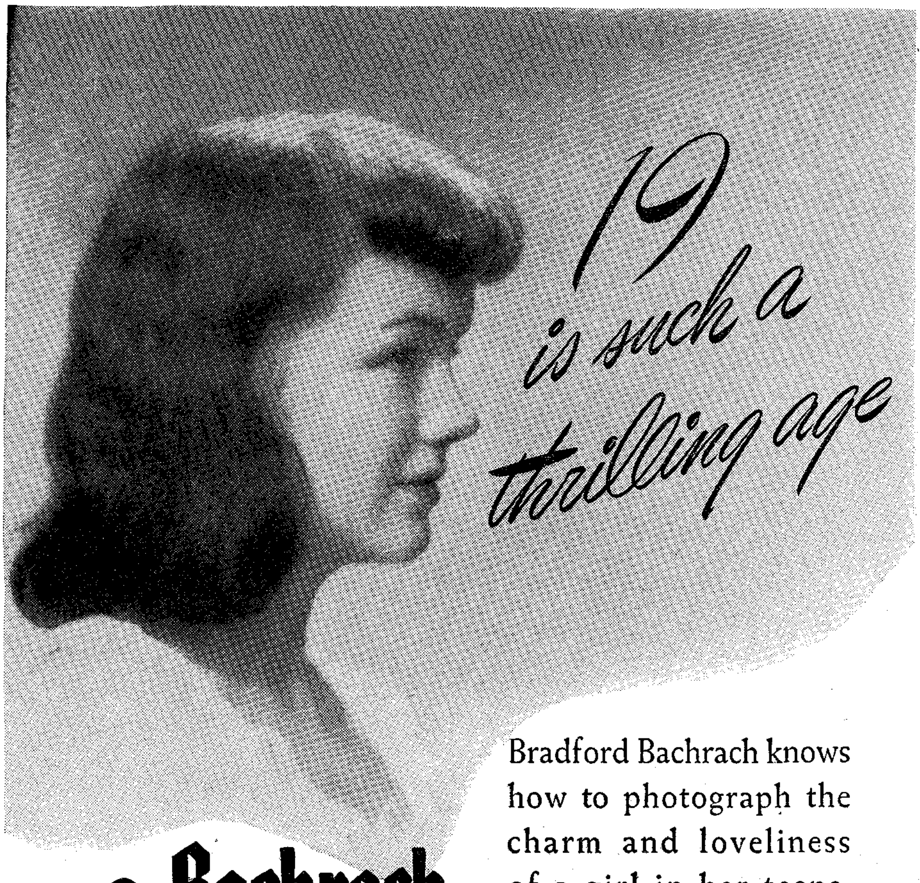
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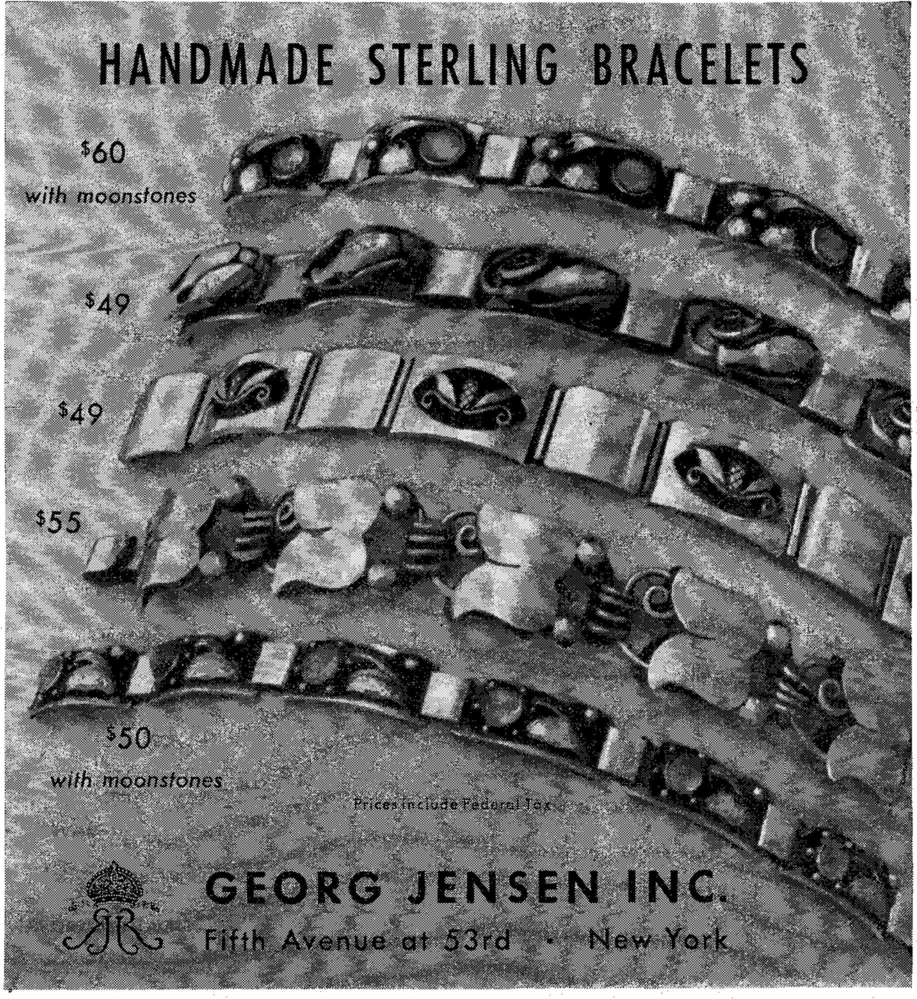
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perfume; $4.75. Strategy toilet water in a towering, star-shaped bottle; $5.

Ciro: New Horizons, Surrender, Danger, and Reflexions are all surefire. For that matter, women seem to like everything the house makes.

Jacqueline Cochran: Gay printed boxes containing Jacologne Bubble Bath, cologne, and soap; $2.75 or, with dusting powder, $4.75 (Bloomingdale and Franklin Simon).

Corday: Jet and Tzigane keep their faithful following.

Coty: L'Aimant is an old pet. A charming straw lady's hat, filled with dusting powder, toilet water, and perfume in the Muguet scent is still around; $6.50.

Lilly Daché: Her Dashing and Drifting perfumes are now scaled down to half-ounce bottles for $8.

Dana: Platine, with floating silver flecks, is a light rose scent. And you know Tabu, full of come-hither.

Ina de Cris: For people who like woodsy, spicy perfumes (and who advocate an international monetary stabilization program), there is Bretton Woods (Bonwit Teller).

De Markoff: An old-timer is the Toilet Essence ($3.50 and $5.75), full of jasmin, hyacinth, and appeal. Water Nymph bath stuff, such as a bubbling bath foam ($1.50 to $3.75), friction rubs, bath oils, and toilet waters in fresh floral scents.

Frances Denney: A lipstick in a box marked "Letter from Santa Claus;" $1.50. Her bath-powder mitts and other bath accessories in Night Life, Whirlwind, and Wild Rose scents. Her Melody Box (it's decorated with music notes) has plenty of creams and make-up; seven items, and $10.

D'Orsay: Intoxication, a soft but heady blend, is the newest. Le Dandy is a veteran.

Mary Dunhill: Escape perfume is for lovers of rose scents. A sterling silver perfume container, a tiny silver funnel, and a bottle of this perfume is $15. White Hyacinth is one of the best hyacinths we know, and her Gardenia is all right, too (Lord & Taylor).

Elene of Vienna: Pine air freshener, to take the smell of stale smoke out of a room; $1.50.

Esmé: Her perfumes include the brilliant Green Eyes, the mellow Indian Summer, and a new-mown-hay scent called A May Morning.

Fabergé: The sachet powder makes a beautiful skin perfume, in Woodhue (a carnation scent) or Aphrodisia (no beating around the bush at Fabergé), an all-things-to-all-women number; $1.75. Straw Hat is a fine, brisk perfume.

Gourielli: Pharmacists' jars which you will want to keep forever contain Moonlight Mist talcum powder and eau de parfum, put up with three bath balls to scent your tub; $8. Baskets of wonderful things for $7.50 and up (Lord & Taylor and Saks).

Dorothy Gray: A dashing little fuchsia plumed hat contains her Lady in the Dark perfume, a metal lipstick, rouge, and face powder; one of the nicest tricks around, and $6.50. Frenchman's Chest, a container resembling an antique trunk, which would be good for trinkets or cigarettes later, holds powder, lipstick, perfume, and rouge; $5. Bath sets (cologne and dusting powder) at $2 in Mimosa, Rose Geranium, and Daredevil. Bubbling baths in the same scents are $1.

Hartnell: Lovely perfumes in round, lace-covered rayon satin boxes. White Shoulders is light, Menace is exotic; both are $18.50 up.

Ann Haviland: Wood Violet—perfume, toilet water, bath oil, dusting powder, and sachets—is her newest invention and ranks with her lily-of-the-valley, carnation, and Perhaps (rose with a hint of jasmin). Huge package of dusting powder with a fabric flower on top to identify the scent; $5.

Herb Farm Shop: Pleasant English flower-garden scents that are hard to get, such as Night Scented Stock, Green Moss, Lilac, White Phlox, and the like. A bath basket which has talcum, toilet water, two soaps, and two small bath essences in assorted scents; $5.

Houbigant: Chantilly effervescing bath tablets; twenty for $3.50. The same scent, a pleasant floral, pervades a set of perfume, toilet water, and dusting powder for $6.50.

John-Frederics: Golden Arrow is a marvellous strong jasmin. The colognes are $2.50 to $15; $18.50 for the perfume. Women love For Men Only cologne, a more masculine version of the scent; $10.

Lelong: Sirôcco is a bright scent with a lemon-verbena flavor. Nice sets: three castle-shaped bottles of cologne are $4.50; four small castle bottles of perfume are $3.75.

Lenthèric: Circular lucite compacts with an abstract design on the lid; $5. Others that look like leather, decked with gold dots and such, in several colors; $5. And, as for perfumes, there is always Tweed.

Matchabelli: Gypsy Patteran, a spicy cologne—packed in a tambourine with bells, yet—is just $1.25. Potpourri scents in dusting powder, cologne, and three cakes of soap; $3. Abano is an old-timer; a set of cologne, bath oil, and four soaps is $6. Duchess of York (li-

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lac), Ave Maria (incensy), Catherine the Great, and Stradivari are all regal scents.

Milkmaid: Those perennial milky bottles contain nice, fresh bath stuff. Opal cologne is new; packed with a powder mitt, it's $3. Petticoat toilet water and sachet; $4.75 a set.

Germaine Monteil: Laughter is an old friend. Toilet water and dusting powder in a gold satin box; $12. Her Bouquet (lots of jasmin) scents a box of dusting powder put up with a bottle of cologne; $6. Big gardenia-scented soap mitts; $2.

Myrurgia: His notable Spanish perfumes are at Altman and Lord & Taylor. Clavel is a strong carnation, and authentic. Suspiro de Granada (at L. & T. only) is a rose with more than a hint of carnation.

Roger & Gallet: Jean Marie Farina, the grandmother of colognes, is as aromatic and as grand as ever; $2.25 and up. Their soaps are still around, here and there.

Helena Rubinstein: A little red velvet Victorian chair has face powder under the seat, a metal lipstick tied on the seat, and a powder puff in the back; $5.50. Heaven Sent sachets, in blue with white lace edgings; three for $3.75. White Flame toilet water comes in a magnificent candlestick bottle; $7.50.

Saks-Fifth Avenue: We Moderns cologne is $2.25 for a good-sized bottle; the scent is in a perfume, too.

Scandia: Excellent cosmetics and the Gardenia and Carnation toilet waters and creams come in painted market baskets; $10, at Saks.

Schiaparelli: Six vials of bath oil (at least four baths to a vial) are $4.50 in Shocking and Sleeping. Shocking perfume is in a satin box sprinkled with hearts; $8.50. Another satin box which she calls Suit Yourself has miniature bottles of three perfumes; $7.75.

Shulton: Friendship's Garden, a delicate floral fragrance, in a set—a hobnail bottle of toilet water, soap, sachet powder, and two tablet sachets; $3. Old Spice, a lively, old-fashioned scent, appears in bath powder and toilet water; $2. Both come in pretty containers, which you can store small clutter in later on.

Suzanne: You can still get Secret de Suzanne, perfume and toilet water boxed together, at $10 (Saks).

Suzy: Golden Laughter and Ecarlate, in a box that looks like a roll of ribbon, for $13, or in a dummy millinery head in front of a dressing-table mirror, for $18. Her Bandbox toilet water is $3.

Tuvaché: Gardenia lovers are fond of Jungle Gardenia, a good, sharp version of this flower scent. Sumatra, Arabia,

and Moroccan Rose are some of the other favorites.

Sally Victor: Private Stock perfume, in a sombre black container, turns out to be frivolous and heady; $15. Nice soaps, bath oils, and colognes in lavender-blue packages with a make-believe American Beauty rose on top; people almost hate to open the things (Victor and Lord & Taylor).

Weil: Zibeline, Cassandra, and Cobra, those old, established darlings, are still with us.

Yardley: Red Roses, Lavender, and April Violets bath salts; $2.50 to $5 a jar. Sachet powder is a dollar a bottle in April Violets, Red Roses, and the perfume called Fragrance. Bond Street perfume, a nice blend; from $2.50 to $13.50.

NOW for kits. The handbag type of thing, which holds enough cosmetics for overnight or a weekend and also has room for money, tickets, cigarettes, and often for an extra pair of stockings, has had the attention of our cosmeticians more than ever this year. Many kits now have the cosmetics concealed in a drop front that keeps them separate from the rest of the litter. Others have removable racks. The Du Barry removable-rack bag, of simulated morocco with saddle stitching and a strap that can be lengthened to go over the shoulder, is a knockout at $16.50. Dorothy Gray's, at $7.50, has a drop front and is of simulated alligator; Coty's, at $10, would be a presentable handbag (it's real leather) regardless of the removable shelf that holds the cosmetics. Antoine's (Saks-Fifth Avenue) is a huge pouch in a convincing imitation of cowhide and contains a drop-front kit which holds any amount of makeup; $20. De Markoff's, which is also roomy, is made of simulated alligator or snakeskin and has a bright lining; $20. Germaine Monteil's is excellent and $22.50. Marie Earle offers two—a satchel-shaped handbag, of cowhide, at $15.25, and an Overland kit of pigskin, at $34. Overland has an outer compartment big enough to hold small magazines and a removable panel inside that holds plenty of makeup. Harriet Hubbard Ayer offers a satchel-shaped imitation-leather handbag with a compartment for a washcloth, toothbrush, and other such essentials, plus a set of cosmetics that includes her Yu toilet water; $20. The cosmetics-and-toothbrush sort of unit that can be thrown into a travelling bag has received attention, too. Primrose House has a masculine style of kit of top-grain cowhide—zippered on three sides, oilskin lining, and all. It is fitted with seven essential cosmetics and an oilskin case for wet toothbrushes and the like; $16.50. The overnight case, with cosmetics and plenty of room for other

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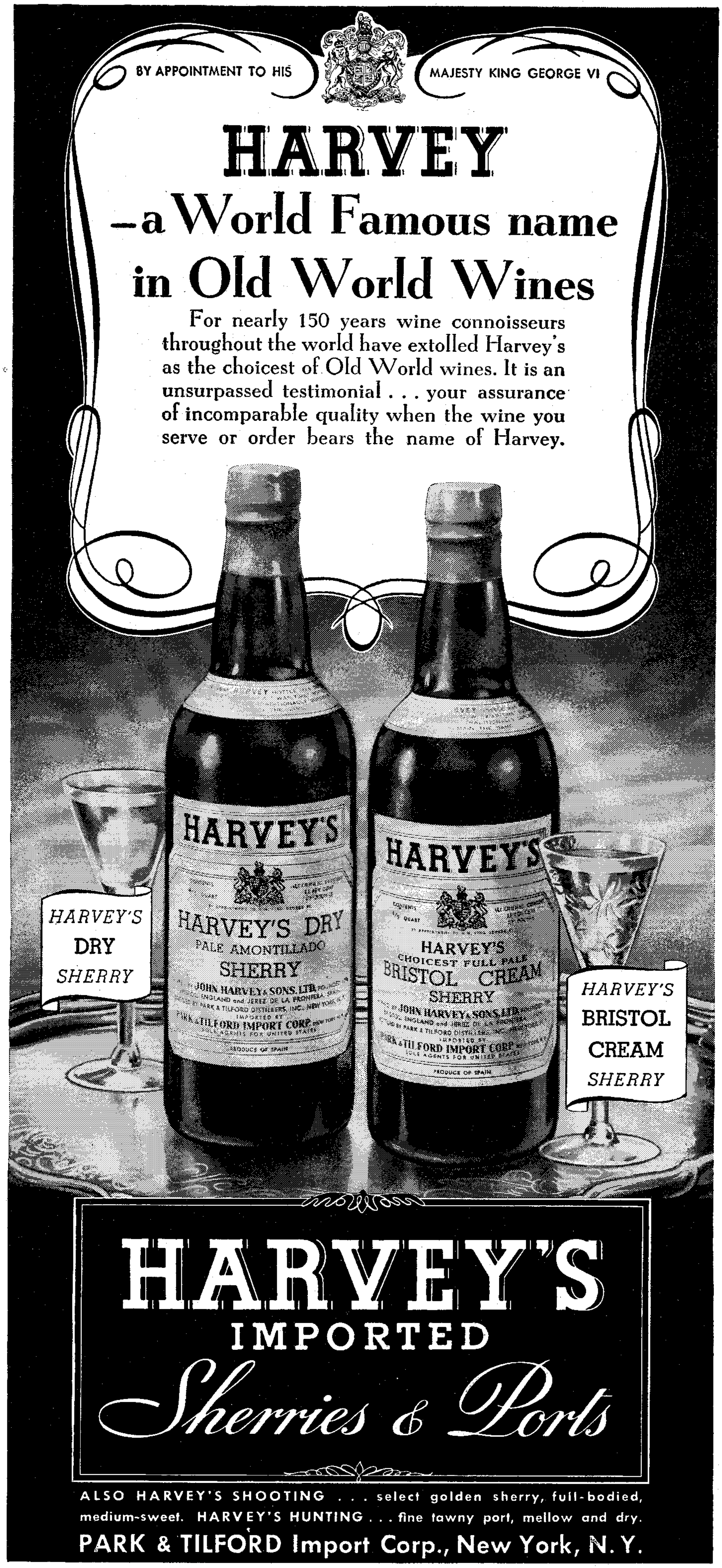

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nonsense, is always a good gift. Kathleen Mary Quinlan has a particularly nice one, at $20, of simulated alligator skin, with cosmetics tucked into a half tray on top.

For manicuring, Revlon has nail enamel, polish remover, and Adheron in a slipper-satin case (many colors, and gay ones) that could get by as a purse in the evening; the whole lot for $1.50. And wonderful leather jobs that cost from $7.75 to $17.50 and contain everything for nail care. . . . Peggy Sage has a beauty of a kit, at $5, that contains all essentials and looks like a faille handbag. . . . La Cross has a leather implement kit (and they're hard to find these days) that contains two sizes of scissors, tweezers, a steel nail file, and the rest; $15. . . . Chen Yu has kits ranging from $1.50 to $10. At $7.50, there's a drop-front simulated-alligator case that contains hand lotion and cream and tweezers and the like, as well as the usual nail polish, nail-polish remover, and other finishing touches.

•

United States Customs Service, Port of New York, Nov. 20, 1944—Notice is hereby given that the following described merchandise has been seized at this port on the dates indicated below for violation of the customs revenue and other laws of the United States:

1937—Dec. 23: 7 dead grouse
1941—Jan. 6: 4 feathered pictures, 2 birds of paradise
Jan. 13: 17 birds-head pins
Apr. 4: 1 eagle feather
May 29: 1 ostrich skin
June 19: 25 doz paper birds with teal feathers
July 7: 1 pheasant feather
July 17: 1 string beads wild birds attached
Aug. 20: 6 penguin skins
Sept. 16: 5 doz prs metal earrings with feathers of kingfish
1942—Apr. 3: 1 wild bird
June 23: 23 feathers, aigrettes, goura numidi & bird of paradise
July 17: 1 hat, 3 collars lined with feathers
Sept. 9: 7 pieces feathers of hummingbird in watch charm
Nov. 18: 1 bird feather
Dec. 9: 5½ ozs gross feathers, 15 feathered birds, 1 feather duster
1943—Jan. 19: 2 caps, eiderdown on skin
June 7: 5 golden pheasant feathers

All persons claiming the above-described goods or any interest therein are required to appear and file claim of ownership with and give bond to the undersigned in the sum of $250 within twenty days after the first publication of this notice.

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LETTER FROM LONDON

DECEMBER 3 (BY CABLE)

THE publication of the Government's portly, statistical White Paper on the British war effort made it possible for the average person here to figure out with depressing exactness just how uncomfortable certain aspects of his life had been during the past five years. Because of the length of the document, the newspapers considerately boiled it down and gave it to their readers in easily assimilable summaries. The complete White Paper is a staggering collection of facts which ranges from the number (small) of ounces of fresh fruit and the number (large) of pounds of potatoes that are being consumed each week by British civilians to the number of fighter planes coming off the assembly lines and the number of heifers in calf. Statistics usually aren't particularly engrossing to anybody except statisticians, but this lot had for most people the fascination of a medical handbook about some disease from which one is still suffering. Mr. Churchill's refusal to prophesy last week that Europe would be on the out-of-danger list before next summer naturally didn't raise anybody's spirits. Still, now that the cost of the war in cash and flesh and blood (representing the war's large hopes for the future and its small, irritating deprivations for the present) is on the record, the British have the feeling that there is no reason any longer to fear that they will be misinterpreted when they say, as they frequently do in private, that they're tired to the bone and would like to think that the end is actually in sight. The nation's deep fatigue is particularly evident on train journeys, when civilians, as well as service men and women, fall asleep almost as soon as they sit down in the train. Doctors say that they are kept busy dishing out tonics to workers who really need the unprocurable prescription of a long rest from blackout, bombs, and worry.

The face of London, as everyone knows, isn't any fresher than the faces of the people, a fact which the White Paper makes sadly and abundantly clear in its enumeration of bombed houses. The buildings which aren't bombed look so shabby that many of the English who have visited Paris since the liberation seem to have been impressed as much by the beautiful fresh house paint as by anything else. Almost everywhere except in the West End, where some women have tried to cheer up year-before-last's winter outfit with a giddy hat (it was amusing to see how, practically before the ink was dry on those Paris fashion photographs, every little milliner's window mysteriously sprouted towering turbans), people look shabby, too. Clothes rationing is beginning to pinch even those who started out with a fairly ample wardrobe. The food situation has been remarkably steady, if a bit monotonous, up to now, but there is a feeling that it may not be so good in the near future. Fish, for example, is already scarce, and queues wait patiently to buy "what we'd have sold for cats and dogs before the war," as one fishmonger recently put it, mournfully flapping damp, unidentifiable slabs into the customers' baskets. The shops, which are beginning to put up their Christmas displays, look well enough stocked until you begin to examine them closely, and then most of the goods turn out to be poorer in quality and more expensive than ever. "Frankly, we're ashamed to offer some of the stuff to the public," a buyer in one store's toy department said the other day. All in all, people here are hoping that the Prime Minister was unnecessarily cautious about picking the date for victory.

ALL elements in the community affectionately joined together last Thursday to wish Mr. Churchill well on his seventieth birthday. Most of the papers were inspired to birthday tributes in verse. The *Times*' vigorous and somewhat Popeish effort included this stern couplet: "Let Churchill take the milestone in his stride / And treat a birthday as a foe defied." The Prime Minister's stock has never stood higher and it is likely to soar still higher if he has success with the housing question, which he announced last week he intended to take a hand in. This is perhaps the hottest question the Government has to face on the home front at the moment. Critics of the prefabricated bungalows which have been promised as temporary relief say that the things are too small to encourage the raising of families and that the rentals will have to be far too high because of weaknesses in the Government's scheme for acquiring the land they are to be built on. Mr. Churchill's recent appointment of his son-in-law, Duncan Sandys, as Minister of Works to tackle this problem has met with a

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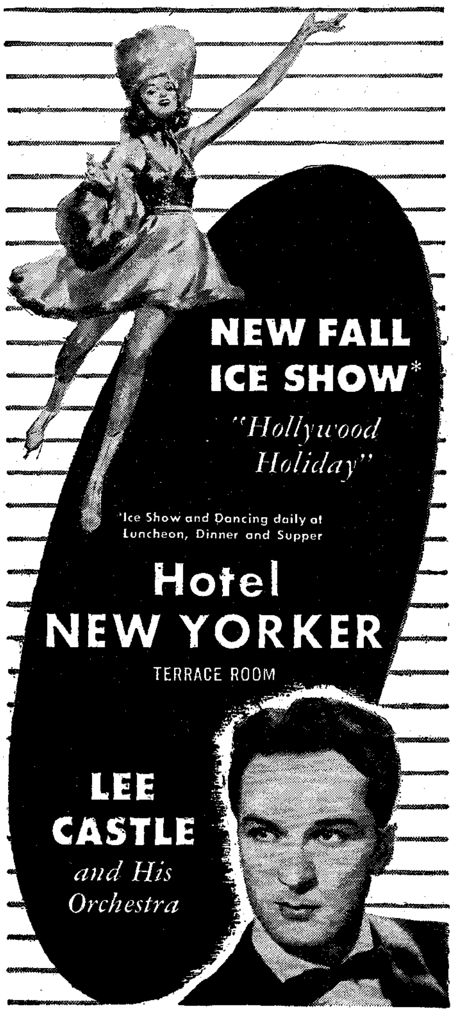
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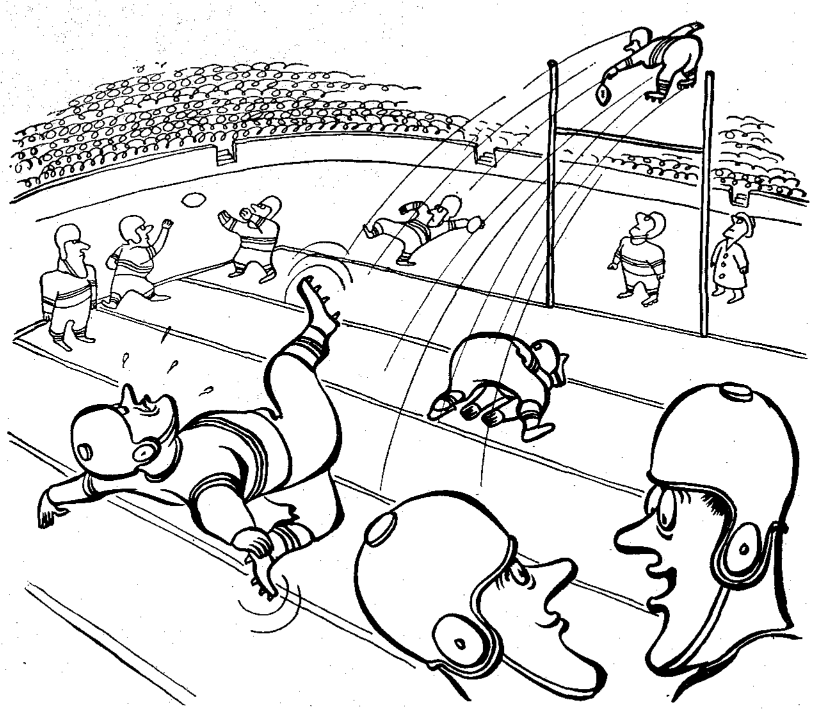

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mixed reception from the public, which hopes that Mr. Sandys will be quicker than his predecessor in putting roofs over people's heads again. Many people tend to feel uneasy because Mr. Sandys has had no experience in housing matters. Others, who think that he made a good showing in his job as head of the committee set up to devise defense measures against the flying bomb, are optimistic. In any event, his new work isn't likely to be made simpler by the fresh V-bomb threat to British homes.

As southern Englanders adjust themselves to the V-2, their memories of last summer's V-1 have become conveniently blurred. One of the West End cinemas is showing a short documentary, with horridly realistic sound effects, on the flying bomb and the defense put up against it. The other evening the audience laughed and cheered at the beginning of the film, but when a robot was shown groaning and popping into the foreground and there was suddenly that familiar cut-off of the engines and that dreadful silence before the explosion, you could have heard a pin drop in the theatre. People shut their eyes and grabbed the arms of their seats, trying to overcome an absurd, almost uncontrollable urge to crawl under them.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

RICH, BEAUTIFUL PROSE DEPT.

[*From the Toronto Daily Star*]

Spectacularama is Katherine Dunham's Tropical Revue at the Royal. A college color-movie of the stage-cinema produced by this M.A. folk-interpretive dancer would make anthropology popular scenics, colors, costumes, lights, music, rhythm, tropical folklore, comics and palpitant, theatrical colored folk, all animated by Negro genius for pantomimic rhythm. Moods, scenes, atmospheres, all in a magno-kaleidoscope of visibilized rhythm.

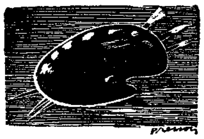
A cinema of moods, sombre Melanesian legend, fantastic of color-gloom, with the flickering finger-rhythms of Miss Dunham as a finale. Moorish Bolero—visible rhapsody with the same build-up psychology as Ravel's. Brazilian Quadrille, a coruscating colorama. Wailing, swaying figures in a Cuban Lament. Havana Promenade, a skilful undulation to marvellously modulant music. Phenomenal, how the hottest kind of music floats out of this show.

Music-drama of Puberty and Fertility was lavishly spectacularized. A street scene at Port au Prince, gay as a carnival. Plantation dances in four scenes . . . a jubilate of a hoedown in exquisite color-rhythmics; Strutters' Ball vocal quartet—prodigiously comic; cakewalk, reminiscent of the '90's. Florida Swamp Shimmy was a marvel of plastic pantomime to subtle music.

THE ART GALLERIES

No Contest

THE main show for this week is concerned with a subject that for some time has deserved more attention than it has been getting. That is the relation between Abstract and Surrealist painting, particularly in this country. The Abstractionists, being fairly well organized, have exhibited regularly; the Surrealists haven't, except in hit-or-miss fashion, and there has been a need for some sort of group exhibition that would offer the two schools, more or less in cross section, for comparison. It was needed, I think, because there are a good many misconceptions about the two. The general idea seems to be that surrealism is merely a little wilder than the other. There appear to be few who recognize that the split between them goes deep indeed and that, in fact, it is a part of the split between the romantic and the classic, the "emotional" and the "planned," which has zigzagged through almost the entire history of art.



The new show, though it fails in some other respects, does pit the two styles against each other, with fairly illuminating results. It is called, not unnaturally, "Abstract and Surrealist Art in America," and it is at the Mortimer Brandt; it fails partly because of a certain capriciousness of selection and partly, I think, because Sidney Janis, who arranged it, is unsure himself about what Surrealism is really driving at. For this reason, perhaps, the Abstract section is the more successful, but even in it there are some aberrations. Abstract painting, of course, represents the classic side in the controversy; it is the "planned" art, and, by the generally accepted definition, its main purpose is one of simplification—to reduce the idea or the object portrayed to its "abstract" or essential qualities.

This is done by a number of pieces in the show—Byron Browne's "Head," for example, and Stuart Davis's kaleidoscopic and exceedingly handsome "Ursine Park," A. D. F. Reinhardt's "Red and Blue," and I. Rice Pereira's delicate "Diffraction." But there are others, such as Adolph Gottlieb's "Pictograph" and Abraham Rattner's "April Showers," whose whole value derives from modes of expression quite different from the Abstract and whose inclusion therefore serves only to blur the issue. When you get to the Surrealist section, you will find much worse confusion.

This is not all Mr. Janis's fault. I suppose that there is no one in the world today who can say definitely what Surrealism stands for. About all one can say with assurance is that it began as a romantic revolt from the strict classicism of Abstract painting, that it first took positive form in the early paintings of Chirico, and that, like most other revolutionary movements, artistic and otherwise, it was soon preëmpted by a group who tried to reduce the impulse behind it to a formula. The group in this case was the official Paris Surrealists, and they deserve credit for having given the impulse a name and for having so early recognized its validity.

As with all healthy movements, however—and whatever one may think of its crazier manifestations, Surrealism is generally healthy, as an artistic expression of our times—the movement soon outgrew its sponsors. It has spread now till such diverse practitioners as Julian Levi, Darrel Austin, and whoever does the Houbigant perfume ads all make some use of its methods, and Mr. Janis's chief difficulty, as it must be with anyone who meddles with the subject, has been to know where to start and when to stop with his inclusions.

My main quarrel with him is that he has failed to recognize the real power of the American school of Surrealists, particularly of those painters who use the style for direct social commentary. In the show, there is a Dorothea Tanning "Birthday," very hard and harsh and shallow but effective; there are, too, a pleasantly sentimental "Bird in Moonlight," by Morris Graves; a delightfully nonsensical construction by Joseph Cornell called "De Medici Slot Machine," and a rampantly violent "Painting," by Arshile Gorky. These, and many others in this section, are technically brilliant. What's left out, to my mind, is the meat of the matter. The great virtue of Surrealism is that it permits the use of metaphor in painting and this not only gives it poetic value but also opens the way to remarkably succinct commentary. Men like Peter Blume, O. Louis Guglielmi, Robert Gwathmey, and John Atherton use the method in this fashion, at times with extraordinary effect. In omitting them, Mr. Janis has left out the living part of Surrealism and has concentrated on what may turn out to be its dead-end aspects.

—ROBERT M. COATES

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A CAT IN THE FAMILY

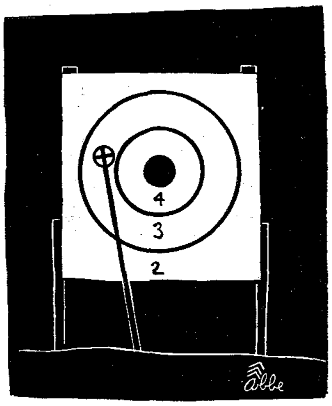
IN the northern English village in which I was raised, nearly everybody kept a cat. There were very few dogs—a couple of Scotch terriers and three racing whippets. When I was six I wanted a dog—a collie—but whenever I asked for one, Father would say, "If ever I have a dog, it'll be an Airedale. There's naught to touch an Airedale. Just remember that, my lass." It was several years before I realized that he didn't mean to have a dog of any sort.

For quite a while we didn't have a cat, either. Mother was tolerant toward human weaknesses, she believed that mankind was improving, she gave food to beggars, when we had barely enough for ourselves, but she detested dogs and cats, especially cats. I guess she thought the battle for cleanliness was hard enough without having a cat leave hairs on the sofa and slop milk on her kitchen floor.

We lived in a small cottage in a street of narrow stone houses, and as everybody had a cat except us, the mice in the neighboring fields took to staying with us whenever they wanted to be indoors. We often saw their sharp eyes under the cupboard in the living room and heard them scuttle across the bedroom floors. Father set traps for weeks, but he only caught one mouse.

"We'll have to get a cat," Father said at last. "There's naught else for it." A few days afterward, Uncle Tom arrived with a kitten.

Uncle Tom was the universal provider. A few months after the end of the World War, he had come home from India with a model of the Taj Mahal, four painted cushion covers, several large, dead butterflies, and six brass pots, all of which he distributed to admiring relatives. He got a job immediately, he never seemed to be short of money, and he would lend whatever he had to anybody.



"This," he said, putting the kitten on our hearthrug, "is as fine as ever I saw. And mind you treat it right."

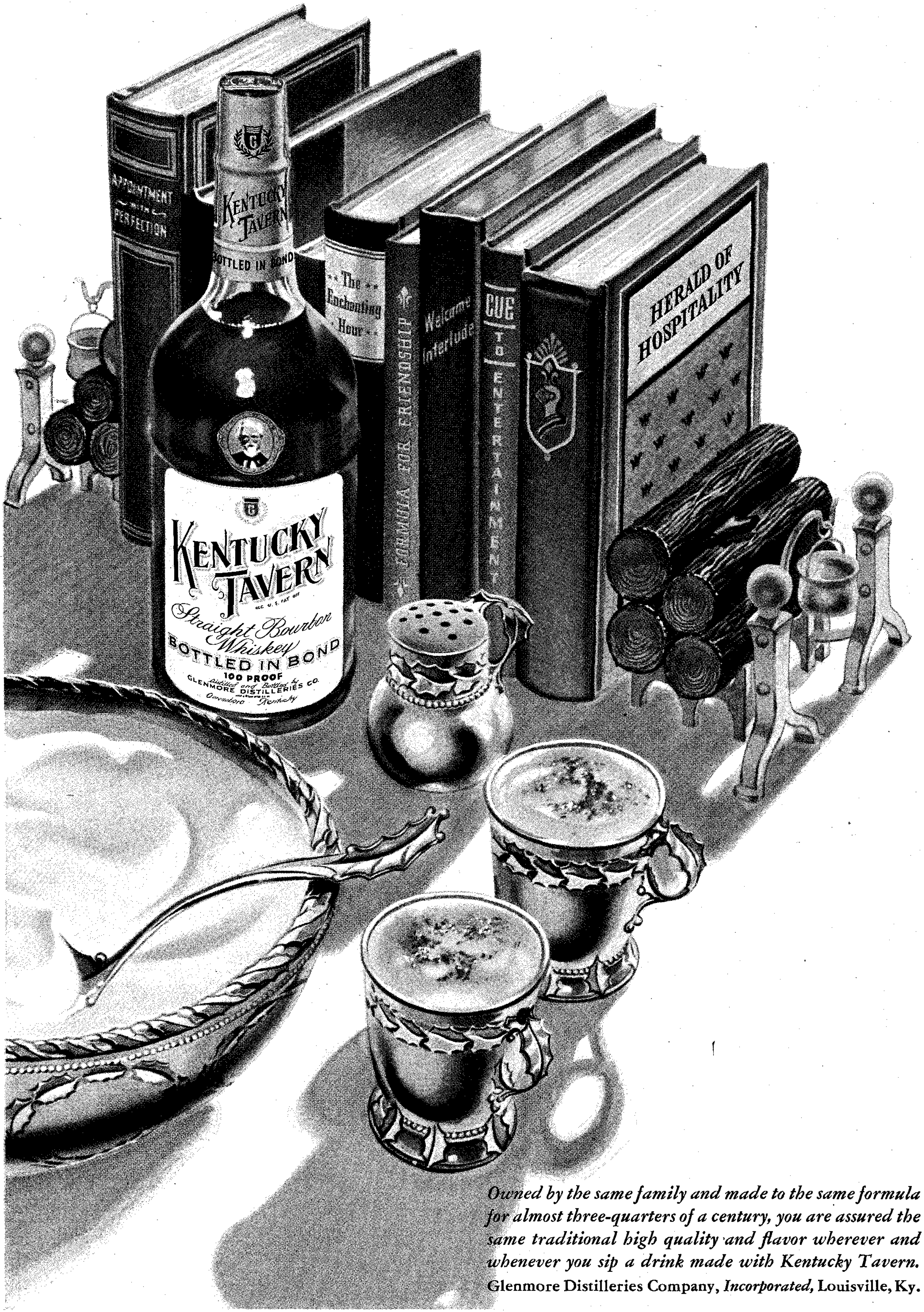
He looked sharply at my brother, who, whenever he got a toy, took it to pieces to see what was inside. If the toy was strong, my brother got a hammer to speed up the demolition. He was seven years old, and curious. I was eleven and past the toy age.

My brother and I took to the kitten the moment we saw her. We called her Topsy, because it is a custom in England to call black female kittens Topsy. We trailed lengths of string across the carpet for her, and we were constantly fetching the milk jug from the cellar because we thought the kitten might need nourishment. I found that reading a book with a cat on my lap made the book seem better. We never saw the kitten catch a mouse, but the mice left us. Mother admitted that the kitten must be responsible for this strategic retreat, but her gratitude was cold. A cat, she said, was a nuisance. Once, when it made a mess on her kitchen floor, she went white with anger and disgust. She soon cured the cat of that sort of uncleanliness. My brother said unhappily that he believed she had slapped it. The kitten was lively and kept getting under Mother's feet. Whenever she tripped over it, she would wish loudly that it was in Timbuktu. We had no idea where Timbuktu was, nor had she, but we all knew it was far enough away. Sometimes when we came home from school, my brother and I would find the kitten mewing outside our door, and one of us would pick it up and hug it, trying to make up for Mother's unkindness.

Father was tolerant and good-natured toward the kitten, but his attitude changed after she broke Jack Johnson. Father had once gone on a day's trip to a seaside town and had brought back as a souvenir a china tobacco jar, shaped and colored like a Negro's head. It had a smiling face and white, even teeth, and when you wanted tobacco, you lifted the scalp off. Father told us that Jack Johnson was the greatest boxer in the world and that this was a model of his head. One evening, Jack Johnson was left on the edge of a chair, and the kitten, leaping from the floor onto the leather seat, knocked him off. He broke into twenty pieces.

"That damned cat!" Father roared. He went absolutely purple and said he would have the cat drowned. My brother and I were alarmed, for though we liked Jack Johnson, we liked the cat better. My brother picked her up and

THE ARISTOCRAT OF BONDS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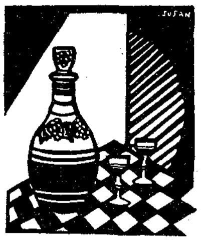
ADV. BY N. W. AYER

took her out into the street for a while to let Father's anger cool. Half an hour later, Uncle Tom came in, and, as nothing could take Father's mind off Jack Johnson, Uncle tactfully started a discussion of boxing. Father relieved his feelings in oratory and said nothing more about having the cat drowned. But he never liked Topsy after that, and if she sprang onto his knee, he pushed her off.



Topsy was soon out of infancy. She got through adolescence in a flash and emerged into handsome maturity. As cats go, she was very affectionate, but she had no discrimination; she would sidle up to Mother or Father with the same warmth that she showed to my brother and me, and no amount of coldness on their part convinced her that her love was not returned.

My brother got the idea of taking her to bed with him and letting her lie on his feet to keep them warm. He managed this for a while with secrecy and success, but one night I overheard him talking to the cat and was jealous. Naturally, I shouted to Mother, and she rushed upstairs to find Topsy escaping and cat hairs on the white bedspread. Next morning I saw the bedspread floating in a tub of soapy water in the wash cellar; Mother had a horror of germs.

The next problem was kittens. Uncle Tom said if Mother put the cat out every night, what else could she expect, but I believe her innocent mind had never envisaged kittens. We saw Topsy getting heavier and slower, and Mother frowned every time she looked at her.

"They'll have to be drowned," Mother said. "The whole lot of 'em."

Four kittens were born—unluckily, while my brother and I were in school. Mother was uncommonly kind to Topsy for a week and never once wished her in Timbuktu, but on the tenth day Uncle Tom turned up and she told him that he'd have to do the drowning.

"You've got to keep one, unless you want to break the cat's heart," Uncle Tom said.

"I don't care," Mother said.

"No, but I do," Uncle Tom said. "And you'll keep one for a month and then I'll find it a home."

The arrangement worked out well. Topsy's maternal impulse seemed to last about a month, and apparently she never missed the three that Uncle Tom drowned. We didn't see him do the drowning, but he told us that the kittens felt absolutely nothing.

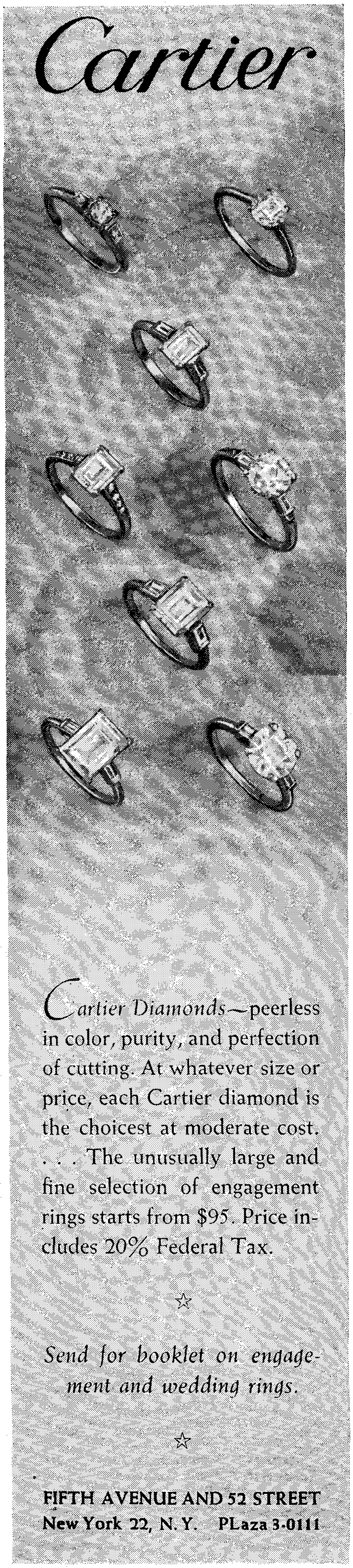
Topsy lived with us for nearly two years and had several litters, which Uncle Tom disposed of, always in the same way, and everybody was satisfied. Then Mother got sick and the doctor said she must lie flat in bed for a couple of months. It was decided that we should all go to live with Grandmother and Uncle Tom for a while, so that we could be properly cared for, but Grandmother said that she wouldn't have a cat in the house and that we must get rid of Topsy. My brother and I visited several neighbors and asked if they would keep a cat for us, but they all had cats and nobody wanted another. Even Uncle Tom said there was no way out. My brother and I talked things over and decided to take Topsy across the field to Farley's farm. Farley had two cats in his barn and we thought he might like a third. We dared not ask him, as he was an unpleasant man with a sharp temper, but we thought that if we left the cat in the field near the barn, she would find herself a home. We knew she had intelligence and initiative.

The evening before we were to go to Grandmother's, we carried out our plan. We waited until no one else was downstairs. Then I picked Topsy up and told my brother to come on. Topsy, who was used to being pushed around, made no sound, and we went out into the summer twilight. We took turns carrying her.

To get to Farley's farm, we had to go along Back Lane and through Spring Wood. The field on the other side of the lane was some nine feet below the roadway. We had reckoned that nine feet of wall would discourage Topsy from trying to return with us.

When we got to the wall, my brother suggested that we might sit with the cat for a while before dropping her over the other side, but I was feeling miserable and wanted to get the affair finished. I looked over the wall at the field beneath. My brother, who was hugging the cat, knew what I was thinking. "We can't let her drop that far," he said. "It might kill her."

I told him to climb down with her, since he was good at wall climbing, but he pointed out that I was older than he. It was an awkward wall, and neither of us liked the look of it. Finally we decided to toss a halfpenny. He lost, and started to climb down. When he had got a third of the way, I leaned over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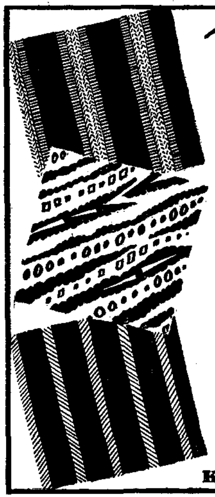

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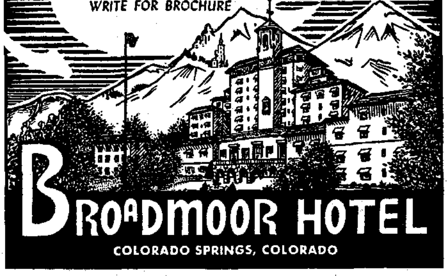

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and gave him the cat, and then, tucking her under his left arm, he managed to get to the bottom. I noticed that his right knee was bleeding, but he didn't seem to mind, so I said nothing.

I sat on the wall and watched him run toward Farley's barn with Topsy in his arms. The long grass had been mown and there was only stubble left; Farley couldn't say we had damaged his crop. I began to feel queer in my stomach, and remembered that I had eaten six green gooseberries in the school yard that afternoon. I wondered if I was going to be sick. I watched my brother put the cat down beside the door of the barn and saw him start to run back. The cat streaked after him and they arrived at the wall simultaneously.

"Climb up, quick," I said. "We'll have to leave her in the field."

He started to scramble up the wall and I leaned over as far as I dared to give him a hand. I had an awful time getting him up. As I was dragging him over the rough top stones, I happened to turn my head and saw Topsy sitting on the wall beside me. She seemed very interested in the way my brother was climbing up. I guess she thought he was making hard work of it.

"What do we do now?" my brother asked, looking miserable.

"Let's run," I said. "She won't follow us all the way. She'll get tired."

We started to run and Topsy ran after us. Occasionally she would get a few yards ahead, and then she would stop and wait for us. We ran through Spring Wood and into Back Lane, but we couldn't shake her off. Halfway along the lane we had to stop because we were short of breath.

"We've got to run faster this time," my brother said. His face was white and he was trying not to cry.

"But we can't lose her just anywhere," I said. "Who'll look after her?"

"If we take her home, she'll get drowned," he said.

We all three started to run. When we got to the main street, Topsy streaked ahead, and when we reached home, she was waiting for us on the doorstep, looking cool and self-possessed.

WE found Uncle Tom in the living room, packing my clothes into a suitcase and singing "Waiting for the Robert E. Lee." It was his favorite song, but when I asked him once who Robert E. Lee was he said he didn't know, and he couldn't explain what "waiting on the levee" meant, either. He said a levee was something they had in America.

"Where've you two been?" he asked. "You look as if you've been running your legs off."

I said nothing. My brother sat on the sofa and stared into the fire. I could hear my grandmother walking around upstairs. With every step she took, the bedroom floor creaked.

"You've been up to something," Uncle Tom said. "Out with it."

I told him how we had tried to lose the cat and failed. Topsy had stretched herself out on the hearthrug. She must be pretty tired, I thought. I knew I was.

"Listen," Uncle Tom said. "You've had her a long time and you can't keep her now. But I won't drown her. Tomorrow night, as soon as I've finished work, I'll take her to a vet in Hampton, and he'll see she dies peaceful."

We thought that over. We didn't like the idea much.

"He'll just give her a whiff of something that'll send her to sleep for good. That's all. It'll cost me five shillings, but if you'll stop worrying and go off to bed I promise I'll do it."

It seemed the only way, and Topsy liked sleeping. She spent half the day asleep in front of the fire.

"All right," I said.

"There's milk and currant bread for your supper. It's on the kitchen table. Fetch it in here," Uncle Tom said, "and I'll tell you about the time I was in the Himalayas."

My brother went into the kitchen and came back with a saucer of milk, which he put on the hearthrug.

"When your mother gets better, I'll find a kitten for you," Uncle Tom said.

"We don't want one," I said.

"You'll feel different in a week or two," Uncle Tom said. "I once felt the same way about somebody—about something—and I got over it. That's the way it always is," he said, and started pushing the lid of my suitcase down and whistling "Waiting for the Robert E. Lee." —WINIFRED WILLIAMS

•

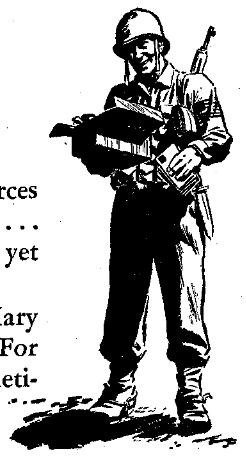
MOST FASCINATING NEWS STORY OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the San Francisco Chronicle*]

CAMP CAMPBELL, KY. (AP)—Tech. 5th Gr. Horace Brown of the field artillery used to be an inveterate tobacco chewer, the camp's public relations office reports. One day he captured a black snake.

How Oregon Home Cooking Went to the Battle Fronts!

A Journal idea that scattered 'round the world 27,156 hermetically sealed cans of Christmas goodies!



Thousands of our Oregon boys and girls in the armed forces overseas will receive extra-special Christmas gifts this year... homemade goodies they've dreamed about for months yet couldn't get because of shipping difficulties.

For the extra cheer this Christmas they can thank Mary Cullen's Household Arts Service of the Oregon Journal. For Mary Cullen made possible the shipping of foods in hermetically sealed tin cans—foods, homemade by mothers, wives and sweethearts—that would spoil in ordinary packing.

Here's how it started. When inquiries began to come to Mary Cullen last August asking what mailable foods could be home canned to send to the armed forces for Christmas, discouraging answers had to be given. Ordinary home canning methods would not protect foods against spoilage.

Home Folks Asked Mary Cullen

But Mary Cullen and her staff had solved greater problems and they found the answer to this one. They made arrangements for commercial type tin cans which families and friends of servicemen and women could buy for cost at Mary Cullen's Cottage (street level location of The Journal's Household Arts Department). Purchasers took these cans home, filled them with homemade goodies and returned them to The Journal. Journal trucks took the cans to a local cannery for hermetical sealing, then hauled them back to The Journal office for the owners to claim.

Almost 2,000 Cans A Day!

The sale started September 9, 1944 and closed September 29, to allow time for making the goodies, sealing cans and mailing before October 15th. The first day 1,800 cans were picked up. When the sale closed 27,156 cans had been purchased and every one of them was returned filled, for sealing.

What went into these cans of Christmas cheer?

Homemade fruit cakes headed the list. Second, was homemade fudge and other candies. Cookies, salted nuts and jam were other popular items. Mary Cullen's Cottage prepared and distributed special recipes to meet various climatic conditions.

Many doting mothers and wives brought foods that could not possibly be shipped even in sealed cans. But so great is the respect of women in the Portland area for the accuracy of Mary Cullen's advice that they accepted her instructions on what to send without question or rancor.

Why should The Journal be the only newspaper in Portland (or anywhere else as far as we know) to conceive and conduct such a service? Because the people who staff The Journal are not content to do merely their assigned jobs. They are people with brains and ingenuity, with ambition and initiative. They delight in performing extra bits of service that help to make the community The Journal serves a better, happier, pleasanter place to live. No wonder The Journal is today, as it has been for years, Portland's favorite newspaper.

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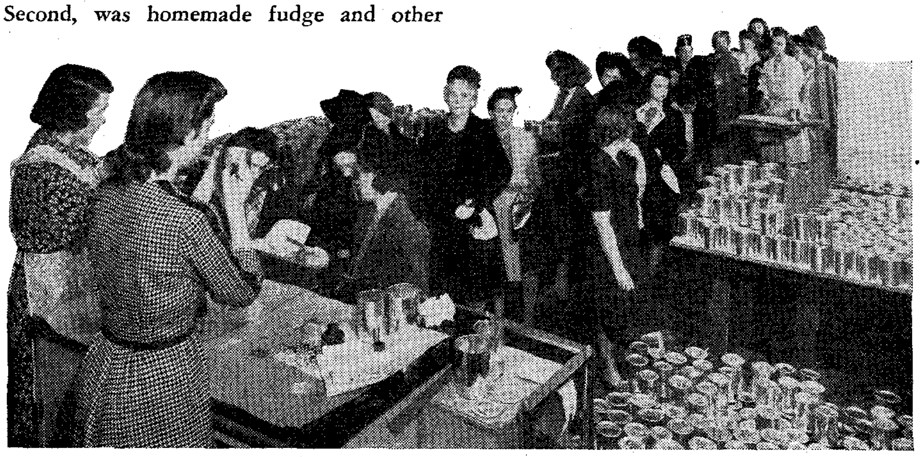

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Mostly Opera

THE Metropolitan Opera Association opened its season last week with "Faust," which has been a reliable standby for many an operatic organization hereabouts for more than eighty years. It is easy to complain about the inconsistencies in the libretto and about the high sugar content of some of the music, but the piece has lots of good, durable tunes, plenty of effective stuff for singers, and enough sure-fire and red-fire stage effects to keep most operagoers reasonably well entertained. The singing on this occasion was not the best I've heard from the various principals in the production and the acting had a way of running to the old "Faust" routine. However, the orchestra, knowingly led by Wilfred Pelletier, delivered a tidy and euphonious performance, and the first-night audience amply provided the show that was expected of it.

"Don Giovanni," which is some seventy years older than "Faust," was the next bill at the Metropolitan, and it worked up great enthusiasm among its listeners. The singing, as such, was uneven, ranging from well intentioned to good, but there was a fine musical and dramatic unity in the production. Most of "Don Giovanni" is fashioned for comedy, and the cast tried hard for the laughs, although not as hard as some local casts have. If the serious moments didn't seem quite as convincing as the lighter stretches, it may have been because some of them present violent vocal problems. When singers have to battle with some of the most difficult music Mozart composed (and Mozart can be tough going), the interest is in the contest between the voice and the score rather than in any conflict of emotions. George Szell, conducting his first Metropolitan "Don Giovanni," turned in a delightful performance. He directed not only the music but also the audience, holding back one bit of premature applause with a wave of his left arm. Mr. Szell, in addition, sat in at the piano to accompany the recitatives, and his playing of these passages was a subtle and engaging demonstration of musical taste and efficiency.

"La Bohème," a comparative youngster as standard operas go (it won't be fifty years old until next February), had a sprightly showing later in the week. It was generally well sung, and smartly acted, too, except for some cluttering of the stage by the chorus in the second act. Of special interest that evening was the Metropolitan début of Hugh Thompson, a young baritone who has been heard around town frequently in opera, musical plays, and radio. He is a versatile singer and an actor who knows his job, and he registered immediately. The orchestra continued to sound well, this time under the guidance of Cesare Sodero.

THE Philharmonic-Symphony last week contributed an interesting program of British music, much of it recent, to the season's events. First of all, there was "A Solemn Hymn for Victory," a short orchestral work that revealed both talent and skill, by R.A.F. Wing Commander John Wooldridge, a young man who has a heroic record of achievement in the war. I hope to hear more of his music. Vaughan Williams' latest symphony, his fifth, had an ingratiating and sensitive first American performance by Artur Rodzinski and the orchestra. It is contemplative music and charming, even if it sometimes seems to linger over its moods. With the accomplished coöperation of the Westminster Choir and John Brownlee, the orchestra also gave a brilliant exhibition of William Walton's "Belshazzar's Feast," which is grand stuff to hear, although perhaps more enjoyable than substantial. For good measure, there was a mighty presentation of Elgar's most familiar "Pomp and Circumstance" march (there are, as you may know, five marches), with everybody onstage and in the thick of it.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

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[*From the Boston Herald*]

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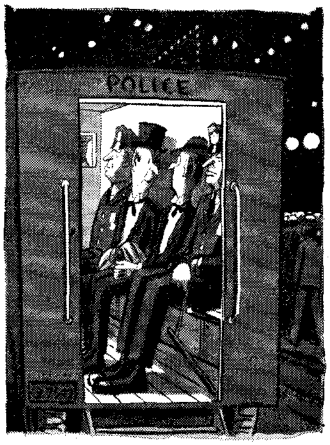
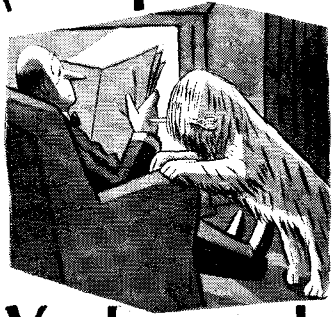
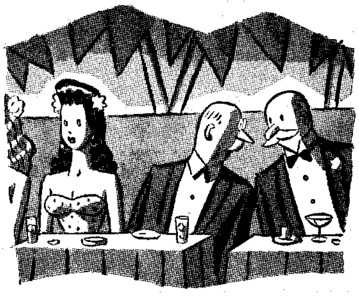
They say a picture is worth a thousand words. In that case an Arno picture must be worth at least ten thousand words. So here's thirty thousand words worth. (No pun intended.) This book contains 115 cartoons by Peter Arno. Most are reprinted through the courtesy of *The New Yorker,* while a number of others have never appeared before in print. This is the first Peter Arno collection to be published since 1941.



"You and your rapier-like wit!"





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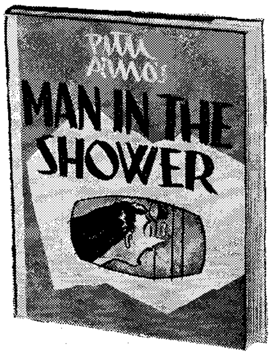

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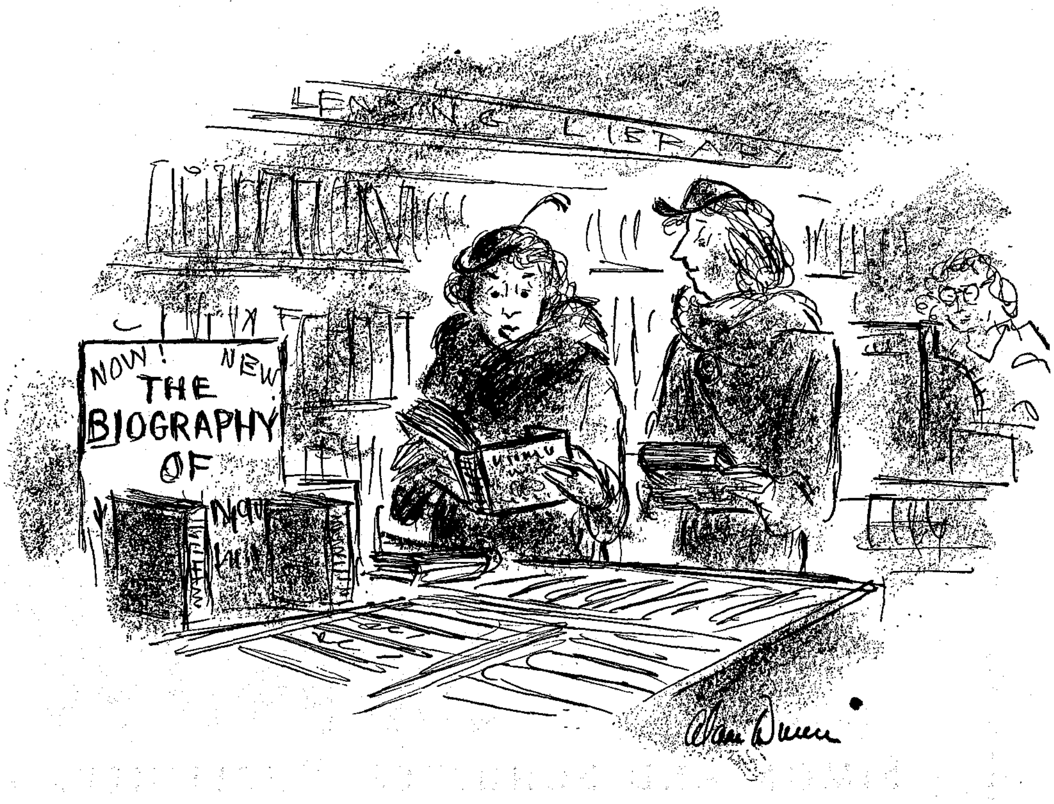
BOOKS

Leonid Leonov: The Sophistication of a Formula

"ROAD TO THE OCEAN" (Fischer) is a long novel about Soviet Russia by a prominent Soviet novelist. It centers around "socialist construction": the operation of a Russian railroad; but the author, Leonid Leonov, has genuine literary gifts which do not lend themselves readily to propaganda, and he has tried to do something subtler, more complex, and more humanly plausible than the ordinary Communist Sunday-school story. Leonov has a novelist's interest in the crude mixed materials of life and a literary sophistication very rare in Soviet fiction. His novel, which is extremely intricate, with a great multiplication of characters, involves elements of the landowning class dispossessed by the Revolution, of the bourgeois professional class trying to function in the new socialist economy, of the original generation of devoted and intrepid revolutionists who established the Soviet society, and of the younger generation of the Komsomol who are helping to get it running in the spirit of Boy and Girl Scouts.

The presentation of all this is quite skillful: the interdependence of the various individuals is gradually brought out in a dramatic but usually not obvious way. Episode leads to episode by transitions apparently meaningless: a character who seems unimportant in one chapter will be shown at full length in the next; till, later, a new nexus of relationships which gives the whole picture a new significance is suddenly constituted either by continuing the story in the present or by exploring its earlier phases in the past. For example, the discovery by a Communist historian of a set of old papers in a country house makes a number of the characters fall together into a Chekhovian drama of the old regime and connects them with the original flotation, seen as a typical capitalist swindle, of that railroad which is now the arena of the entirely different exploits of Soviet industrial effort; then the same house, now turned into a "rest home" for vacationing Soviet workers, is made to produce a new grouping of characters and exert a new kind of influence, when the railroad's Politbureau chief goes for a sojourn there. And there are even long-distance projections into the future of the Soviet world which, though sometimes a little tedious, are also handled in a novel way. Through old documents, through the memories of the characters, we have been shown the Russian past; what is the world that they are working for to be? Leonov is much too clever to bore us with a socialist utopia. He gives us the visions of Kurilov, the veteran Politbureau chief who is the central figure of the story, and these visions are conditioned by Kurilov's mood, and thus by his personal situation at the moment, just as the visions of Czarist Russia are conditioned by the outlook of the Communist historian who has found the old papers and is making out a case against capitalist enterprise, or by the failing and romantic memories of the survivors of the gentry and the merchant class. Moreover, the efforts of Kurilov to imagine the world that is coming—the great wars, the displacements of civilization, the navigation of interplanetary space—are not in the nature of blueprints but merely imperfect, sometimes comic, dreams which provide not so much a prophecy as a picture of our own state of mind when we try to prefigure the future.

What Leonov is attempting to do is, therefore, ambitious and interesting, and he has been able to fill in his project with so much lively observation of life, so much entertaining invention of incident, that he carries us quite through his elaborate book. We are conscious from the beginning that the characters are types, but we do not at first sight take them for the conventional types of Soviet fiction. They do not seem to be doing the regulation things or striking the regulation attitudes: the bourgeois who has buried his past is evidently working in all good faith at his Soviet railroad job; the Komsomol engine crew make a mess of their first difficult run. And the internal life of these people is presented with as much circumstantiality as the external detail of their homes and work, so that the author half creates the illusion that he is on intimate terms with his characters. We give him the benefit of the doubt: we assume that he knows what he is doing and that he has something astonishing and revealing in store. It is not till we come to the end that we are definitely let down by Leonov, but then we are badly let down. The *ci-devant* bourgeois yardmaster, with whom we have been led rather to sympathize, is shown,



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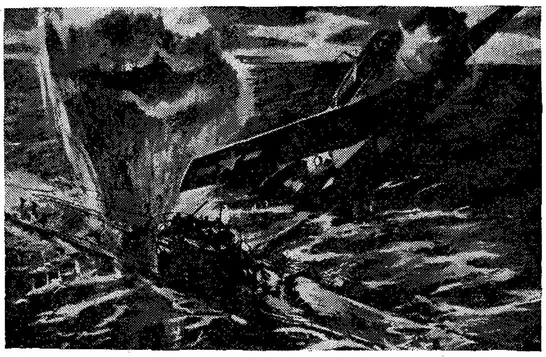

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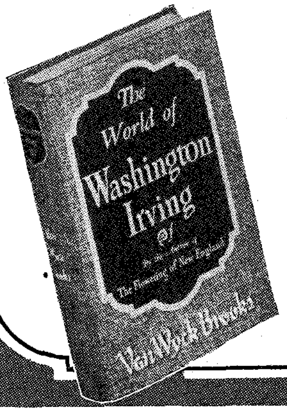

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S. B. Bottome
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after all, as incapable of going along with the new society: incurably egoistic and cold, he is doomed to plot a dastardly crime against the noble old Communist Kurilov, and he must be publicly denounced by his brother, an upright and hardworking surgeon. The bad actress and bitchy little wife is transfigured by her contact with Kurilov and becomes not merely a worker for socialist construction but also, apparently, an excellent artist. Looking back, we become aware that these people have never been real in the first place and that we have simply been distracted from minding it by the technical agility of the author, his succession of diverting anecdotes, and his air of being up to something intelligent.

And the truth is that Leonov himself must be somewhat more intelligent than his book. He is extraordinarily resourceful and adroit in evading dangerous issues, either by simply omitting things from his picture or by treating them in an objective way which enables him to remain noncommittal. "Road to the Ocean" was published in 1936, and the story is supposed to take place somewhere around 1932. The class stratification of the Soviet society and the tyranny of Moscow officialdom through the agencies of the propaganda press and the terror of the G.P.U. were well under way by that time. But Leonov has contrived a story all in terms of old revolutionists, struggling intelligentsia, and earnest young Komsomols. And, by unobtrusively causing his characters to say or think certain things, he manages to indicate an attitude which is distinctly humane and liberal. He says, for example, of Kurilov's sister, an austere saint of the heroic generation, that "it did not occur to her to take revenge on an enemy's offspring for the crimes of a whole political system." It is true that a few years in the middle thirties, the period when this book must have been written, saw a relative relaxation, in cultural and political matters, of the rigors of the dictatorship in Russia. But from the murder of the liberal Kirov, in December, 1934, the aspiration behind this was rapidly stifled. The political terror began, and millions of men and women were shot or sent to prison. People who knew one another well were afraid to comment aloud on anything they read in the paper, because denunciations to the authorities like that of Leonov's villain by his brother had now become the order of the day; and tried party workers like Kurilov and his sister were vanishing overnight into the dungeons

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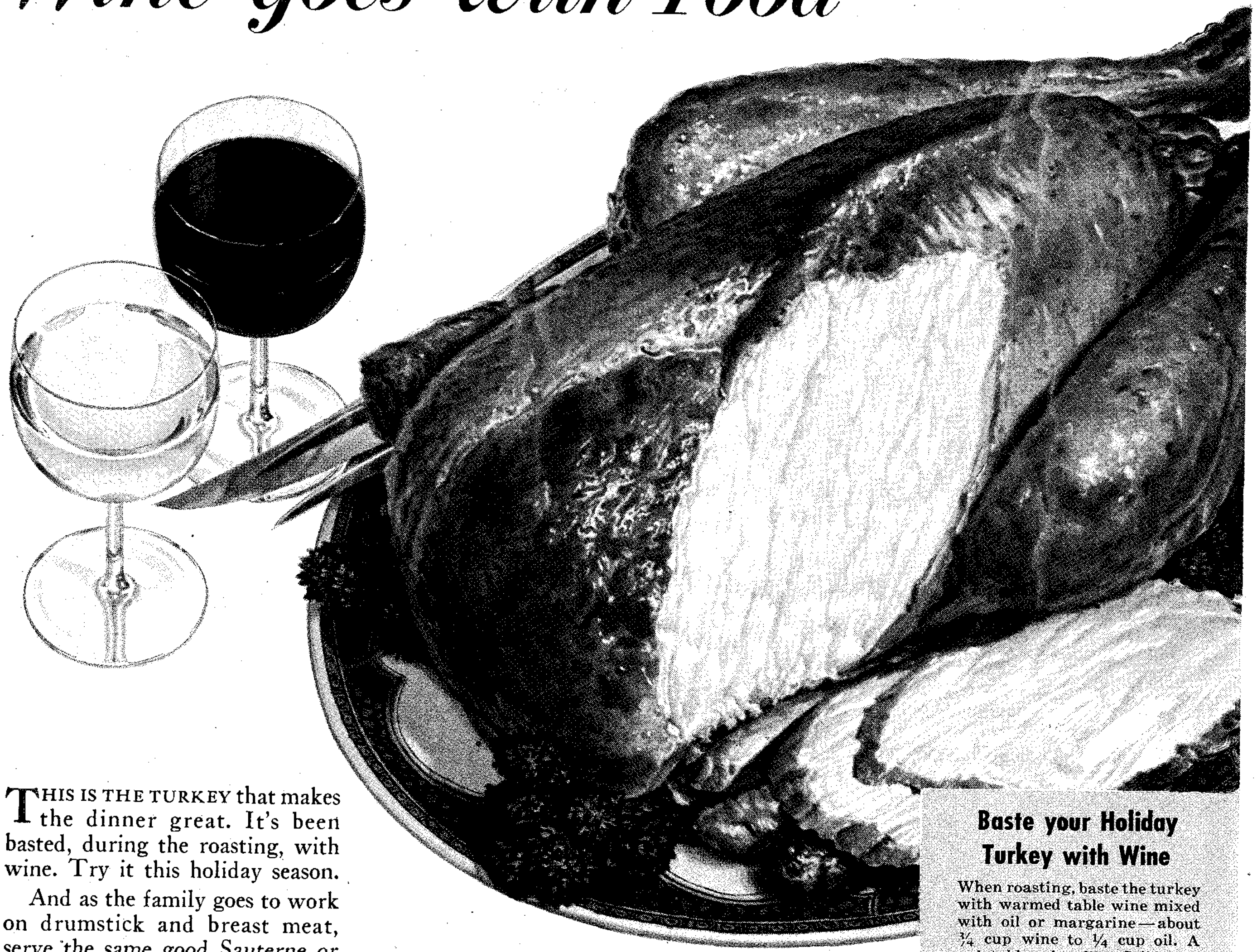

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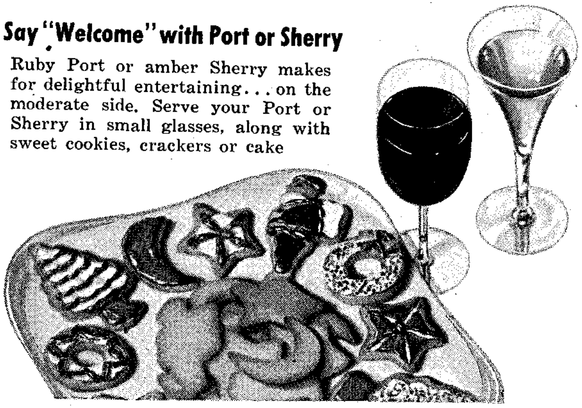

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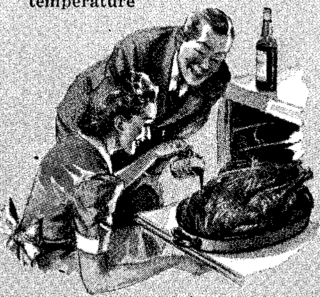

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of the G.P.U., till there was hardly an old Bolshevik left. It was so far from occurring to the rulers of Russia that one ought not to revenge oneself on the children for the political crimes of the fathers that the children of liquidated officials were left orphaned and without support, to be ostracized at school, avoided by their neighbors, and sometimes driven to suicide. The forces which Leonov seems to deprecate, which have produced the distortions of his story itself, were the forces that were to dominate in Russia.

The net effect, therefore, of Leonov's book is a peculiarly depressing one. In reading a book by a Frenchman written under the Nazi oppression—such as the "Imaginary Interviews" of André Gide—we share his humiliation in being reduced to guarded statements and riddles. A Russian novel like "Road to the Ocean" embarrasses us in a similar way. I should not say, on the evidence of this book—though Gorky highly praised Leonov—that the author was a first-rate artist; but, among Soviet writers, he is talented, and he does have some serious idea of what literature ought to be, and it is painful to see him working so hard to produce a real social novel that would stand up with Malraux or Dos Passos only to have to surrender his story to the requirements of the Soviet formula.

It is curious to compare Leonov, almost an official Soviet writer, with another Russian novelist, Mark Aldanov, a non-fellow-travelling émigré. I do not know whether they have influenced one another or whether they have been influenced separately by some general literary tendency, but they are in some respects surprisingly similar. Both like to make their stories out of episodes in the careers of assorted characters whose orbits compose a larger pattern but who may barely intersect one another's; and both have taken for their principal figures old men bred in Czarist Russia who have survived into the new society but who are now on the edge of death. Leonov has the great advantage over the author of "The Fifth Seal" that he himself has lived the new society: his material is all at first hand; whereas a weakness of Aldanov's novel is the vagueness, if not sometimes the blankness, of the Soviet backgrounds of the characters whom he sees so clearly in their connections as visitors to Western Europe. Yet Aldanov has the advantage of freedom: he can write what he observes and feels; and if we want to see how important this advantage is, we may consider the two books side by

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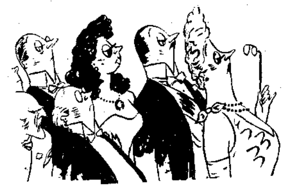

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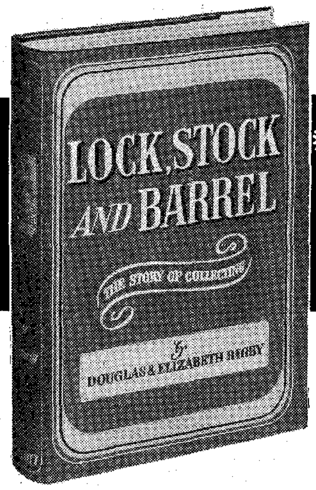

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side. This will lead us to speculating on problems about which it is hard to arrive at any very definite conclusions. Is Aldanov "better" than Leonov because he is so much more satisfactory from this point of view—because he can choose his effect and achieve it? Would Leonov have been more like Aldanov, more impartial and independent, if he had written his book abroad? Or is Leonov "better" than Aldanov both because of his more abundant material and because he has been able to associate himself with a great creative social purpose? Assuming that abilities are equal—something of which one can by no means be sure—I am afraid that it is Aldanov, the exile, who enjoys the more important advantage. The Leninist idealism which was stimulating in the Soviet literature of the twenties, which struck a kind of moral vitality into some even of the relatively crude melodramas of the earlier Soviet stage, is perceptibly flagging in "Road to the Ocean." We are continually being shown the miracles wrought upon human nature by the magic of the revolutionary morality, but we no longer really feel its virtue. Instead we feel the Soviet state, present not in its habit as it lives, as the old Czarist officialdom was in Gogol, but in a much more powerful and damaging way: by the mold into which it has crushed the book.

The translation by Norbert Guterman is a capable and conscientious job. The local dialect, the Soviet allusions, and the technical language of railroading, as well as the author's elliptical style, must have made it a formidable task. —EDMUND WILSON

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE MAGIC YEAR, by Joachim Maass, translated by Erica Meyer (Fischer). A tender and occasionally glowing record of a year in the life of a gently bred German boy at the beginning of this century. The child is enveloped by the love and understanding of his parents, but, in the world he encounters outside the home, even in that distant, peaceful day, the outlines of the brutal culture with which we are familiar can be discerned. The publisher announces that Herr Maass will continue the narrative in two further volumes.

IT'S ALWAYS TOMORROW, by Robert St. John (Doubleday, Doran). A superficial eyewitness account of Europe at war, flamboyantly done as a novel. The hero, a hustling young

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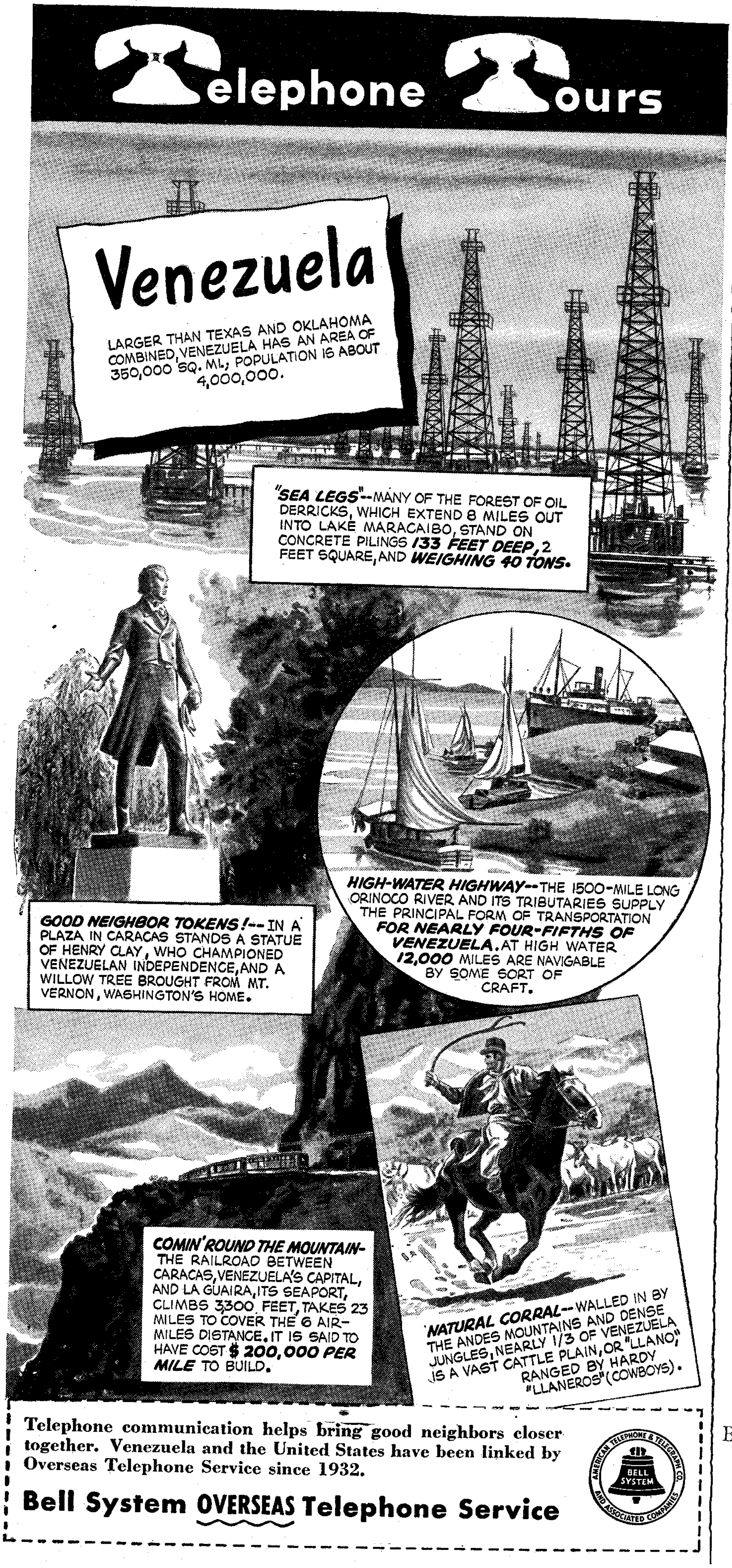

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war correspondent with a word (and usually an exclamation point) for everything and a commendable hatred of Nazis, rushes from Warsaw to Budapest, to Paris, to London, in time to be in the thick of events. In the course of speeding from one country to another, he learns with shocked amazement that the poor in all these places are usually pushed around by the rich. With a defiant gesture in the direction of the Cliveden set, the hero, after resisting a love affair with a suspiciously perfumed Polish girl, settles down happily in the midst of the London blitz with a little cockney waitress. The fact that Mr. St. John is so vehemently on the side of the angels might just possibly be embarrassing to the angels.

GENERAL

Many a Watchful Night, by John Mason Brown (Whittlesey). Mr. Brown, the drama critic who put on a Navy suit, has drawn upon his experiences before, during, and after the invasion to write this book, best described as a record of the thoughts and feelings of an intelligent man in wartime. One thing that Mr. Brown's volume suggests, like his earlier "To All Hands" and those excellent dispatches that Brooks Atkinson sent back to the *Times* from China, is that the equipment of a drama critic is ideal for a war correspondent. There is nothing quite like a long term of servitude in critics' row, it would appear, to eliminate the notion, held by forty-nine correspondents out of fifty, that war is a spectacle. Mr. Brown does not make that mistake and, no less happily, he does not mistake his part in the invasion for one of the star rôles. The fact that he can write and has a quiet, engaging wit is also helpful. Most of the things Mr. Brown tells about, such as the American invasion of England, London in moonlight, and a visit to George Bernard Shaw, are not staggeringly important. A lot of readers, however, will probably find it a relief to have their attention directed to the unimportant for a change and will feel grateful for a writer who, in the midst of war, has managed to hold on to his judgment, his sanity, and his taste.

Bread Upon the Waters, by Rose Pesotta (Dodd, Mead). A study of the American labor movement, especially in the needle trades, by an extremely earnest young woman who, from 1934 until she resigned in

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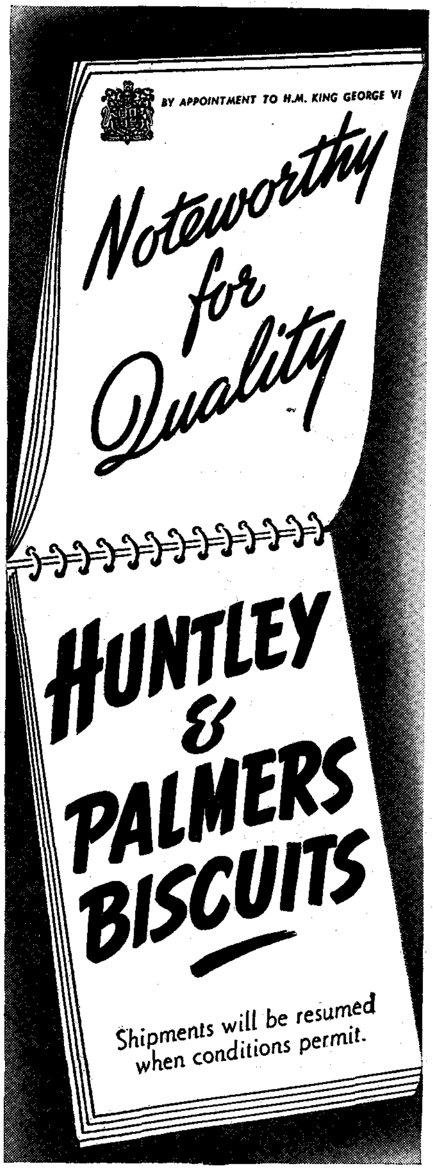
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STONES OF GLORY, by Alexander Frenkley (International University Press). A collection of photographs, including a few very good ones, of the architectural monuments of France. Jacques Maritain contributes a short introductory letter and Mr. Frenkley some competent notes on his pictures.

MEDITERRANEAN SWEEP, by Major Richard Thruelsen and Lieutenant Elliott Arnold (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). Another batch of narratives, varying in quality, covering the Mediterranean war in the air from El Alamein to the invasion of Italy. The authors know a good true adventure story when they hear one and, while this is scarcely the book that is waiting to be written about the aircraftsmen of this war, it is one of the best of the lot. Maps and colored illustrations.

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ESCAPE WHILE I CAN, by Melba Marlett (Doubleday, Doran). A young girl named Elizabeth marries into the Brandon clan, of Brandon Oaks, Michigan, and walks out on her husband and his family shortly afterward, when she gets alarmed by the very queer doings about the place. Eight years later, Elizabeth comes back for her husband's funeral, finds the cops unearthing a corpse in the front lawn, and has a hand in unravelling a mystery dating back to the time of her marriage. Well plotted, and written in a cozy style which will appeal principally to the ladies.

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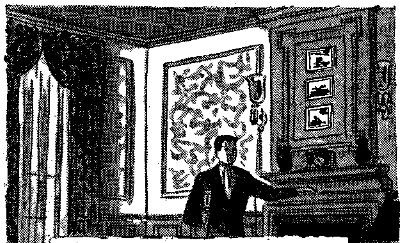

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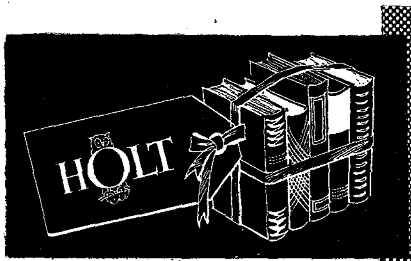

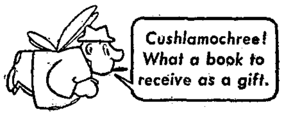
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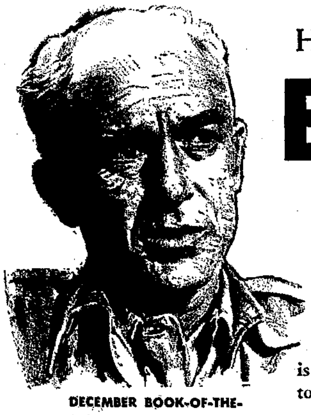

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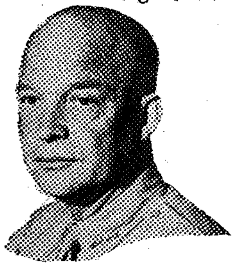

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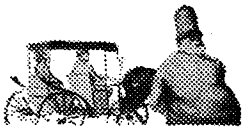

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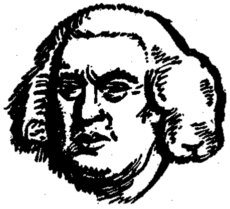

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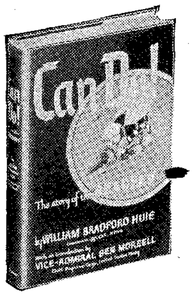

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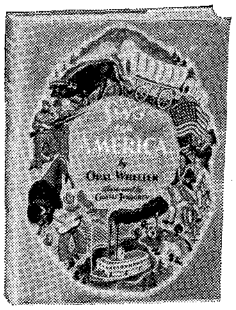

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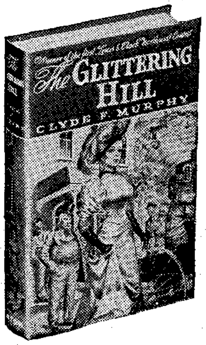

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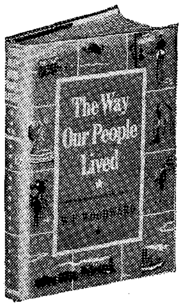

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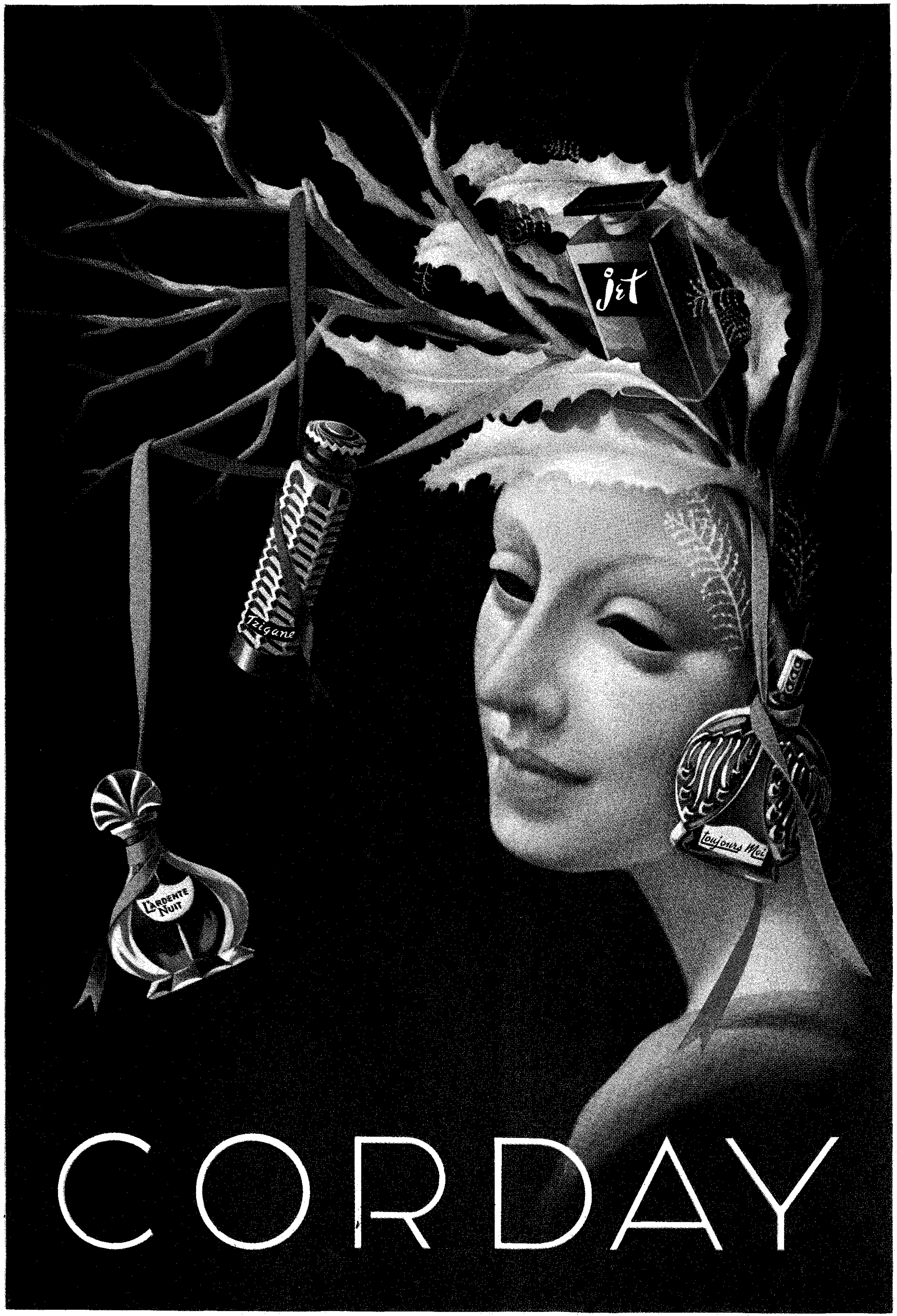
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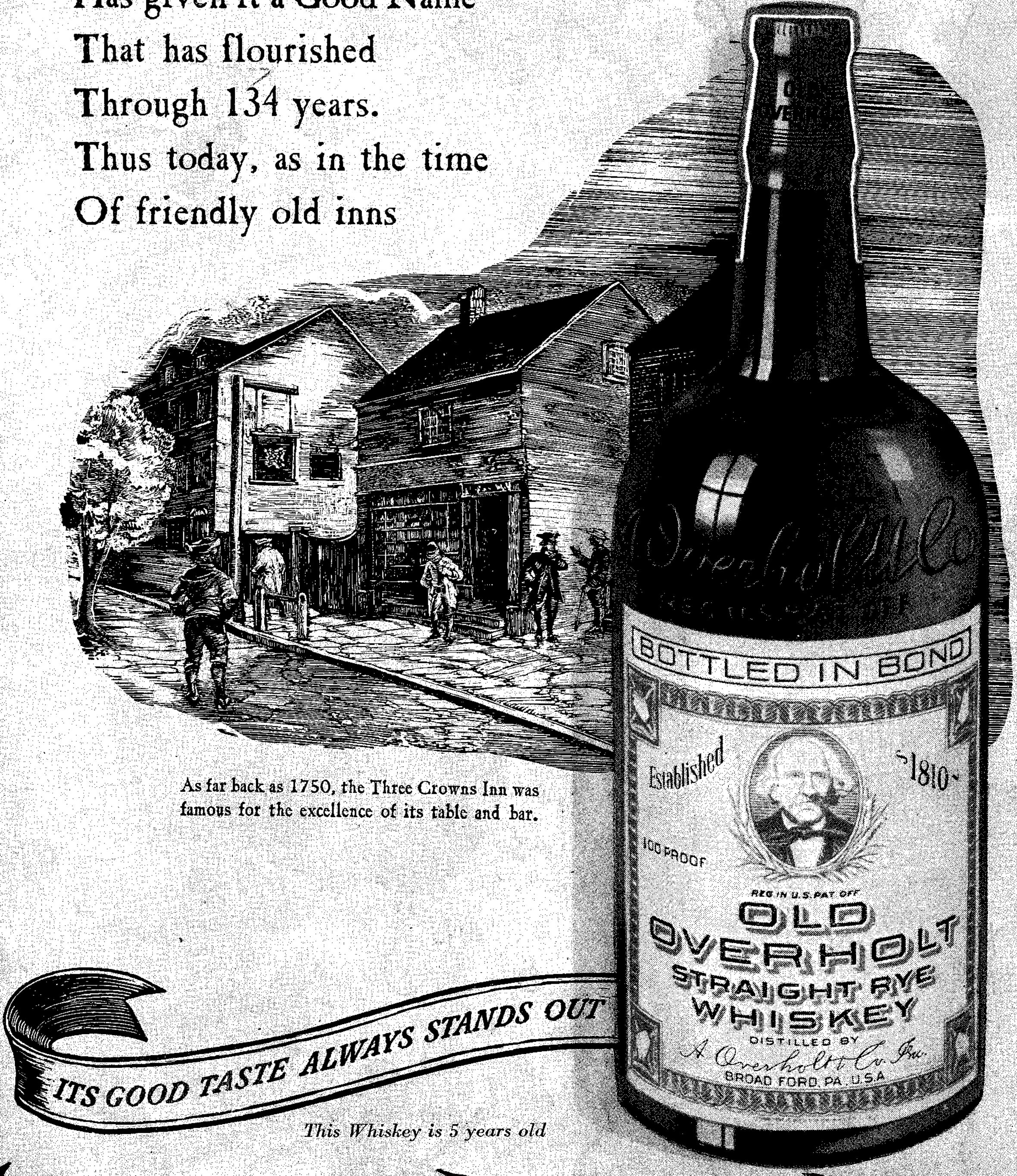
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As far back as 1750, the Three Crowns Inn was famous for the excellence of its table and bar.

This Whiskey is 5 years old

National Distillers Products Corporation. New York